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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

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To the Reader.

THIS volume of the TELEGRAPH PAPERS, being the SIXTH of its Series, is now offered to the Public, with the confident belief that its contents, in point of interest and importance, will be found to fully sustain the reputation of the preceding Volumes. As is the case with its predecessors, its pages are filled with careful selections from the more important articles of the weekly Journal published by ourselves, entitled "THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH;" and they embrace every variety of subject deemed of special interest or importance to the class of minds to which they are particularly addressed. The present Volume embodies, to some good extent, the more essential facts, theories, and philosophies of Spiritualism and of intimately co-related subjects, which have been evolved, or come under special attention, during the three months ending October, 1854. To the confirmed Spiritualist who desires to keep clearly informed of the current events and aspects of those all-important developments of the day which are everywhere beginning to be recognized as of ultramundane origin, the "TELEGRAPH PAPERS" may be offered as a source of constantly

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diversified instruction which can not be dispensed with; while the same may be submitted to doubters and inquirers in respect to spiritual matters, as offering most efficient aid in the solution of the mooted problems. The articles filling these pages are for the most part short and pithy, but are interspersed with a sufficient number of labored disquisitions to meet the requirements of those predisposed to protracted philosophical reasonings; and with the aid of the copious Index accompanying the Volume, the reader may at any time turn to an article adapted to the mental wants of the moment, and the perusal of which will occupy the attention of one minute or of many hours.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

EXPLANATIONS OF SWEDENBORG.

EXTRACT FROM "HEAVEN AND HELL," PAGES 82, 83.

"It has been shown to me how the Lord appears as a sun to the angels in the celestial kingdom in their first state, how in the second, and how in the third. The Lord was seen as a sun, at first red and glittering in such splendor that it can not be described: it was said that the Lord as a sun appears such to the angels in their first state. Afterward there was seen a great obscure belt around the sun, by means of which the first red and glittering appearance, from which it shone so much, began to grow dull: it was said that the sun appears so to them in the second state. Then the belt seemed to grow more obscure, and the sun thence to seem less glowing, and thus by degrees, until at length it became as white: it was said that the sun appears so to them in the third state. Afterward this white orb was seen to proceed to the left, toward the moon, of heaven, and to add itself to her light, from which the moon shone forth beyond its usual brightness: it was said that this was the fourth state to those who are in the celestial kingdom, and the first to those who are in the spiritual kingdom, and that the changes of state in each kingdom thus alternate in turns, yet not in the whole, but in one society after another; also, that those turns are not stated, but come upon them later or sooner without their knowing it. They said further, that the sun is not so changed in itself, nor does it so advance, but that still it appears so according to the successive progressions of states with them; since the Lord appears to every one according to the quality of his state, thus glowing to them when they are in intense

love, less glowing, and at length white, when the love decreases; and that the quality of their state was represented by the obscure belt, which induced upon the sun those apparent variations as to flame and light.

"When the angels are in the last state, which is when they are in their *proprium*, they begin to become sad. I have spoken with them when they were in that state, and have seen the sadness; but they said that they were in hope soon to return to the *pristine* state, and thus, as it were, again into heaven; for it is heaven for them to be withheld from *proprium*."

Here is one of the clearest proofs of the psychologized state of the Spirits with whom Swedenborg associated, and of the *ideal* life they were living. The ideal appearances here spoken of were the objective appearance of their own thoughts, as all Spirits acquire the faculty of giving form to their thought, and of projecting it out, as it were, into space, where it seems to exist and occupy a position due to the object thought of; if the thought be of a home it is seen as such, occupying such a location as would naturally be selected for one here in this sphere. If the thought be of a ship, it will be seen either sailing or at anchor, in accordance with the thought, and so of any other object thought of. Now this was evidently the condition of the Spirits above spoken of. Unable to give any lasting definite form to their God, they had adopted that of the most resplendent object in nature to represent their divinity; probably they were worshipers of the sun while here on earth, and had not yet progressed beyond their preconceived notions of what heretofore constituted their divine. This conclusion is strengthened by the following extract from page 42: "The Lord appears in a divine angelic form [which is the human] to those who acknowledge and believe in a *visible* divine, but not to those who acknowledge and believe in an *invisible* divine, for the former can *see* their divine, but the latter can not." Swedenborg's lot appears to have been cast with those who could at all times see their divine, but whose thoughts differ

very materially as to what that divine should be like. Now, the solution of the problem is this: When man enters the Spirit-world, and his thoughts become objective before his understanding becomes improved, he can not think otherwise than that all the objects thus presented to his view are produced by the *immediate* action of Almighty God.

The devout Christian Spirit, reflecting upon the immediate conception and birth of the Saviour, will see the stable, the oxen, the manger, the angels, Joseph, and Mary, and the child, all as really existing to their ocular view as if they were the objects of every sense, yet every object will be exactly the form of the thought which the Spirit had been entertaining; and had there been fifty of them together, no two would have seen the forms exactly alike, as no two would have entertained exactly the same ideas on the subject.

Their thoughts become not only objective to themselves, but also to others. If a Spirit is describing what he sees to one or more with whom he is in company, they, having no thought of their own upon the subject, become entirely abstracted, so as to entertain no thought whatsoever, except such as come from the one who is speaking; the speaker's thoughts then become theirs, which also become objective, and then the thoughts of the speaker are seen alike by all who are listening to him. The Spirits know that these are only appearances, yet, as in Swedenborg's case, they think that they are produced immediately by the Lord, therefore they desire nothing more than to live and revel in the beauties of their own imaginary creations. Whenever this psychological veil is removed, and they are obliged to look at their real condition, they became sad, not only at the loss of their splendid palaces, their gorgeous furniture, their dinner sets of gold, silver, and precious stones, their retinue of retainers, hirelings, and servants, but they also think that the Lord has withdrawn his

favours from them, and they are let back into what Swedenborg calls their *proprium*, that is, into their real natural condition in the Spirit-world.

The following description of one of the courts and palaces in heaven (see "The True Christian Religion," page 495) will illustrate more fully what is said above :

"When they were brought to the palace they first viewed it from without: it was large, built of porphyry, and had a foundation of jasper; and before the gate were six high columns of *lapis lazuli*; the roof was of plates of gold; the windows high, of the most transparent crystal; their frames also of gold. After this they were introduced into the palace, and led round from room to room; and they saw ornaments of ineffable beauty; under the roof, decorations of inimitable sculpture. Near the walls were set tables of silver overlaid with gold, upon which were various utensils made of precious stones and of entire gems, in celestial forms, and many more things which no eye on earth had ever seen. While they were in astonishment at seeing those magnificent things, the angel said: 'Do not wonder; these things which you see were not made and fabricated by any angelic hand, but were built by the Maker of the universe and presented to our prince.'

While they were engaged in those things, there came a messenger from the prince, who invited them to eat bread with him; and at the same time two attendants of the court brought garments of fine linen, and said: 'Put on these, because no one is admitted to the table of our prince unless he is clothed in the garments of heaven.' And they prepared themselves, and accompanied their angel, and were introduced into an open gallery, the walk of the palace, and they waited for the prince; and there the angel introduced them to an acquaintance with grandees and moderators, who also were waiting for the prince. And lo! in about an hour the doors were opened, and through

a wider one, on the western side, they saw his entrance in the order and pomp of a procession. Before him went his familiar counselors, after these his privy counselors, and after these the principal officers of the court; in the midst of these was the prince, and after him courtiers of various ranks, and lastly the guards; altogether amounting to a hundred and twenty. The angel standing before the ten new-comers, who then appeared, from their dress, as inhabitants of the place, came up with them to the prince, and reverently presented them. And the prince, without stopping in the procession, said to them, 'Come with me to eat bread.' And they followed him into the dining-room, and saw a table magnificently set; in the middle of it a high pyramid of gold with a hundred little dishes in triple order upon its branches, upon which sweet cakes and condiments, with other delicacies made of bread and wine; and through the middle of the pyramid there issued, as it were, a fountain overflowing with nectareous wine, the stream of which, from the summit of the pyramid, dispersed itself and filled the cups. At the sides of this high pyramid were various celestial forms of gold, upon which were dishes and plates filled with food of every kind.

"The celestial forms upon which the dishes and plates were set were of art from wisdom, which can not be produced from any art in the world, nor described by any words. The dishes and plates were of silver, having forms sculptured upon them like their supports; the cups were of transparent gems. Such was the furniture of the table.

"The dress of the prince and his ministers was this: the prince had on a long robe of purple color, spangled with stars of a silver color wrought with a needle. Under the robe he wore a tunic of shining silk of a blue color; this was open about the breast, where was seen the front part of a belt with the ensign of his society. The ensign was an eagle brooding

over her young in the top of a tree ; this was of shining gold set round with diamonds. The counselors were dressed not very differently, but without the ensign ; instead of it they had sculptured sapphires hanging from the neck by a golden chain. The courtiers were dressed in gowns of a brown color, in which were wrought flowers around young eagles ; the tunics under them were of silk of an opaline color, as also were their breeches and stockings. Such was their dress.

"The familiar counselors, and the privy counselors, and the moderators, stood around the table, and by order of the prince, they folded their hands together, and at the same time whispered votive praise to the Lord ; after this the prince beckoned to them, and they seated themselves at the table. And the prince said to the ten strangers, ' You, also, sit down with me, there are your seats.' And they sat down. And then the prince said to them, ' Take each of you a plate from the stand, and afterward each a saucer from the pyramid.' And they did so ; and lo, instantly new plates and saucers appeared set on in the place of them ; and their cups were filled with wine from the fountain flowing from the great pyramid ; and they began to eat."

The legends of the "Arabian Nights" furnish nothing superior to this ; the magnificence and splendor of the vision is not less conspicuous than the religious simplicity of the devotional part of the ceremony, and the high moral tone of the conversation, which is enough of itself to entitle it to our respectful consideration. But the question which more immediately concerns us of the present day is, did Swedenborg, or did he not, see the scenes as above described in the Spirit-world. I, from my own experience, can answer the question affirmatively. Yet they were only superinduced appearances ; they had no real existence, and are entirely foreign to the natural conditions of the Spirit-world.

This thought-seeing, this objective appearance of every *thing* which crosses the mind, can not be realized by any one only from actual experience; the man who has been psychologized has realized the nearest approach to it. My friends in the Spirit-world have given me the following illustration of the condition of the thought-seeing Spirits of that region. I was psychologized by them for the occasion, and then I was introduced into a splendidly constructed marble building, differing in form and architecture from any thing I had ever seen before. The building was nowhere highly ornamented, but built in the most durable and substantial manner. There was not a particle of wood-work about it; it was finished with marble throughout. The inside work was not elaborately finished, but done in a plain, decent manner, as if *use* was the first consideration of the proprietor. The ceiling of the vestibule was at least twenty feet high, and supported by several columns arranged in proper architectural order. From the vestibule was a flight of stairs which led to a gallery by which it was surrounded on three sides; from this gallery, over a flight of six steps, I ascended to the dining-room, which was in the third story; there was a table of extraordinary width running through the length of the room, at which several persons were seated. I immediately took a seat at the table, and casting my eye along the length of the room, thought it was quite too short for a house of such extraordinary dimensions. Instantly the room began to lengthen indefinitely, as I could not clearly discern the entire length in the direction I was looking. Such a movement Swedenborg would say was induced by the Lord to correspond with my affection, as it was not of my will. Had I been the owner of such a psychological mansion I should have willed the extension of that room to some *definite* length; the will would have acted as one with the affection, and the improvement would have been completed (not by the Lord),

but by my will acting in conjunction with my wish, which being ultimated in thought would have been projected out, as it were, and thus become objective, hence as much an object of the ocular sight as if it had really been produced in matter which was tangible to every other sense. Here were two examples illustrative of conditions in the Spirit-world :

First. I was psychologized to see a large stately building which occupied no more space than if it had existed only in a dream.

Second. I was further psychologized into the condition of seeing the first conception of my own mind, in respect to that building, immediately realized as to the outward sight.

Thus it is with all Spirits who are under psychological influence ; they at all times see either their own thoughts or the thoughts of others (except when they are in their proprium).

Man's entire ignorance of every condition of Spirit-life leads him to commit as many errors in his progress toward spiritual manhood as he does during his brief sojourn here in the rudimental state. Arriving in the Spirit-world, and finding himself in every respect a man as before, and finding the world he then inhabits not entirely unlike the one he has left, he naturally concludes the road to happiness in both worlds must be in the same direction, but having mistaken the direction here, he is equally unfortunate there ; and as wealth and power have been the predominant objects sought for here, they are, by the great masses, as eagerly sought after there. All the wealth which they desire is procured by the psychological means above mentioned, and power is also, in some measure, derived from the same source. The individual who has the most taste, skill, and judgment, combined with a correct ideal, displays the greatest amount of wisdom, and is accordingly looked up to there the same as a similar individual would be here. The individual Spirit, whom Swedenborg has described above, had

been able to make himself a prince on account of his superior ability in producing, in a very extraordinary degree, all the outward appearances of splendor and magnificence with which such characters surround themselves here. Now all the magnificence of this prince would occasionally disappear whenever the natural condition of his life predominated over the ideal. This Swedenborg calls being let into his *proprium*, of which he says: "When the angels are in the last state, which is when they are in their *proprium*, they begin to become sad. I have spoken with them when they were in that state, and have seen the sadness; but they said that they were in hope soon to return to the *pristine* state, and thus, *as it were*, again into *heaven*; for it was heaven for them to be withheld from their *proprium*."

This *proprium*, so much dreaded by all idealizing Spirits, is the only real blessing which reaches them in their ideal existence. It comes like pain to admonish them of error. In the mean time, the sameness of their lives becomes insipid and distasteful, and notwithstanding all the diversity which a fertile and active imagination can possibly invent, this pomp and outward show become less and less attractive, until at last they seek their *proprium* as a relief from themselves; then, and not until then, do they find the true road to happiness. N. SAWYER.

BROOKLYN, July 25, 1854.

LIGHT.—At the depth of seven hundred and twenty feet through sea water, according to Bougour, light ceases to be transmitted, and probably at three times that depth there is perpetual darkness. Only one hundred thousandth part of the vertical rays of the sun can penetrate below forty-seven fathoms. The depths of the ocean are consequently involved in total darkness.

DR. ORTON'S LECTURE.

THE subject of the evening's lecture, delivered by Dr. J. R. Orton, at Dodworth's Academy, July 9, was, The Failures of the Past, and the Prospective Successes of the Future of the Race. The speaker said :

The pains, sicknesses, and innumerable woes of a world, filled with contention, war, and crime, sufficiently indicate the present and past condition of our race. Science has failed to reform this state of things—the heathen and Christian churches have failed, and why? The reason obviously is, that they have too much lost sight of the spiritual nature of man; that they have labored in externals and for externals; that they have been satisfied with forms without substance; and have hid themselves from that Divine light and warmth by which alone it is possible to achieve success. The speaker illustrated his position by referring to a series of spiritual views, which on a certain occasion had been presented before him, in which a figure representing science, another a geologist knocking among stones, another an astronomer examining the stars, another a minister preaching from his pulpit, etc., passed in succession before him. The Divine light, represented by a bright sun surrounded by glorious haloes, was blazing in the heavens, but all these figures had turned their backs upon it, and were laboring in the light of *external* truth merely, which *alone*, is darkness.

The Christian Church, as well as the others, has failed from this same cause. It has accomplished much, but not what was expected of it. It has occupied itself with forms, and creeds,

and dogmas ; and wars over them among its sects, in disregard of the Divine light and power. Ministers and church-members read the Bible by the light of their own creeds—by the light of the traditions of the past—instead of the Divine light. They read the words, but get nothing but the authorized sense. The *New York Evangelist* of a week or two ago copied into its columns Wordsworth's beautiful poem, "We are Seven." The editor, in his introductory remarks, is at the trouble to inform us, that the souls of departed children, though cut off from all possibility of further intercourse with us in this life, it may be, are in a conscious state of existence. What! is this the theology of the Christian Church in our day? and are they ready to admit the possibility that the souls of children live after death? So far, then, it is a spiritual church; but as to any communication between the living and the departed, that is pronounced an impossibility. They read how Moses and Elias came down and talked with the Lord, but it conveys no meaning to their minds, full of the contrary idea. They read of the angels' rolling away the stone from the sepulcher, and talking with those who were early at the tomb; of John at Patmos talking with the Spirit of one of the old prophets; of Moses, Abraham, Lot, and others, for a period of four thousand years, over which the Bible record extends, enjoying intercourse with spirits and angels; and though the Scriptures promise that the day of marvels shall continue, and come into even a greater fullness, the churches have decided to the contrary, and their decree is accepted as final.

Our ministers are in bonds. They have no freedom. They can not think, they dare not think. A step outside of their particular creeds brings them before the council, where they are forced to retract, or are cast out. The Rev. Dr. Barnes, a few years since, brought out some opinions in his commentaries, which were judged not exactly to tally with the doctrines

of his church; but means were very shortly found to induce him to expunge them from his book. The Church, since its first age, has made no earnest effort to apply the vital principles of the gospel. A fair, righteous carrying out of the commands, to love God with the whole heart, and thy neighbor as thyself; do unto others as we would that they should do unto us; let him who has two coats give to him who has none, would not only require us to supply all our poor neighbors with cows, but also to relieve all their necessities, so long as we are a dollar better off than they are. An honest application of these principles would cut avarice up by the roots, banish want from the world, and make of the race one family, one brotherhood. Where shall we go to find faith in our day? Who so much as expects an answer to prayer? Who expects that the signs promised should follow believing, or even asks that they may follow? Certainly the churches do not: and the speaker said he did them no injustice when he affirmed that it would be a great relief to them could the passages to which he had thus incidentally alluded be stricken from the Bible.

The churches are equally unfortunate in their theology. The God of the pulpit is a hard, arbitrary, partial master, whom nobody can love. Not one in a hundred of the inhabitants who have peopled this earth ever heard of the Saviour, and still a belief in him is made necessary to salvation, while the day of choice, or probation, is restricted to this life. Such was not the doctrine of the Primitive Church with respect to probation. Such is not the teaching of the Bible, notwithstanding some obscurity thrown over this point by an unfortunate translation. That God should ever hedge in any of his creatures, so as to obstruct the way of life, either here or hereafter—that he should ever cease to throw good influences around them, and invite them to become better—is abhorrent

to the best feelings of our nature. The early Christians believed in a heaven and hell, and a middle region, or world of Spirits, without quality, which was neither heaven nor hell. In the nature of things there must be such a place. The infant, the good heathen, if saved by belief, by faith, must stop somewhere short of heaven in order to be instructed. This middle region is the quarter which the Catholics have perverted into a purgatory, which is the counterfeit and deformed shadow of the reality. When our translations of the Scriptures were made, this region was found in such deep disgrace, that it was ostracized, and the words referring to it were rendered indiscriminately hell and the grave, as would best comport with the supposed sense. But the point is settled by Christ himself, in his promise to meet the thief that same day in paradise; and his subsequent announcement after his resurrection, that he had not yet ascended to his Father. This middle region is here called paradise.

Again, the churches say, he that is not for me is against me, and thus cast off the whole race, at the start, on the side of evil, forgetting that Christ also says, he that is not against me is for me. Nothing can be more evident than that a man is as his loves. If his loves are pure, though he never heard of Christ, no place can be found for such a man in hell. His heart is right, and he only needs to have his ignorance instructed to fit him for heaven. Only those wedded to evil, whose loves are evil, are fitted for hell; and hence the dividing line indicated by the saying of Christ, he that is not against me is for me, is the correct one, instead of the line laid down by the churches.

But if the theology of the day is hard and unsatisfactory, how lean is the spiritualism, how shadowy and intangible the heaven, which it holds up for our future acceptance! Indeed, on this point, with the churches, all is a confused chaos. It

is not very unusual to hear a member inquire of another, if he supposes we shall know each other in another world. But the question is not so strange when we consider that the general impression and teaching of the theology of the day is, that there is no eating nor drinking, walking nor working, sleeping nor breathing, in the spirit-realm. Of course, if we are to do none of these things, we shall not need the organization necessary to enable us to perform them; and so farewell to hands and feet, mouth, stomach, and lungs, together with the continent which sustains them in their places. In such an event it might be quite difficult for us to recognize one another.

Scientific external theology, and not the Bible, is responsible for these absurdities, which make the future all unreal—existence beyond the grave less than a shadow—and drive thousands of truth-loving minds annually into infidelity. The Bible and the light within us alike promise us a substantial future existence as men and women. Had Adam not sinned, he would not have died, but would have lived on ever as a man—ultimately an angel-man, as he ascended from sphere to sphere. Enoch and Elijah went up bodily as men. Christ ascended with a substantial body as a man. The Scriptures have taken special pains to inform us something of the nature and capacities of our future bodies and modes of life. We are told that our bodies are to be like Christ's body. His body, while it could pass through physical substances and be made independent of gravitation, was at the same time substantial; and he took pains to eat before his disciples, thus teaching them that its organs were still for use. The angels who came down to see Abraham and Lot, also ate with them. But the churches declare such things impossible. Indeed, they wage a severe war upon these portions of the Bible. To which shall we adhere, the churches, or the Word? Which shall we believe, Christ, or the priests?

But how is the world to be reformed, and get rid of its falsities and evils? The very soul of religion, of Christianity, is love. The man who is ignorant of Christ, but has a love like Christ's in his heart, and does the works of Christ with his fingers, is in a ten-fold better condition than he who has ever so ardent a belief in Christ in his head, and there alone. This love comes from God. We must turn our faces toward him, and receive it freely into our hearts, and suffer it to work out thence into our external lives—to soften and correct our feelings, our thoughts, and our actions. God will never force it upon us: we must face the celestial sun in order to receive its beams. But there are some who can find no God but Nature—no power superior to Nature's laws. What is a law? Of what force is a mere statute, without a hand behind it to execute it? That hand is God's. We ourselves are like God—made in his image. At the impulsion of the soul within, the secret forces of nature, obedient and set in motion by the will, travel from the brain along the nerves, and move the hands and feet. These forces are positive currents. By such forces, fitted to the action of mind, God moves his worlds; and by such forces angels and spirits work. The divine, the angelic, and the human modes of action are thus correspondencies of each other, each on its separate plane. We also convey our kindness and love to one another by the passage of positive currents; and the longer we sit within the sunshine of the countenance of a loving friend, the calmer and purer we become. God is the universal friend. We are all his children, and the more we look up into his face, the better and nobler we become. The whole creation emanated from him, is bound to him, and momentarily sustained by positive life-giving currents from him; without which there could be no life. By these divine effluxes, have our spirits, our bodies, and the earth itself to be regenerated. It is the privilege of all to receive

life directly from the Source of life; but he who can get no higher than angels, or spirits, or nature, will receive but indirectly, and in diminished streams. Who believes if the race were pure that we should longer be perplexed with contagious miasms, tempests, undue heats and colds, ravenous beasts, and poisonous reptiles? The earth is man's heritage—it is bound to him, and shares his fortunes. It takes the quality of its life, its circulations, from him; and as men come up, it will come up with him. Both will be regenerated together. In our latter day, our race are beginning to turn more toward the spiritual sun; are discovering that they are Spirits, and have need of spiritual food; are opening their interiors for the reception of the Divine light and love; and the effluxes come down in increased volume and power. Great confusion is occasioned at the first, by the commingling of unusual elements. But when the waves subside, and the mists are dispersed, then may we expect to witness in all its glory the brightness of the second coming—when man and nature shall again come in harmony with each other, and both with God.

THOUGHT-READING BY A SPIRIT—Doctor Young related that Mr. T. Townsend, previous to making a visit to his kindred in the interior of this State, had desired to ask the Spirit of his deceased father whether he had any message to send with him to his former connections and friends. He accordingly wrote a question to that purport, and proceeded to the room of Mr. Conklin, a medium of this city. He asked the Spirit of his father if he would answer his question, and a response being given in the affirmative, Mr. C.'s hand was immediately controlled and this message was written: "Say not only to one, but to all, that Stephen Townsend indorses the fact of mortal and Spirit-communion." This, let it be particularly noted, was before Mr. T. had taken his written question from his pocket, or given the slightest intimation of its nature.

CLAIMS UPON THE CLERGY

IF a properly sacerdotal or clerical class of people is a legitimate branch of human society (and this we do not question), then the official duties of that class should be to preside over, and minister to, the moral, spiritual, and religious interests of mankind, in all their departments and relations. To God and humanity they are deeply and solemnly obligated to watch the interior unfoldings and defections of the people—to guard them against temptations, to study and supply all their spiritual wants, and to minister to their constant growth in all that pertains to an interiorly wise and holy life. This they are bound to do with the same unceasing care and solicitude with which the shepherd guards his flock, protects them from wolves, and seeks by every available means to promote their growth, healthfulness, and prosperity. As the shepherd of the sheep surveys the landscape, and makes frequent and toilsome journeys in quest of the greenest spots and the purest waters, where he may lead forth his flock and supply their wants, so the shepherd of souls should ever be on the alert for any and every new development in the intellectual and moral world, which may be appropriated to the benefit of those who look to him for a supply of their spiritual wants. If any new phenomenon or other development occurs that has any philosophical, psychological; or theological bearing, the clergyman should be the very first of all men to subject the same to a thorough and impartial investigation, in order that he may impart to his people correct information concerning it, according to their various requirements; and a clerical order, strictly and

uniformly faithful in the discharge of these duties, would be of incalculable benefit to the world.

If new developments in general, such as bear upon the moral and spiritual interests of man, have these claims upon the clergy, how specially imperious are the claims of that modern unfolding called Spiritualism to their candid attention and thorough investigation! Here is something, which, whether real or unreal, is confessedly exerting a tremendous influence upon the spiritual and religious conditions of mankind, and is hence emphatically within that sphere of human interests over which the clergy, by their office, have an especial guardianship. To whom, we ask, might the world more naturally look for correct information on this subject than to the regularly appointed spiritual and religious teachers? And yet, what have the clergy done toward informing either themselves or the world *correctly* on this subject? *As a class* they have done comparatively nothing. Nay, they have unquestionably done much to perpetuate darkness, rather than diffuse light upon this important theme. They have labored hard to impress the people that Spiritualism is necessarily, and *per se*, a dangerous thing—a dreadful thing—a wicked thing, and a thing which no Christian should have any thing to do with in any case; and thus they have endeavored to close up the doors of investigation, and have neither entered themselves, nor been willing that others should enter.

This darkening and restrictive policy they have sought to justify on a variety of pleas, which seem to us utterly nugatory. Some have alleged that the so-called Spiritualism is a wicked imposture originated by designing persons for the sake of notoriety or gain, and this they have offered as a reason for keeping aloof from it. But if it is an imposture, who are so well qualified, and who are under more pressing obligations, to lay bare the whole anatomy of the fraud, and thus relieve

the world of it for ever? Others, again, have said that it is an insane delusion; but if so, then who are so well qualified as these physicians of the soul (if they indeed be such) to analyze the facts on which it rests, and diffuse a healthful rationality respecting them? It is said by still others, that the so-called Spiritualism is all of the devil; but if so, then certainly, instead of skulking from the field of conflict, they are the very ones to meet face to face, and draw the sword of the spirit upon the old arch enemy, and drive him back howling to his own legitimate territory. The great Master gave his disciples power over unclean spirits, commanding them to exercise it in the deliverance of those who were infested by them; and so long as the early ministers of the gospel were faithful to their office and principles, their triumph was sure in every conflict with the interior powers of evil. Wherever there was error to overcome, or satans to discomfit, there the primitive ministers of the gospel recognized their legitimate field of labor, and there they marched up manfully to their work, grappling with and prostrating the foes of their heaven-born system of doctrine and ethics; and allow us to say kindly, yet in all frankness, clergymen, that if you had not sadly degenerated from your ancestors in the ministerial family, you would have the power and the willingness to do the same thing now; and if modern Spiritualism is all of the devil, as you suppose it to be, it would very soon be rendered harmless through your agency, if it would not be banished from the earth.

But permit us to remind you, that in the absence of a candid investigation you have *no right* to say this thing is of the devil, or at least that it is *all* of the devil, any more than the ancient Jews had the authority, from their own prejudices, to attribute the miracles of Christ to Beelzebub. Nor have you the right to pronounce the thing a humbug, or an insane delusion, until

you know more of its facts and philosophy than ninety-nine hundredths of you now do. The people claim of you an honest and thorough investigation of this subject; they want you to dissect it, and analyze it, and view it from all points and in all its bearings, and then tell them frankly and honestly just what it is, and what it is not—what good and what evil—what truth and what falsity—are in it; and depend upon it, if you do not yield to them this justly demanded service, they will take the matter into their own hands, and dispense with your services altogether, in this, and, it may be, in all other spiritual matters, as you see them beginning to do already. Be warned, we beseech you, and apply yourselves vigorously to your appropriate work, before it is too late. Remember that your prototypes of the Jewish hierarchy of old were, for their unfaithfulness, cast out of the kingdom, and the kingdom was given to a people bringing forth the fruits thereof.

F.

SNAKE FASCINATION.

NUMEROUS authentic testimonies might be collected, establishing the fact, that snakes have a power of fascination over birds, squirrels, and other small animals, and also, sometimes over human beings. The instances of serpent fascination which have come to our knowledge would also seem to indicate an intimate magnetic *rapport* and sympathy between the reptile and the creature subjected to his mysterious power. Take, for example, a case which was published in the *New York Sun*, of April 6th, 1843. It is to the effect, that some years previously, while a Mr. A. W. was traveling in Mississippi, he saw a large rattlesnake by the road-side. He dis-

mounted his horse, provided himself with a stick, and struck the snake so as to disable it, when at that same instant he heard a fluttering in the bushes a few feet distant, and to his astonishment saw a partridge apparently under the fascinating influence of the snake. He continued his demonstrations upon the reptile, and every blow he struck seemed to tell with equal effect upon the partridge; and when the snake was dead, the partridge was found to be dead also!

Two brothers, in whose neighborhood the writer resided when a boy, were one day in the field at work, when one observed the other who was a little distance off, apparently spell-bound, with his eyes fixed steadfastly upon a certain spot near which he was moving to and fro in a semicircle. His brother called to him, but he was speechless, and when the brother went to the spot, he saw a huge black snake with head erect and eyes sparkling, and fixed upon the man who was fully under his fascinating influence. The brother instantly seized him by the arm and drew him from the spot, and the charm was as instantly broken. The man who had been fascinated, however, immediately became sick, and continued so for several hours afterward.

But one of the most interesting, and at the same time terrible illustrations of this fascinating power of serpents of which we have ever heard, is the following, which we clip from the *St. Louis Herald* of July 12. Two almost precisely parallel cases were related to us many years ago, in each of which the subject was a child, whose life also was sympathetically, though not so immediately, destroyed by the destruction of the snake; but the details of these cases we omit for the present. The *St. Louis Herald* says:

F.

We have occasionally read accounts of persons having been fascinated or spell-bound by snakes, but never knew of an instance occurring in our vicinity until a day or two since, and one that we know to be a

fact. A man by the name of O'Mara had a small child, a little girl about thirteen years of age, who came to her death through the influence of a snake, one day last week, under the following circumstances:

O'Mara resides on Copperas Creek, in Franklin County, and but a short distance from the Pacific Railroad depôt. Some nine months ago, early last fall, his family noticed the little girl to be pining away, and becoming very weak and pale, although she had been very fleshy and hearty, and apparently without any cause or complaint of sickness. By the time winter had fairly set in, she was wasted away to a mere skeleton, but as soon as the weather became cold she again seemed to revive. She never complained of being unwell, and in reply to all their inquiries in regard to her health, she invariably said she felt very well, only a little weak. As soon as spring arrived, she could not be prevailed upon to eat any victuals in her father's house, but would take a piece of bread and butter, or a piece of meat, and go out to the edge of the creek to eat it. The family noticed her regularly, always going precisely to the same place, and invariably complaining of being hungry after her return, when, if more victuals would be given her, she would again return to the creek, as they thought, to eat.

Finally, some of the neighbors, having heard of the circumstances of the child's extraordinary conduct, and also of her wasted appearance, suggested to her father to watch her movements, which he did last Friday. The child had been sitting on the bank of the creek nearly all the forenoon, until near dinner-time, when she got up and went to her father's house, asked for a piece of bread and butter, and again returned to the place where she had been. Her father kept behind her without making any noise. As soon as the child was seated, the father saw a huge black snake slowly raise its head into her lap, and receive the bread and butter from her hand; and when she would attempt to take a bite of the bread, the snake would commence hissing, and become apparently very angry, when the child, trembling like a leaf, would promptly return the bread to the monster. The father was completely paralyzed, not being able to move hand or foot; entertaining, as most Irish persons do, a great dread for snakes, he felt alarmed for the safety of his child, not knowing the nature of the snake or the extent of the influence on his child. His blood became almost clogged in his veins, and he groaned in perfect agony, which caused the snake to become alarmed, and glide away into the creek. The child then immediately sprang to her feet and ran home, apparently much frightened. Her

father followed her, but she refused to answer any questions, and he then resolved to detain his child at home, but he was advised to permit her to go again next day to the creek, and to follow her and kill the snake. Next morning she took a piece of bread again, and went out to the creek; her father followed her with his gun in his hand, and as soon as the snake made its appearance shot it through the head. The child swooned; the snake squirmed and worked itself around awhile, and then died; the child in the mean time recovered from her swoon, but was immediately seized with spasms, acting in a manner exactly resembling the writhing of the snake, and finally died at the same moment the snake did, apparently in the greatest agony.

This horrible, and at the same time melancholy occurrence, is the first we have heard of for a long time, and in fact the first we ever knew of where we could positively vouch for its truthful correctness. We know that there are persons who doubt the reality of snake fascination, but if they entertain any doubts on this subject hereafter, the relatives of this unfortunate little girl can be found, ready and willing to corroborate our statement. This should serve as a warning to those parents who reside in the country to be more careful in watching their children.

We had almost forgot to mention that it was a black snake (generally supposed to be harmless, that is, not poisonous), seven feet six inches in length, that fascinated the little girl.—*St. Louis Herald, July 12.*

CARRIED BY AN INVISIBLE POWER.—P. B. Randolph stated, at the Conference of July 25th, that a gentleman of his acquaintance recently went into his parlor with a candle in his hand, intending to get for it a candlestick that was upon the parlor mantelpiece. He distinctly saw the candlestick upon the shelf as he went toward it, but before he got to it some one in the other room spoke to him, and he went back to answer the person who had spoken. As he reëntered the parlor, the candlestick which he had before distinctly seen was gone, and at that instant he heard it fall upon a trunk about thirty feet distant from the mantelpiece where it had before stood. There was no visible person any where near who could have moved it, and the only conclusion that seemed admissible was, that it must have been moved by Spirit-agency.

SPIRITUALISM IN PRACTICE.

A MERE *profession* of faith is not enough for the true Spiritualist. The soul that has been enlightened and lifted above narrow creeds and castes, and made to feel itself related by ties of kindred and duty to the world of mankind, and to know that God is not only the Creator—Father of all men—but an intimate, loving, and merciful Parent, watching over and communing with us in a thousand ways, and rewarding us according to our deserts—such a soul will hasten and be ever active to prove the superiority of its faith in the manner commended by the most earnest and eloquent of the apostles—by its works! "Show me," said James, "a man's works, and I will show you a man's faith." We do not know that any Spiritualist has failed, or will fail, to illustrate by the acts of his life that, in embracing a better faith, as he believes, he has not done so with the lip only. Spiritualism that begins and ends with declarations of belief—that makes a man profess larger duties toward, and a closer kindred with, God and men, and yet leaves him plodding in the old furrow, selfish and unbrotherly as before his conversion, is not a living and saving Spiritualism. We trust that in our ranks there are none such. The enemies of our faith are forced to acknowledge its beauty, and the only real argument they can bring against it is the taunting query, "Of what use is it? Christianity would exalt man if he would live up to it; but he will not, neither will he live up to the professions of Spiritualism!" Let the world be convinced that Spiritualists can and do exemplify their faith, and its triumph is accomplished.

There is much in every man's life that true Spiritualism will need to reform. His every-day relations and intercourse with his fellow-men are to be improved and harmonized by it. His heart is to be purged of bitterness and hatred, and all his thoughts and acts tempered by it. Human brotherhood, so long a mere name, is to be made manifest and universal before Spiritualism can accomplish its perfect work. Suppose we were to ask each professing Spiritualist, individually, what regeneration his new faith had wrought. Could he or she answer that it has inspired to higher thoughts and nobler acts—to a more earnest regard for truth, justice, and virtue—to extend the hand more freely and kindly to the unfortunate, the poor, and the outcast—to love the neighbor better, and, in fact, to do all the duties such a faith enjoins? If so, all is well; but if not so, the conversion is far from being thorough. In a late number of the TELEGRAPH we pointed out one of the practical means by which Spiritualists could justify their claims to a better faith. The article was in relation to our prisons and treatment of criminals, and it marked a wide and noble field of action for our brethren. We wish now to point out another means, particularly to such Spiritualists as may have store of what the world calls "capital." It is some improvement of the homes of the poor of our great city.

Within a few years extensive steps have been taken by some philanthropic capitalists in London to provide model dwelling, lodging, and eating-houses for the worthy laboring poor, where, at a cost within the scope of their small earnings, they might have the comforts of a clean, quiet home, and the luxury of baths and reading rooms. The first experiments were made in the suburbs of the city, on the lines of railroad, where land could be had cheap, and extensive blocks of buildings were erected in a substantial manner, finished within plainness and more with reference to convenience and good ven-

tilation than show, each house having its little grass and flower-plot in front, and a garden for the cultivation of vegetables in the rear. The cost of each dwelling was but trifling, the ground rent still less, so that the mason, the carpenter, the artisan, or the laboring man of whatever stamp, earning even but two shillings sterling per day, could afford to rent a model house and provide his family with all the decencies of life.

London is a city nearly twelve miles in diameter, and from its center to its circumference, where the buildings are erected, would be, from the tortuity of the streets, eight or ten miles, apparently a very inconvenient distance for the working-man to travel twice a day, to and from his labor. To obviate this inconvenience, the model houses were erected, as we have said, near the lines of railroad, piercing in various directions from the heart of the city, and provisions were made by which the laborer with his certificate could ride in and out for a penny each way at any hour, morning and evening. Each block of model houses was made sufficiently large for from 200 to 300 families, and to each a bath and reading-room, well provided with books and papers, was supplied. The right to enjoy these was made common to every one renting a house, an agent of the capitalists always keeping an eye upon both, to prevent abuses. Lectures, also, were occasionally furnished, some by provision connected with the rents, and some volunteered by well-wishers of these poor, but honest and industrious communities.

The first experiments worked so admirably, that they were immediately imitated in nearly all the suburbs of the city, and comfortable homes were thus provided for tens of thousands, who, cramped within the heart, and amid the filth of a city like London, would have lived lives of destitution and misery—to say nothing of the diseases avoided by a residence where the air was pure and invigorating, and where children could take

cheerful and happy exercise, in sporting on the green-sward. After a little time schools were attached to these communities, and to the physical comfort of the rising generation was added the wealth of education—the noblest and surest wealth of the poor. The model dwellings soon suggested model lodgings, where the poor wayfarer or homeless laborer could have a bath and a clean bed for threepence; and close upon these lodgings followed model eating-houses for the poor, all proving equally successful. The Whittington Club was founded by Douglas Jerrold, Wm. Howitt, and others, on this principle.

In the city of New York there are thousands of industrious poor families now suffering for some such benevolent enterprise—an enterprise which, in the city's suburbs or across the rivers, might be carried out with greater facility and success than in London, and which would pay any capitalist more than legal interest for the use of his money. Here the ground and materials for building are cheaper, water for baths is more abundant, and schools, books, and newspapers, for reading-rooms, are less by two thirds than in London. There are men of wealth who might perpetuate their names and memories by turning a thought to this subject, and starting a work that would entail blessings upon grateful thousands. At Hoboken, Williamsburg, Jersey City, Staten Island, and even along the line of the Harlem and Hudson River railroads for several miles, there is a fruitful and noble field for the work. It would be better even for the city to provide in this manner for the poor, than to pay millions in taxes to support pauperism and partial charities as it now does. But the greatest of all reasons for the work, is the physical, moral, and intellectual well-being of the poor. Give them clean and comfortable houses, which they can sustain by their own industry, and their regeneration will be as certain as the light of heaven. We need not say more, nor make our appeal more direct to

Spiritualists. If there is aught commendable in the information given and the consequent suggestion, *true* Spiritualists will not require urging to act in regard to the matter, according to their means.

THE NEW ORGANIZATION.

BRO. BRITTAN:

With wonder and astonishment we lately perused a well-written "circular" (published in the *Christian Spiritualist*), setting forth in a perspicuous manner, the intents, purposes, and designs of a large number of Spiritualists who have formed themselves into a society for the "diffusion of spiritual knowledge." Now, as a humble believer to a considerable extent in the principles and facts of Spiritualism, we deprecate exceedingly the construction of any such organization; that is to say, when the general appearance of the whole concern leads one who understands the customary mode of conducting the proceedings and deliberations of such societies, to suppose that the entire board of officers were selected by two or three individuals who might be easily designated by name and title. We have presented for our consideration and acceptance an imposing array of distinguished names—judges, senators, lawyers, doctors, etc., under the significant appellation of "a society for the diffusion of general knowledge," but after a careful and considerate examination we believe that this particular society does not represent the great mass of believers. How were the officers elected? Apparently in accordance with a despotic and time-honored custom, viz.: a few individuals meet together in secret conclave, choose their officers,

prepare an address, and afterward indirectly nominate through persons who act as substitutes for the committee, those whom they had *previously* intended should occupy the positions assigned to them. There seems to be a determination on the part of our numerous friends to erect (at the present moment) stately church edifices, to sustain *sectarian* preachers, and to teach and inculcate fanatical doctrines. In relation to this organization, we oppose it on the following grounds :

1. Because it does not represent the people, or those who believe in the great fundamental truths of Spiritualism—they not being allowed a voice in the selection of officers.
2. Because all religious organizations must eventually become *partial*, one-sided, and sectarian in their natures ; for no “body of men”—political or religious—can harmoniously agree upon “matters” pertaining to “beliefs.”

We learn from the “call,” published in the before-mentioned “sheet,” that this association of gentlemen have in view the “relief of the afflicted and the erring,” so far as to enable them to lead pure and upright lives ; but even the amelioration of these almost insurmountable difficulties and obstacles can never be accomplished by Spirit-manifestations, neither do the persons who affixed their signatures to the “circular” inform the uninitiated, the ignorant, *how* they expect to succeed in relieving the wants and necessities of the poor. So long as the present *social* system is sustained, or the inequalities of life are tacitly adhered and assented to—so long as majorities govern and oppress minorities—and the individual sovereignty of the will is suppressed, you may as well whistle against the wind, as to reasonably expect any material alleviation of the miseries of mankind by voluntary donations through the medium of corporations. Let us seek out the unfortunate in our individual capacities, and tender aid and assistance freely, but by no means connect ourselves with “missionary” institutions.

We said—and your correspondent challenges manly criticism on the part of the gentlemen intimately connected with this new movement—that these manifestations can not, in and of themselves, from the nature of circumstances, produce any beneficial change or alteration in the condition of the human race. If they can tell us the way—point out the path; it is our duty to follow when reason coincides.

The *New York Mirror* contained, several days since, a “paragraph” relating to this organization, which is quoted pretty extensively by Spiritualists in Boston and vicinity. We copy *verbatim* from the *Boston Mail*, for the benefit of parties concerned.

The *New York Mirror* well says, that in the “association of Spiritualists just formed, with ex-Governor Talmadge as president, we notice that governors, senators, lawyers, merchants, and manufacturers figure exclusively. There is not so much as *one carpenter or fisherman* among them all.”

In conclusion, we can not countenance the existence of any society which prevents the attendance of persons who have sacrificed time and money, and suffered persecution for truth's sake. * * * *

A party or sect “that fears investigation, *openly manifests its own error.*”

FREE SPEECH.

Boston, July 11th, 1854.

Our columns are open, to *any reasonable* extent, for the discussion of the merits of the subject of the foregoing communication, and we are willing to hear honestly and otherwise well-expressed views on either side.—Ed.

SINGULAR SPIRITUAL IMPULSE.—A friend of ours, a physician now residing in this city, informs us of the following singular fact in his own experience: In the year 1836, while he was sojourning in Philadelphia, he took a notion to travel, for recreation, to the West. On Saturday he purchased a ticket for the railroad, and exchanged his money for Western funds, intending to set out on his journey on Monday. But when

Monday morning came he felt a strong impression that instead of going West he must *immediately* go East and visit his family, who were then residing in the State of Maine. He accordingly returned his railroad ticket, exchanged his Western money for Eastern funds, and took the first boat for New York. As he went he marveled at the curious freak which had seized him, and could not account for it, but felt that he *must* go home and could not avoid it. Arriving at New York, he had the strongest inducement to stay there a day and wait for some friends who would then accompany him to Boston, but who were afraid to venture upon the Sound that night in consequence of a dreadful storm that was raging; but our friend was, as it were, preternaturally forced aboard of the boat for Boston, in all the storm, on that night. Arriving in Boston, he had external inducements to stay there also for a day or two, but he could not; and so taking the first boat for the Kennebeck, he arrived home *just in time to see his lovely little boy alive!* He had not previously had any intimation of the child's sickness.

LIFE SAVED BY A SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—At the Tuesday evening Conference Dr. Gray stated that, a number of years ago, one morning, he rode out to visit a patient whom he was very desirous to see; but when near the latter's residence, he was seized with a vivid impression that he must proceed instantly to such a number in Waverly Place, where he would find a woman on the point of dying with an internal hemorrhage, and whom he alone, with the promptest efforts, could save. He authoritatively commanded his driver to proceed instantly and with all possible speed to the house indicated in his impression. The horses were turned and put at the top of their speed in the direction of Waverly Place. As he came to the corner of that street and Broadway he saw the servants of the family, who in the haste and alarm had been sent out to watch for any physician whom they might see passing along. Arriving at the door of the house to which his impression had directed him, he found the husband standing on the steps frantically wringing his hands, under the supposition that his wife was already dead. He (Dr. G.) passed into the room where the lady was lying and found her apparently dead from the loss of blood; but he quickly performed a difficult surgical operation and stanching the blood, and prevented the vital spark from making its final exit. She slowly regained her consciousness, and was restored to health; but had he arrived half a minute later she would inevitably have been past recovery.

FROM OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENT.

EDINBURGH, July 5, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTON :

It has been some time since I wrote you last ; but, according to the conditions of my correspondence, I have the privilege of interrupting it at will. Long silence is best when there is nothing at hand of immediate interest. Your journal has a particular cause to advocate, a particular object in view, and whenever any thing presents itself that furnishes a theme in your line, or may add to the facts of spiritual manifestations, I will not forget you.

In the July number of the *Scottish Review* I find an article headed "Epidemic Delusions," which it seems proper to notice, not because it contains any weighty argument against Spiritualism, but because it is an index to a large portion of the public mind, and shows in what manner the so-called learned and philosophic attempt to dispose of questions whose import they do not comprehend, and to account for phenomena which they can not wholly ignore.

After a preliminary flourish of trumpet on the key-note of Epidemic Pestilences, which proves that there is something wrong in the sanitary condition of the population in whose midst they appear, the author of the leading article in the *Scottish Review* sagely declares that there are also epidemic disorders of the mind as well as of the body, which indicate something wrong in the mental and moral condition of the community wherein they appear. Cholera comes from the pestilential marshes of humanity in India ; Spirit-rappings come from the whirlpools of society in the busy Western Republic. Without particular notice of his silly sneer at the civilization of the West, we will carry out his comparison a little farther than he would doubtless like himself. You say rightly that epidemics of body come from the impure food that we eat and the foul air that we breathe. When the soul's food has become putrescent, and the moral atmosphere in which it moves, lives, and has its being has become fetid with all sorts of foul vapors, then most surely we may expect epidemics of mind. Admitting for an instant that Spir-

itualism is one of these epidemics, may we not suspect that certain highly watered milk for the new-born into a multiplicity of kingdoms of priestcraft—milk, too, that has been growing more and more sour for some centuries past—that the *strong* meat of a spurious theology dealt in by an innumerable company, tucked out in Hebrew old-clothes, as putrescent in soul as the moral pabulum, a thousand years old, in which they deal—may we not suspect that such food dealt out to a large portion of Christendom has something to do with the spiritual choleras that afflict the earth? We do not mean to say any thing against true religion, against belief in God, Christ, redemption, freedom, immortality. As intensely as we hate all creed-making, and every species of irrational theologizing, just so intensely do we love a holy trust and the beneficent deeds that spring from a soul quickened by the spirit that burned in the breast of the Redeemer.

The reviewer quotes largely from the work of Prof. Hecker, entitled "Epidemics in the Middle Ages," translated from the German by B. G. Babington. There is a glowing description of the Dancing Mania that first manifested itself at Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1374. "They formed circles hand in hand, and appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to impressions through the external senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up Spirits whose names they squeaked out." Even St. Vitus' dance is pressed into the service, and a quotation made from a celebrated physician of the sixteenth century: "The St. Vitus' dance attacked people of all stations, especially those who led a sedentary life, such as shoemakers and tailors: but even the most robust peasants abandoned their labors in the field, as if they were possessed by evil Spirits; and thus those affected were seen assembling indiscriminately, from time to time, at certain appointed places, and, unless prevented by lookers-on, continuing to dance without intermission until their very last breath was expended." The witchcraft of puritanical Scotland is pressed into the service, and from a dark vault in the crumbling temple of superstition are dug up the bones of the three men and four women who were burned at Paisley, June 10, 1697. Then away goes the reviewer, drawing all the time on Prof. Hecker, to enthusiastic Italy, and calls into court against Spiritualism the ghosts of *St. Tarantini*, who cured the bite of the tarantula by dancing in a frenzied

manner. "However tortured with pain, however hopeless of relief the patients appeared as they lay stretched on the couch of sickness, at the very first sounds of those melodies that made an impression on them—but this was the case only with the Tarantellas composed expressly for the purpose—they sprang up as if inspired with new life and spirit, and, unmindful of their disorder, began to move in measured gestures, dancing for hours together without fatigue, until, covered with a kindly perspiration, they felt a salutary degree of lassitude, which relieved them, for a time at least, perhaps for even a whole year, from their dejection and oppressive feeling of general indisposition." It is said (*mirabile dictu*!) that such things even take place at the present time in Abyssinia. To complete the formidable array of noted witnesses against Spiritualism, and to make confirmation doubly strong, Dr. Babington, the translator of Prof. Hecker, is placed upon the stand, and deposes that disorders resembling those described "may make their appearance among people who have had all the advantages of an enlightened education and every opportunity of enlarging their minds by a free intercourse with enlightened society."

Now, then, for a general exploding of "spiritual manifestations," a total scattering of the host of "mediums," and a complete upsetting of the "tables."

"What," inquires the reviewer, "in the first place, are the phenomena of this epidemic?" His answer to his own question shows an ignorance of the subject in hand highly culpable in one who undertakes the task of a refuter. His ignorance would not be credited by a single reader of the TELEGRAPH if his answer were not given in his own words. "A convenient table being at hand, a number of persons (varying according to the size of the article) seat themselves at it, and place their hands upon its surface. In some instances the additional formality is imposed of forming a continuous circuit by mutual contact of each individual's own thumbs and by the contact of his little fingers with those of his neighbors on either side. The party remains for a considerable time in anxious expectation of a result; the attention of every one is closely fixed on the table, and a sense of muscular tension, increasing so as to render it difficult to prevent the hands from moving, is experienced by such of the performers as are not so far absorbed in the contemplation of the table as to be able to attend to their own feelings. Soon a slight shifting motion is perceived in the table, preceded, perhaps, by a tremulous agitation, which a careful scrutiny will trace to the spasmodic

jerkings of one of the arms that rest upon it; the motion is repeated and prolonged, and after a pause, perhaps, the table is brought into continuous movement, and the performers, still keeping their hands upon it, first walk, and then run, round and round, declaring that they *must* do so in order to keep up with the accelerated movement of the table. This we have repeatedly witnessed, and we have no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the phenomenon, that is, of the motion of the table without any conscious or voluntary exertion of force on the part of the individuals whose hands were in contact with it."

Such is the only conception that our reviewer has of the phenomena, and he gravely tells us that the "true source of the movement lies in that unconscious and involuntary exertion of muscular force of which the psychologist can produce a multitude of parallel examples." Dr. Carpenter, author of "Principles of Human Physiology," Prof. Faraday, and Mr. Braid, author of a work entitled, "The Power of the Mind over the Body," are then called upon to furnish such parallel cases.

The whole sum and substance, then, of the pretentious leader of the *Scottish Review* may be stated as follows: *Reasoning from a doubtful analogy, we come to the conclusion, that several persons may move a table rapidly by an unconscious and involuntary exertion of muscular force.*

To say nothing of the *prima facie* improbability of several intelligent, and even skeptical, persons becoming simultaneously deceived as to whether they are or are not moving a table, and not to call in question the very doubtful analogy on which the reviewer's argument rests, if we concede to him the conclusion at which he arrives, it will easily be seen that the main question has not been touched. He reduces the whole phenomena to the moving of a table while the hands of several persons are upon it. Now it is known to thousands that tables move when they are not touched by mortal hands; that bodies are lifted and hurled with superhuman force; that responses to questions are given by audible sounds upon untouched tables, upon distant walls, and in the air; that sweet music is made upon instruments far beyond the reach of human fingers; these and many other phenomena are proved by a cloud of unimpeached and unimpeachable witnesses. Our reviewer, who is either a simpleton or a knave, ignores, or is ignorant of, all these established facts, and tears to pieces his own man of straw with a great display of pious passion and a most noble appeal to conservative prejudice and materialistic stupidity.

The celebrated apparatus of Prof. Faraday is open to the same serious

objection. The article of our reviewer seems, in part, to have been ground out by Faraday's anti-table-moving machine. To show your readers how extremely simple a tolerably good writer and a really learned *sagan* may be when they attempt to tickle the long ear of prejudice instead of seeking the pure truth, I will quote the reviewer's description of Prof. Faraday's machine. "Take a couple of pieces of smooth wooden board, or thick pasteboard, of a convenient size for the hands to rest upon, and place between them a couple of small rollers of any kind, such as lead-pencils, glass tubes, or brass rods, so that when the lower board is placed upon the table the upper one shall be free to roll from side to side upon it. Its lateral movements are to be partially confined, however, by a couple of stout rings of vulcanized India-rubber passed round the front and back of the pair of boards; and a lever-index is to be so set upon a fulcrum-pin, fastened to the edge of the lower board, that its short end being put in motion by another pin fixed near the edge of the upper board, its long end shall traverse an arc several times as great. In this manner the slightest possible movement of the upper board from one side to the other is rendered obvious by the motion of the index in the opposite direction; and it has been found by experiments repeated over and over again, among table-turners of all degrees and kinds of belief—some advocating the 'spiritual' and some the 'diabolical' hypothesis, others maintaining that the rotation was electrical, others attributing it to a mysterious 'od-force'—that the table could never be moved by individuals whose hands were made to rest upon these indicators without such deflection of the index as gave evidence of the exertion of lateral pressure to a degree sufficient to produce the effect; while, on the other hand, if the performers themselves watched the index, and thus constantly kept in check the slightest tendency of their hands to make lateral pressure, the table never moved." Consequently, table-moving being predicated as the only phenomenon to be accounted for, the whole thing is blown to air. But, most unfortunately, tables move without being touched at all, though whether a table moves when one of the redoubtable Professor's exorcising machines is lying upon it we have never yet been informed. I wonder if said machine had been placed in the mouth of Baalam, the lever-index thereof resting against the old Hebrew's tongue, whether there would have been any "evidence of the exertion of lateral pressure to a degree sufficient to make Baalam's ass speak.

Bro. Beecher, and Pope Pius, and some others, who have less faith

in machines, who have been unable to meet the difficulty in any human way, have had recourse to the devil; but, like Faust, they find it easier to raise him than to lay him. His satanic majesty has not lost his craft, and is very glad to lead any volunteer troops of the Lord who are not sharp-sighted enough to detect his old limp. The devil hates any benign spiritual communications to the human race, and willingly leads any blinded company of opposers. There is certainly better employment in our time for his Holiness and Bro. Beecher than serving as corporals under Captain Diabolos in an allied Papal and Protestant crusade against the Spirits in which both churches profess a belief.

The editor of the London *Leader* sticks to his doctrine of materialism, faces the music like a man, and denying the evidences of his own senses, with a most superstitious faith in optical delusions, swears that the phenomena are all moonshine, thus clearing up the whole difficulty with his usual unequalled clearness. There is no method so perfectly lucid as that of flatly denying every question that is likely to give us any trouble in the solution. Upon the grounds of denying the evidence of the senses, the editor of the *Leader* has no right to affirm that the bone he picks for supper is not the identical hind leg of an ass that has been so many times carried away as a precious relic from Rome.

But this letter is growing long, and many things that I have in mind to say must be left until my next.

Yours truly,

VIATOR.

NEW TRAGEDY WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.—A regular five-act tragedy, consisting of some four thousand lines, has recently been written, under Spirit-impulse, by the hand of Mr. Isaac C. Pray, of this city. It purports, if we are correctly informed, to emanate from the Spirit of Shakespeare. It was read to the manager of the Broadway Theater and a select number of critics and editors, among whom was the editor of the *New York Times*, and we understand that all concurred in awarding to it literary merit of a very high order. One of them, as we understand, went so far in his admiration as to declare his belief that no living writer could equal it. It was written with great rapidity, and very few erasures or alterations are to be found upon the manuscript.

LETTER FROM BOSTON.

BOSTON, July 12, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

Regretting that you have no regular correspondent in this city to report the doings and sayings of the friends of the good cause here, I take the liberty to send you a brief account of matters and things in general, and some things in particular.

Yesterday was indeed a glorious day, and one long to be remembered with pleasure as a happy one to the little band of *progressives*, or Spiritualists, who left this city for "a day in the country," or, in more common phraseology, a picnic, amid the green hills and lovely vales, the sweet-scented flowers, the tall, majestic trees, waving to and fro in the summer's balmy breeze, near a "wide-spreading pond," there to worship in the temple of Nature—the only true temple of God "not made with hands."

We were "all aboard" and started from the station of the Boston and Worcester Railroad at half-past nine o'clock A. M., numbering in all a little more than four hundred and fifty strong, for Harmony Grove, South Framingham, where we arrived in safety after an hour and a half's pleasant ride through the beautiful towns and sweet villages that border and fringe the good old "city of the three hills." The morning was quite cool at the time of starting. No cloud marred the azure blue of heaven's broad canopy. Oh, it was indeed a cheering sight to see so many FREE sons gathered together in sympathy and love one to another. There were no long, sanctified, and hypocritical faces there, for they were transparent (so to speak) mirrors reflecting the light and joy within, whose soft and tranquil rays shed a radiance of harmony upon each other.

On alighting from the cars we found about a hundred persons from the neighboring towns awaiting our arrival to participate in the festivities of the day. Brother J. S. Loveland (Rev.), of Charlestown, called the people together for a few moments to set forth the proposed order of exercises for the day. The first thing to be done, he said, was for each and every one to have the very best time they possibly could;

either to sing, dance, sail on the lake, walk in the woods and fields, swing, or any thing else that might seem good to them, until after dinner, when he trusted there would be "a feast of reason and a flow of the soul" from different speakers present. To this proposition they all seemed to agree most heartily, and there was at once a general scampering for different parts of the grounds. A grand rush of young gentlemen and ladies was made for the dancing floor, where to the enlivening strains of dulcet music they whirled and floated in the eddies and intoxicating whirlpools of the exhilarating amusement. Throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes lent a new life to the dancers beneath the deep blue skies. Others made for the fairy boats, which, arrow-like, shot out over the rippling wave of the glassy lake to the quick tune of the dripping oars, which glittered in the sunbeams like shining bars of silver, throwing off at every rise and fall liquid diamonds into the transparent bosom from whence they came. Others, again, sought the "deep-tangled wild-wood" for a walk in its cool and shady retreats. Here and there might be seen *two loving hearts*, all absorbed in each other, seeking for some sylvan bower, there to pour out from the gushing fount of love the pent-up emotions of youthful affection. Old men and women were seated here and there in small groups, discoursing of things past, present, and to come; while flying high among the tall trees were sylph-like forms in swings, propelled by some strong volunteer arm. And in the fields near by, seen through the opening wood, little children were playing in the tall grass and plucking wild flowers—the buttercup and the honeysuckle; and, to complete the whole scene or picture, several circles were formed in the house in the grove, and quite a number were seeking intelligence from the bright beings of other spheres who had come on the wings of love to join the happy band of earth's children who had gathered together for the soul's highest, holiest aim—HAPPINESS.

One o'clock soon came, and with it dinner, which was soon over, and the majority of the party assembled around the "speaker's stand" to listen to those who should feel inclined to give vent to the thoughts which burn and the words which choke for utterance.

The first speaker was a Mrs. Thomas, of Ohio, a "speaking medium," who talked something about wisdom, which was so much above or below my comprehension that I did not make much out of it, and therefore can not be expected to say much about it.

The second speaker was J. S. Loveland, who at present presides over

the Charlestown Society as a speaker. Mr. L. was formerly a Methodist Episcopal clergyman of good standing, but having had his eyes opened to the glorious truths of modern Spiritualism, he at once buckled on his armor and came out boldly into the great battle-field of progress to fight the hosts of old theology, and has thus far proved himself a brave and efficient soldier in the good cause. Brother Loveland spoke in his usual happy and acceptable manner, and concluded by calling upon Dr. W. R. Hayden to take the stand; but the latter gentleman declined to come forward at the time, giving as a reason that he had nothing to say and no words to say it. Whereupon Mr. Hudson, a Unitarian clergyman of Chelsea, was next called, and came promptly forward. Mr. H. said that he would not say that he had nothing to say, for he had, and went on to say it in a very acceptable and sensible way. He spoke of what had been done and what must be done; he referred to the faulty and bad education of a large portion of the people, and, as an illustration of the fact, alluded to the profanity which he had heard from some young men on the grounds that morning. But as we took no particular notes of the language of the different speakers we will not try to report what they did say at any length from memory, lest we do them injustice. We did not go to labor, but to enjoy ourself like the rest, as best we could.

Mr. Uriah Clark (Rev.) was the next to take the rostrum, and it was at once evident from his peculiar manner that he was laboring under a load of witty things which it seemed actually necessary that he should unburden himself of for his own personal safety and for the good of the digestive organs of others present, who seemed to relish the anecdotes which he related and the amusing things which he said. After dispensing the lighter materials, he struck upon a higher key, and discoursed upon Nature and Nature's God, the surpassing beauty of the scene, the loveliness and grandeur of the Creator's mighty works.

Mr. Clure followed Mr. Clark, and was exceedingly happy and witty withal in his remarks, giving very general satisfaction to the majority of his listeners, his only fault being that he was a *little* too long-winded. Mr. Clure said many true and excellent things, and we much regret there are not many more persons who *dare* to say the same. He spoke with hitting and bitter sarcasm of the pestering and hypocritical rule of priestcraft, who quote Scripture to support all our bad institutions, slavery, and a multitude of sins. He also gave the government a few hard hits for its rashness and demagoguism.

The sixth speaker was a young lady of very prepossessing appearance, and, if we may be allowed to judge, about twenty years of age, who desired that her name might not be mentioned, as she had *friends* (!) (who has not) who did not like to have her interested in the matter. The Spirit that purported to speak through her gave his name as the great statesman, Daniel Webster, and many things which it said was fully equal to him in his palmiest days, and superior to much that he said in many of his speeches. The speech occupied a full half hour or more, and was attentively listened to by all present. He proved by what he said that he was an out-and-out Know Nothing, and charged his hearers that if they could be nothing else, to be "Know Nothings," but "to do something," declaiming violently against Popery, and calling upon the friends of LIBERTY to be up and doing, and if they must *fight*, why, fight to the last and die freemen, but, at all events, to crush the hydra-headed monster of Rome, who was seeking the downfall of our glorious Republic. In alluding to the present government, he said that he had been accused while in this life of taking a little too much and too deep of the wine-cup, but that the present incumbent of the Presidential chair did not know half the time as he reeled to and fro "whether he signed his name Franklin Pierce or Franklin Brandy."

Dr. Hayden next took the stand, and informed the audience that he would not trespass upon their time more than two minutes. He said that he had come upon the platform out of opposition to friend Clure, who had said that he did "not like to see people called upon the stand, but to speak where they were." "Now," said Dr. H., "I was born and brought up in opposition, and so I have come up here, although I like Mr. Clure very much indeed. Brother Hudson had spoken of bearing profanity from the mouths of some young men on the grounds, and he (Dr. H.) regretted to say that the same base and blasphemous sounds had floated on the pure air to his own ears, and he wished to say for the benefit of any strangers who might be present, that the breakers of the seventh commandment were not Spiritualists and did not belong to the party, but were outsiders, drawn there out of curiosity or in search of congenial companions. It is frequently asked what good Spiritualism has or will do. It has done and will do much. I have yet to know the first Spiritualist that makes use of profanity; or that is not opposed to slavery, capital punishment, imprisonment for debt, the rum traffic, and a whole host of like evils, whereas many of the clergy and church sanctify slavery, wine-bibbing, and judicial murder, and quote the BIBLE

to prove that wrong is right. Spiritualists have no such cloak under which to cover up a multitude of sins."

Mr. Hudson said that he hoped that he should not be misunderstood, as he did not for a moment suppose that the young men he had alluded to were Spiritualists.

Brother Buffum, of Lynn, followed on the same subject, and said that he for one did not care what the world thought of us, and asked if the opinion of the world ever broke any body's skin.

Dr. Hayden disagreed with friend Buffum; he thought that the opinion of the world often did something more than merely break the skin—it often broke the *heart*. He knew of one of the best Spiritualists in Boston, well known to the most of those present, a most amiable man, who had been turned out of his house, in which he had lived some years, for being a Spiritualist, and the whole trouble had arisen from the slander of a long-tongued woman in the same house who was bitterly opposed to Spiritualism.

Mr. Buffum said he supposed that he knew the person alluded to, and had talked to him that very morning, and that he liked it rather than otherwise (if such be the fact we can not swallow it whole).

Two or three persons more spoke in the trance state, when the hour drawing nigh for our return to the city, Mr. Loveland again called the company together, and desired to know if it was the minds of those present to have a second picnic at the same place this season, which was unanimously decided in the affirmative, and Thursday, the 31st day of August next, was the day assigned. The company then took their seats in the cars and arrived at the Boston station at seven o'clock, without the least accident occurring during the day.

I have much more (the particulars) which I would like to say at this time, but my letter is already too long and I have barely time to get this to the post-office before it closes, and will defer it until next week.

Yours, very truly,

W. R. H.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

"She's dead," they said, and left me thus
With nothing but her urn—
"That she had gone to that dread bourne
From whence none e'er return."

I wept o'er this, and sorrowed much,
Till life was ebbing fast,
For on my heart lay dark despair,
And mem'ry of the past.

The past! oh, bright and happy past,
That bound two hearts in one!
And could two hearts thus firmly bound
Asunder e'er be torn!

No, no! for nature ne'er could thus
Its opening buds destroy;
'Tis false that she can cause a tear,
Or aught but purest joy.

My breast and mind on the dark waves
Of passion long were tossed;
They had no compass then, and on
Dark surfs were nearly lost.

At length shone forth a beacon light,
And reason gave me fire,
To kindle in my soul a strength
To mount forever higher.

I lit my lamp at Nature's shrine—
Became her simple child—
Nursed with no niggard hand, soon grew
From wildest passion, mild;

And still grew on—o'erleaped the grave,
And in the light of truth
Found her I loved—my beauteous bride,
Twin-hearted of my youth.

This glorious truth full well I've learned—
And so all Nature saith—
'Tis deep as the foundation of
The soul: there is no death!

ALBANY, June, 1854.

g.

STRANGE AND POWERFUL DEMONSTRATIONS.

MANSION HOUSE, YONKERS, July 10, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:

Dear Sir—Will you allow me to convey the following facts, being a few only in my experience in investigating the spiritual phenomena, to the public, through the columns of your invaluable paper?

During a recent sitting at a private circle in your city, consisting of four persons besides myself, the following demonstrations occurred. In about five minutes after the circle was formed, I began to feel distinct touches from some object resembling a human hand; these touches were first felt on the knee, then on the arm, and at last on the forehead. It was sufficiently light in the room to enable me to discern the movements of those who composed the circle, and I know as positively as I know that I am penning you this article, that I was touched by no mortal hand in the room.

After I had felt a hand laid on my forehead five or six times, I suddenly reached forth to see if I could clutch it. I caught hold of an object resembling the wrist of a person. As soon as I had fairly clasped it, I was drawn from my chair across the room, for eight or ten feet. Meanwhile I was holding on with all my strength, and the object which I held on to was making much effort apparently, by wringing or twisting the arm and hand, to release itself from my *persistent grasp*. Take hold of the wrist of a lad several years of age, who is at the same time very anxious to go and join his playmates on the greensward, and request him to remain with you while he is so desirous of going, and the

efforts which he will make under these circumstances to release himself are similar to those made by the invisible, but to me perfectly tangible. object, to break my hold upon it. When it touched my forehead, I could distinctly feel the fingers, and even the very nails upon them. The hand felt to be smoother and far less moist than the human hand; in fact, no Parian marble could be polished to such perfect smoothness.

I also held a closed fan up as high as I could reach, and it was taken from me, though no person was within several feet of me at the time, and I was fanned for nearly a minute, and so were the others in the circle, each one in turn. I requested the invisible intelligence to stop the ticking of a clock which stood on the mantle-shelf in the room. It was an iron clock, with enameled front, and it at once commenced ticking as rapidly again as it did ordinarily; it then commenced ticking slower and slower, till it almost entirely stopped. My shoe was taken off my right foot and thrown across the room, and the bottom of my foot was tickled excessively. My porte-monnaie was taken from my pocket, the bank-notes removed from it, and laid around on the heads of the members of the circle. They were soon replaced from whence they were taken, and the porte-monnaie returned to me. Indeed, it was slipped back into the pocket of my pants, opposite to the one out of which it was at first removed, it being the farthest off from those who were sitting with me in the circle. It was then written out, without even the medium touching the pencil, "Wealth does not make the man;" "The mind is the true standard of the man"—which seemed as reflections strikingly apposite to the demonstrations just given.

I could fill many pages with similar facts which have occurred during my investigations, and some of them, to me, far more remarkable than these, because, perhaps, more personal in their bearing. The medium, Miss M. T. Hutchings, whose rooms are at 337 Broadway, is a young miss of only thirteen summers. She bears upon her countenance no trace of artful design, and is no doubt a pure-minded, unsophisticated girl, who forms a bright and lovely link of mediumship between the spiritual and human worlds.

Yours truly,

INVESTIGATOR.

The facts communicated by our correspondent are surprising, truly, and to many they will doubtless seem incredible; but we have the name of our friend as a sufficient voucher to the incredulous.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 28, 1854.

DEAR READERS :

The editor has a kind of rambling inspiration this morning, derived from the scenes and characters which have formed the subjects of observation and reflection during the past ten days. For the first time in more than two years your humble servant is fairly exhumed, having by incredible effort dug his way out from beneath the superincumbent mass of dusty manuscripts and printed sheets in which members of the profession are usually embalmed. On first coming to the light we were amazingly shriveled, but having carefully brushed the dust from our editorial remains, we find them in a better state of preservation than we had anticipated. To be sure, the extreme heat has dissipated a large share of the fluids by the process known as *endosmose*, but the waste has been supplied by the waters from the Congress and Columbian Springs ; moreover, by the grace of our legal friend, P. J. Avery, Esq., and his truly estimable lady, we have planted ourself in a good soil, and already we begin to swell like a seed deposited in a moist place.

We left New York on Wednesday morning, 19th instant, taking passage on the steamer Armenia. The day was extremely warm, but we measurably escaped the effects of the intense heat, and enjoyed throughout the greater part of the way a gentle breeze from the northwest, which was considerably increased by the motion of the boat. Those who travel in pursuit of health or pleasure make a great mistake when they encounter the noise, dust, and close confinement of the

cars, while they can travel at ease and away from all such annoyances on a pleasant boat like the Armenia. The motion of the steamer was so slight as scarcely to be perceived, and her captain is certainly a most efficient and obliging commander. Our friends will do well to remember him and his boat when they have occasion to take a trip on the Hudson.

We spent two days, very agreeably and profitably, at least to ourself, among the Spiritualists in Troy. The writer enjoyed a brief but pleasant interview with Bro. T. L. Harris and his highly esteemed lady. The numerous friends of Mrs. Harris will regret to learn that she is still in feeble health. Some three years had elapsed since we last saw her, during which time, reflection, ill health, and the ordinary vicissitudes of life have contributed to diminish the original buoyancy of her nature, and, it may be, to sadden the heart; but they have also thrown around her character and life an interest which only attaches to those who have been tried by the severe ordeals of the world.

At the invitation of our good friend Anson Atwood, the writer spent a very pleasant evening at his house, where several intelligent friends were congregated. Among the parties assembled were Dr. J. H. Rainey and his accomplished companion, Miss Emma Jay, a most interesting singing and speaking medium, of whose singular powers several correspondents have already spoken in terms of eloquent commendation, and Miss Malinda Ball, the gifted young lady who recently, and with one blow, split the Board of Education in Troy.

As the parties above referred to (Dr. Rainey and his company) are soon to appear before the world in a new and somewhat peculiar relation, we may as well disclose their intentions at once, that the people may know they are candidates for public favor, and especially that the readers of the TELEGRAPH may be prepared to extend to them the cordial greeting which

—we hazard nothing in saying it—they will be sure to deserve. Dr. Rainey and his interesting company propose to visit, in the course of the ensuing autumn and winter, many of the principal cities and towns for the purpose of giving A SERIES OF CONCERTS, consisting chiefly of *original music and words composed by Spirits, or by persons while under spiritual influence and direction*. In pursuance of this object they are now engaged in a thorough course of instruction and discipline under the tuition of Prof. Wood, of Albany. It is allowed on all hands that the natural and spiritual capabilities of this company are of a high order, and Prof. W. is widely known, not only as an elegant composer, but as an efficient instructor. We have listened to some of their pieces, which are exquisitely beautiful, and we have no hesitation in saying, that our readers may reasonably anticipate a fine musical entertainment, novel in many of its features, and exceedingly attractive. They will probably make their *debut* in New York during the month of October.

We have somewhere read a poet's description of an individual who swallowed a cobbler, but at the time we regarded the story as apocryphal, notwithstanding the man was sure that the cobbler, with his

“Last, end and hammer, strap and awl,”

had actually gone down his throat. We honestly doubted; but a few days in Saratoga has sufficed to cure our old skepticism. The poet's fancy is more than realized before our eyes, since we are forced to observe an unusual mortality among cobblers in this region. The other day, while spending an hour or two at the Lake, we witnessed the disappearance of a large number. They ran down the open throats of many gentlemen, and, indeed, of several delicate young ladies. These people have a peculiar way of getting them down. They begin by

gently removing the atmospheric pressure from the inside of the subject, whereupon he is immediately compressed and drawn out to such a degree that a cobbler of ordinary dimensions may be easily reduced to the size of a *straw* and elongated to the extent of thirty feet! In this attenuated form they have been wont to set out for "parts unknown," and though they rarely fail to exhibit some *spirit* on the occasion, they appear to "keep cool" to the last.

There are a large number of visitors assembled here, representing all classes, from the most intellectual and sensible people down to those thoughtless and frivolous beings that flit away their brief hour of existence in the glittering world of fashion. To the philosopher the latter may appear like gilded but distempered fancies, summoned by pride or intoxication to frequent the mystic avenues of sense, when sense is gone. But we do not propose to sermonize on the vanity of the gay world. Nature has no morbid tendency to undue solemnity, nor have we. It accords alike with the principles of our philosophy and the spirit of our religion to laugh more than we weep. The natural world is full of gay and beautiful objects which delight the senses and inspire heartfelt joy. The waters leap and dance in the sunshine and the shade; the birds in their leafy bowers are light-hearted and musical; the wild flowers are arrayed in colors which mock the powers of art and royalty; the fleecy clouds, on which the king of Day reclines at evening, are dyed in the great alembic of the atmosphere; the cheek of innocence, the bosom of love, and the eye of genius—these are all beautiful, and it can not be profane or irreligious to admire them. Indeed, the love of Beauty is the worship of God! Wherever seen, it is the visible embodiment or expression of the Supreme Divinity, who inspires devout adoration and praise in that "He hath made every thing beautiful in his time."

Notwithstanding we left home with the determination to rest from our labors, we were constrained to yield to the solicitations of numerous citizens and strangers to give a single lecture, which came off last evening at the St. Nicholas Hall. The subject selected for the occasion was the Relations of Science and scientific Men to the current Spiritual Phenomena. The Hall was crowded by an intelligent auditory, in which we recognized several distinguished residents and visitors. There were a few persons present who either expected an exhibition of buffoonery or that we should pander to popular prejudice. On these classes our lecture exerted a *moving* power. They were, however, so few in number as not to be missed, and we are happy to say, that in vacating their seats the atmosphere of the Hall, physical, intellectual, and moral, was in no way impaired.

One thing must not be omitted in this connection. Dr. Rainey, and his fair companions, hearing of the announcement of our lecture, came up from Troy, and by furnishing some appropriate music added very much to the interest and pleasure of the occasion. The closing song,

"I know thou art gone,"

composed by Spirits, was received with breathless silence by the entire audience. Miss Jay was entranced, as she usually is during the rendering of this piece, and her Spirit-tempered tones fell on the throng like an angel's benediction. The rest of the company were in good voice, and executed their parts in a graceful and effective manner.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Partridge are stopping at the Union. Several distinguished Spiritualists from different parts of the country are also here, including our generous friend, A. Merwin, Esq., of St. Mark's Place, New York. Some are seeking health, and others are in pursuit of ease and pleasure. By

the way, friend Merwin has just accomplished a generous deed in behalf of a poor little boy employed about the Union House. A large piece of ice fell on the lad, injuring one of his legs so seriously that he will probably be confined during the summer, and may possibly lose the limb. Mr. M. immediately drew up and headed a subscription with a liberal sum, and in a few hours, by his efforts alone, \$122 50 were raised and deposited for the benefit of the boy. Fraternally,

S. B. BRITTAN.

Troy, August 1, 1854.

DEAR READERS :

With your approbation we will now continue the notes of our ramble. On Saturday evening last, we (the writer and Mr. and Mrs. Partridge) left Saratoga and came down to Ballston Spa., having been invited to spend Sunday in that place, and to speak to the people in a beautiful grove near the village. We arrived about sunset and were shown to the Sän Söuci Hotel, where we were most kindly and agreeably entertained by the friends. Sunday proved to be one of the most glorious days of the season; it was a summer's day without clouds, yet the atmosphere was cool, and a delightful breeze prevailed from morning until evening.

At four o'clock P. M. a large and attentive audience, about equally composed of ladies and gentlemen, assembled at the place selected for that purpose, which was a pine grove on high ground at the south of the village. The number in attendance was variously estimated at from 600 to 1,000 persons. After singing and a brief invocation, Mr. Partridge took the speaker's stand, announcing that he appeared rather as a witness than as an advocate. He spoke about one hour, citing from the Scriptures, and from the records of his personal experience, numerous facts illustrative of the powers of Spirits

to move ponderable bodies, and to control the human mind and muscles, as exhibited by the writing and speaking media of the present day. We followed Mr. P. in a speech occupying three quarters of an hour. Natural and universal inspiration; the conquests of Spiritualism; its redeeming efficacy and life-giving power, constituted the principal themes. The exercises altogether occupied over two hours; the people listened throughout with the most profound attention, and seemed unwilling to leave the ground when the meeting was over.

We spent the evening very pleasantly, principally at the residence of Dr. Moore. A large number of friends, it should be observed, assembled at another place with the expectation of meeting us, but by some misunderstanding we were not informed of the fact until the next morning, and of course we had not the pleasure of a personal greeting. This was the only circumstance connected with our visit to Ballston which we had occasion to regret.

We must not take leave of Ballston without a word respecting the splendid hotel at which we were so cordially entertained. We have stopped, first and last, at nearly all the first-class hotels out of New York city, from Maine to Virginia, and we have no hesitation in saying that the Săn Söuci House is not surpassed in this country. In some respects we think it has no rival. Mrs. Chase, the accomplished hostess, supervises the culinary department herself, in which capacity she displays great skill and ability in adapting her dishes to the most fastidious palates. Those who merely desire to find a clean, quiet, and airy retreat for the summer months will find this house all and more than its name implies.

Last evening we had a spiritual gathering in the largest hall in this city. The spiritual quartette band—referred to in our previous letter—was present, and gave us some soul-entrancing music. Bro. Harris offered an impressive invoca-

tion, after which our associate and ourself made speeches, which were received in a manner that reminded us of the observation of a venerable clergyman, who was skilled at repartee. The reverend father being questioned by a young aspirant for clerical honors respecting the effect of a sermon just preached by the latter, replied, that "the people bore it remarkably."

After the public exercises were over, a number of friends repaired to the residence of Bro. Atwood, where we had an interesting circle. At an early hour this morning we went out with a number of congenial souls to wander on the hills at the southeast of Mount Ida, where, beneath the grateful shade of the tall trees, we inhaled the free mountain air, and imbibed inspiration from the subtle powers of Nature and the Spirits of the interior world. Our walk was enlivened by a number of pleasing incidents, one of which was not only eminently melodramatic, but it left a marked impression on our outer man.

Dr. J. R. Mettler and his esteemed and distinguished lady are now absent from Hartford, with a view of resting from their arduous duties at home; but wherever they go they are constantly beset with applications to visit the sick and unfortunate. We met them at Troy and Albany on our return from Saratoga. They expect to be absent two or three weeks, and, in company with several friends from Hartford, will visit the North American Phalanx and Long Branch, where they will spend a week for the purpose of enjoying the sea air and bathing. Mrs. M. most certainly requires this relief after being almost constantly, for years, in the magnetic atmosphere of diseased bodies. We have often wondered that her health was not totally destroyed; we incline to the opinion that no merely mortal energy could have preserved her thus long under physical circumstances which would severely try the most elastic and powerful constitution. It is due to Mrs. M. to say, that no person in this country, A. J. Davis alone excepted, has ever acquired so high

a reputation as a medical clairvoyant, and notwithstanding her labors have been severe and incessant during the last five years, she appears more youthful and buoyant than before. May the Future scatter golden sands in her pathway, and render her life ever more beautiful and significant.

We propose to take passage this evening, on the steamer Isaac Newton, for the great commercial Babel. We have derived both strength and pleasure from our rambles. Our brief absence has revived many pleasant memories; we have felt the inspiration of fresh hopes and strong resolutions; while old friendships have been renewed and new ones formed, never to be forgotten.

Kind friends and readers, adieu. We shall next salute you from our editorial *sanctum*, where we hope to hold, yet awhile, frequent converse with your spirits.

S. B. BRITTON.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND PSYCHOMETRY.

MR. RANDOLPH, the Clairvoyant and Psychometer, is now in this city, and intends to devote himself to the examination of disease, and to giving delineations of character. Mr. R. is now magnetized by Dr. Bergevin, of Paris, one of the most skillful and scientific physicians in the country; being a graduate of the Medical School of Paris, Member of the Philosophical Institute of France, Director of the Société Magnétique, and assistant of the Baron Dupotét and M. Cahagnet. At a recent trial of Mr. R.'s powers, Prof. Toutain, of France, expressed his belief that as a seer Mr. R. is superior to Alexis, of Paris, the world-renowned somnambulist. This is a high recommendation, coming, as it does, from such a source.

TESTS IN ENGLISH AND GREEK.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

A few numbers of your excellent journal have providentially fallen into my hands. The subject of the "*new era*" has engrossed much of my attention for some time past, more especially since I became convinced from proof amounting to *demonstration*, that mortals can hold communications with the Spirits of the departed. I congratulate you on being the fearless and able champion of this *eternal truth*. I rejoice that you have so many learned correspondents, who unflinchingly lend you their aid in sustaining a cause which is destined in the end to triumph over all opposition. The sneers of the opposers will recoil on themselves. Is it not passing strange that there is so much *infidelity* in the churches? Here is the very core of the opposition. It is, however, what has characterized similar people in every age of the world. * * *

I had thoughts of presenting to the public, through your journal, some *facts* by which I have become established in my present position ; and as the whole are susceptible of the clearest *proof*, I give them to you over my proper signature.

Some time since I was in the presence of a writing medium, and received a very impressive message from Elder Elisha Pate, long since deceased. The Spirit of Rev. Hosea Ballou accompanied him. I was very anxious to receive a communication from the latter, but was told that he would communicate through *another medium*. Here was a fine opportunity for a *test*. I kept this a profound secret. Through another medium, more fully developed than the former, who did not know that even such a person existed as Hosea Ballou, a message in his own peculiar style and spirit, over the signature of "*Father Ballou*," was made to me. *It is his own handwriting*. No one, however expert he may be in chirography, could imitate his style so exactly should he practice for years. I proposed several theological questions, carefully concealing the same from the medium, on one side of a slate, and received appropriate answers on the other. I became so nervous I could not write, when to my astonishment he replied to *mental* questions with equal

clearness. I had an impression at the time that my thoughts might be mysteriously transferred to the medium and produce this result. But this was immediately corrected. I found myself in communication with the Spirit of *Stephen Dutton*, a very simple, inoffensive, unpretending member of the *United Society* at New Gloucester, Maine. He died several years since. He wrote the following: "Really, Fayette, really, I don't know how to convince you of my presence; but I am here. I'll try." The Shaker village was then drawn on the slate. The houses, the barns, the shops, the office, the door-yard, all maintaining their exact relative positions. The beautiful lake of water to the eastward, the inlet, the woods and houses on the other side, all so exact that one would suppose it to have been done by some masterly hand from the most favorable position. The medium never was within thirty miles of that place.

I must be brief. I can not omit what occurred a few days since, as it caps the climax of the whole. A communication is made to me in the Greek language. It is written wholly in Greek capitals. If called upon I will present a *fac-simile* before the learned world. The medium is wholly unacquainted with every language but the English, and has but a very imperfect knowledge of that. I wished for the Spirit to give me the name. The medium then wrote *Homer* in Greek characters. I did not think at first that there was no letter in the Greek alphabet to give the sound of *h*. The medium wrote the Greek Omega or long *o*, with the aspirate. I asked the Spirit on what material the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written? The reply was, "*Pa-py-rus*." Ages after *Homer* the ancients wrote on parchment. I have the promise of another communication from the old Grecian poet. It certainly will come, and you shall have it.

I thank the God of heaven that I have lived to see this day. I can now depart in peace. In your own beautiful language I would ask, "Why, oh, why should the world be favored with these sublime privileges in its infancy and denied them in its maturity?" We look beyond the gloomy postern of the grave and behold the banks of deliverance made radiant by the sun of righteousness. There we see the ever-radiant tree of life bending with the fruit of archangels, and spreading its branches for the healing of the nations; and there we hope to "reap perennial joys in the fields of the blessed."

T. MAJE.

WEST BURTON, ME.

MR. TOWNSEND'S EXPERIENCES.

IN our "Facts and Remarks" last week, we briefly reported, as they were furnished to us by a second person, some recent spiritual experiences of Mr. Tappen Townsend. It seems that there were some inaccuracies and deficiencies in the report, and Mr. T. has furnished us with an extract from his notes of the occurrences on the evening referred to, requesting us to make the necessary corrections. On the whole, we deem it best to state the affair in Mr. T.'s own language, which is as follows:

Sunday, July 23, 1854, at L. S. Beck's, in Sixth Avenue, New York; present, Mr. and Mrs. Beck, Miss Matilda —, Mr. and Mrs. Bradford, and myself. Mr. and Mrs. Bradford mediums.

A great variety of physical demonstrations occurred. Very loud rapping on the table, floor—deep down under the floor like a man two or three stories below (which could not be the case here, as the house has but two stories and no cellar) pounding as with a heavy beetle, and sometimes making a noise like the reports of distant cannon. The tune "Yankee Doodle" was rapped out by these ponderous sounds at our request. The whole house was shaken violently by request, perhaps twenty times, so much so that the windows rattled, and the lattice in the blinds outside could be heard plainly. A leaf table standing against the wall was, by the vibrations of the house, made to slam its leaves against its legs, making a noise loud enough to be heard in the adjoining room. This was done repeatedly.

At this circle I experienced what purported to be an attempt on the part of a Spirit to take possession of me. Richard Bradford, one of the mediums above named, was being controlled by a Spirit apparently attempting, unsuccessfully, to speak through him. He was raised out of his chair and his body made to sway to and fro, and to gesticulate as if making violent efforts to speak. While he remained in this condition,

I inquired of the Spirits if I should lay my hands on his head, thinking that it might possibly modify the conditions sufficiently to enable him to speak. Through the raps the question was answered in the affirmative. I then went and laid my hands upon his head, when there immediately ran up my arms a singular sensation, which passed like lightning to my head. It felt as if it was suddenly increased to twice its usual size. My face turned very red, and I began to stagger, when I took my seat, which had I not done I fully believe I should have fallen. As soon as I let go of the medium the influence left me, but with a headache which lasted until the next day.

On inquiring of the Spirits, it was said that the Spirit possessing Mr. Bradford, upon my laying my hands upon his head, tried to take possession of me, and as soon as the Spirit had left him, another well-known Spirit instantly took possession of him, and caused him to perform a number of antics around the room, to the no small amusement of all present.

T. TOWNSEND.

TRANSPORTATION OF PHYSICAL BODIES BY SPIRITS.—Mr. C——d, a teacher of this city, and a medium, relates that some months ago, while in the act of drawing on his boots, he discovered a foreign body in the seam of the leg of his pantaloons, which, upon ripping the seam open, he found to be a penknife exactly resembling his own, excepting that it was new and bright, while his own was somewhat worn and tarnished. He was unable to account for the introduction of the knife in that place, but was told by the Spirits that they had placed it there for the purpose of removing his skepticism with regard to their power to transport physical bodies from place to place. About three weeks afterward, as Mr. C. was giving a lesson in drawing, he found himself without a knife, and was obliged to borrow from a pupil. He supposed he had left his knife at home, but on returning to his room he could not find it. He then placed the duplicate knife which had so mysteriously been brought to him, in his pocket, and started forth to give another lesson. He had not proceeded farther than about two blocks when he suddenly felt a decided pressure in his vest pocket, and on examination found his missing knife there, with one end sticking out as though it had just been thrust in by some invisible hand. Mr. C. had carefully searched all of his pockets before, and is confident the knife was not in any of them.

A LEAF.

BY ISABEL ATHELWOOD.

ONE sunny day the angels stole away from heaven—a white-winged throng, whose dwelling-place is within the shadow of the throne. The golden twilight was breaking softly through whispering leaves and fragrant blossoms that girdle in a simple village church—a quiet nook, nestling at the edge of a great forest. The fading sunlight rested like a golden glory amid its arched fanes, and the soft west wind that whispered its soothing lullaby through the Gothic windows, lifted the sunny rings from the unstained brow of a pure young child.

Mother and child knelt together in the waving light, while the holy man of God pressed on the fair, upturned brow the sacred symbol of the cross. God's angels gathered around in the shadowy light as the baptismal water fell on the sunny face—angels' tears of joy for the registering of a new name in heaven!

"We will take her, now, from the evil that is to come!" whispered the good angel, whose name is Love, and almost her lips pressed the rosy mouth of the little one. But she, upon whose clear brow Faith was written, drew near, and, pointing heavenward, said:

"Beautiful to our Father is the spirit of a little child—unsoiled by sin, unstained by time, but great and glorious, and more acceptable is that soul tried by temptation, who has gone out in the great battle of life, and looking backward through the mist of years, on the conflict, can indeed say: 'The strife is long past—the victory long won.'"

The sisterhood bent over the sleeping child: *Love* left her dewy breath upon the parted lips; *Hope* wove a rainbow garland over the sinless brow; *Mercy* dropped a tear among the golden curls, but starry *Faith* laid upon the young heart a priceless jewel, whose value none may know but at the gate of Paradise. There was the trembling of angel wings, the tuning of seraph harps, and then in the quiet starlight, up through the calm and holy heaven, once more God's angels gathered at the throne. * * * *

A shriek rang out on the troubled air. Out in the gloomy night, in the heart of a great city, fled a pure young girl—fled, for the hot breath of unholy passion was around her steps; on, and on she sped, with her dark hair floating wildly out, and one fair hand pressed heavily her throbbing heart as if to still its fearful pulsations, the other thrown imploringly backward, for the tempter was in her path. Onward, and still onward she flies, looking ever on the holy stars cradled above—onward, and she leaves the great city behind, and the peaceful night air, lifting the dark rings of lustrous hair, soothingly kisses her aching brow. It is gained once more, that old village church, and *she* is saved! There, with the quiet moonlight smiling like a sunny child in its dreams, she kneels at the altar where years before they gave her to God, blindly asking length of years; the tempter is forgotten—the half-spoken word—the poisoned breath—the unholy thought, are all forgotten as that low prayer is meekly sent up in the quiet starlight: "Lead me not into temptation!"

The angels smiled in the dim light, and Faith bore the faint heart-prayer beneath her sheltering wings to the throne of God.

Once more were the arched aisles of the quaint old church bathed in the mellow sunlight; whispering winds came in laden with perfume, and angel voices crept lovingly through its dim aisles in the holy silence.

Once more the man of God stood trembling up before the holy cross, and whispering a blessing on the newly wedded. Twenty summers gone and she had knelt in that quiet light at the altar's font, and now she stood in the shadow of the starry cross—the missionary's wife. She laid her hand tremblingly in his, the silken folds upon her bosom rose and fell with the throbbings of her heart; again and again she shrank as she remembered the far-off scene of her labors—the untried future; like a lovely dream came up her quiet forest home—friends, country—but Faith, and Hope, and Love were there, with folded wings in the shadowy light, whispering in the ear of the bride-wife; she feared no more. Steadily she gazed up in the missionary's face and murmured: "I will go; thy people shall be my people—thy God my God!"

Once more the old church was alone in its shadowy gloom—alone with the kind, watchful angels.

Years of stern self-denial, of trial, and much temptation passed on.

In a far-off land, in the golden starlight, knelt the missionary woman, alone, for ~~he~~ had early gone home to heaven !

Amid the sunny braids of hair that lay upon her time-kissed brow, was woven many a silver thread. She had battled nobly, toiled steadily, and now she was about to receive her reward.

Mercy looked pityingly down from heaven, and, kneeling at the Father's feet, murmured : " Shall I bid her come ? " There was a whisper ran through heaven, a gentle sound as of many voices, the fluttering of many wings, and Faith and Love whispered in one voice : " It is enough—come up higher ! " Beautiful was the spirit they laid upon the throne, for is not the soul made beautiful through suffering, purified by trial, and by sore temptation rendered meet for heaven !

When the morning broke over that far land, its warm rays kissed first the brow of the dead woman. A beautiful Hindoo girl stepped lightly in the missionary's tent ; she bent over the quiet form with the cold hands peacefully folded over the hushed heart, and the veil of sunny hair falling like a golden cloud around the calm, sweet face. There had been no struggle ; the angels had quietly kissed away the breath, leaving the face as tranquil in its uplifted beauty as when it had smiled beneath the baptismal water in the old village church, thousands of miles away.

The young girl wove her clear arms softly around the quiet form, and pressed her rounded ear to catch the first faint fluttering of the pulseless heart, but it was still, quite still ; and when she unbound a magnificent tiny plume from amid her bands of shining hair, and pressed it against the parted lips, not the slightest breath ruffled its gossamer edge ; a wild cry burst from the Hindoo girl ; for the first time she knew there must be a heaven where the missionary woman had gone.

Up through the aisles of the old village church floated a dirge-like strain ; the moonlight trembled through the window of stained glass, and rested on the scroll that had been newly sunk in the wall. Around that hoary altar, and beneath the star-lit cross, the angels folded their wings ; they were no more heavy with the dew of tears, for they remembered the frail barque they had first watched bathed in the baptismal water—how they had guided it through a long voyage, and at last brought it in safety home to heaven ; and surely that must have been a glad song that swept up through the clear moonlight up to God's throne, when they remembered the holy, happy spirit they had

placed within the upper temple, upon whose lips now trembled the "New Song"—a chorister in the orchestra of heaven, dwelling in the fullness of joy forever!—*Selected.*

A REQUIEM.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

I.

STILLY, oh, stillly!
Lay her gently down,
Soft be her slumbers
In the damp, chilly ground.
Hush thee! oh, hush thee!
Breathe not a sigh;
Her Spirit hath gone
To its home in the sky.

II.

Bright was her beauty,
Deep was her worth,
And angels came down
To take her from earth.
Strew blossoms, fresh blossoms,
O'er the place of her rest;
Fit emblems are they
Of the souls of the blest.

III.

We've let down the curtain,
We've put out the light;
Oh, calmly and sweetly
May she dream through the night!
Let the snow and the storm
Beat over her head,
For nothing can trouble
The sleep of the dead!

IV.

Ah ! sad is the earth
When winter comes round,
And dark is the night
When the moon has gone down ;
And earth's richest treasures—
Oh ! what are they worth
When the voice of a loved one
Has died out on earth !

V.

But again the moon rises,
The spring-time will bloom :
Lo ! the loved one we've buried
Shall ascend from the tomb.
For the fire immortal
Thou hast breathed in this clod—
For the bright hope of heaven
We bless thee, O God !

WASHINGTON, D. C.

SINGULAR OCCURRENCE.—The following is from the *Centreville Times* :
"Under the obituary head in to-day's paper will be found the death of Mr. Jacob Reese. On the day of his death Mr. Reese was engaged in seeding oats, and toward evening was startled by a voice, apparently at his elbow, saying, 'You may sow, but shall not reap !' He looked around, and seeing no one continued his work of seeding, attributing it, as he afterward stated, to his imagination. At every step, however, the warning was repeated, and at last, unable to bear it, he proceeded home to his wife. He was persuaded by her that it was only imagination, and finding that he had no fever, and did not complain of any unusual indisposition, she induced him to return to the field. There, however, the same solemn warning voice attended him at every step—'You may sow, but you shall not reap !' and in a state of extreme agitation he again ceased work and went home. He took an early supper, was shortly after attacked with a swelling in the throat, and before sunrise next morning was a corpse."

WHAT ARE THE "RIGHTS OF MAJORITIES?"

MAJORITIES possess no rights. Majorities may exercise a controlling power in the government of a state, and unless they do exercise such power the government may be some hybrid of a doubtful character, or a naked despotism, but it can not be justly called a republic, a democracy, a government of the people. The power exercised by the majority in a free commonwealth, the laws enacted, the institutions founded, the compacts made, are in the name and in the behalf of the whole people; not for the exclusive use and benefit of the majority, but for the benefit of the minority also, and equally and alike participated in by all. The "Rights of Majorities," therefore, under free constitutions of government, can have no legitimate existence, because every benefit secured by their action is equally the right of each and every individual in the community.

Nor can any wrong be inflicted on a minority, for the minority must participate in the benefits and the evils of governmental action alike with the entire community of which it is a component and indissoluble constituent.

That the majority *should not govern* is a doctrine that has been advanced by a distinguished American citizen, and one who did not flinch from its unavoidable corollary, that the mass of the people were a rabble, unfit to be intrusted with political power.

Of all forms of government, that which centers in one irresponsible head is conceded to be the worst. That form of government which constitutes every adult of sound mind a sov-

ereign, who may delegate his power to administrative agents at will, is conceded to be the best. Deny these postulates, and so far as a knowledge of just government would be understood, we are at sea without chart or compass, and as dead in the fog as the intelligent student would find himself after devoting his best years to the diligent examination of the most approved works now extant on political economy and the "*science*" of government.

Hitherto the world has been governed at best by some modified form of despotism, and is but slowly emerging from the darkness of the primitive ages. England has professed to lead in moral and political reform. Her writers, all grounded in the immutable assurance that their own institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, give the same tone to her literature that exists in her laws, and which is indelibly impressed upon every educated and every uneducated mind in the nation.

Our own educated (so far as a smattering of bad learning may constitute an education), and a portion at least of our uneducated citizens, are tainted to the core by hereditary and educational prejudice, and the contamination of precept and example which are hourly and freshly set before us from the land of our forefathers. It was an apparent absurdity, yet, perhaps, an unavoidable one, that after declaring war against the political institutions of Great Britain, and expelling them with fire and sword from our borders forever, we should have adopted in a body that system of laws which were the fruit and the sustenance of the same arbitrary system of political government that we had so indignantly abjured.

Philosophy is but a just deduction from well-known fact. But important facts pass unheeded, and inevitable consequences are not foreseen. What but a race of aristocrats could have been expected to appear under a system of jurisprudence expressly devised to sustain a privileged few by the toil of many,

where the very rudiments of knowledge, no less than the law which disposes of property, life, and reputation, the lessons of history, letters, romance, poetry, and religion, inculcate no social sentiments but such as nourish a heartfelt contempt for democratic equality, and teach the ingenuous youth to own no fellowship with the hand that gives him bread. We are all practical aristocrats and tyrants. We all demand an undue share of this world's goods—all seek a distinction above our fellows and beyond our merits. In our political, civil, and social relations, and in that interchange of kind and generous feeling which may be deemed the charm and the solace of life, we have scarcely advanced to the comparative moral excellence of semi-barbarity. Permit it to be asked in all candor and seriousness, Is not this a true representation of the existing American character?

Under every form of government, whether in the old world or the new, combinations never fail to exist with the object of securing political or social ascendancy, or of amassing wealth. We are, perhaps, the only people who have made any valuable progress in establishing some useful degree of political equality. This political equality, however, is of no value whatever, but a positive evil, where social rights are disregarded. To support this view it is only necessary to cast our eyes on Great Britain, where the largest political liberty is declared, and where the mass of the people endure an extremity of wretchedness and destitution that is inflicted upon no other people on earth.

Our own laws regulating the right to property tolerate and encourage an excess of inequality that is hostile to the spirit of free institutions. The eyes of the people are slowly opening to this abuse, and an ultimate and searching reform will be demanded. The remedy for bad government is only to be found where the statesmen and lawgivers of the present day,

who rely "more upon *checks to vice* than upon *motives to virtue*," will surely never seek it—in the cultivation of the benevolent affections. Love for the whole human family, and the desire to promote their happiness, is the sole motive for progress and reform.

Since we have adopted, with inconsiderable modification, the laws, the literature, the moral and social habits, and, to some extent, the religion of Great Britain, what saves our people from the hopeless and still increasing wretchedness that crushes her groaning millions to the earth? It is the control of an *independent majority*, composed of the "bone and sinew" of the land. While man needs a defense against man, and a general government armed with the power to protect him is found expedient, what assurance of its salutary administration can be devised so safe as the control of the majority? What method or what principle besides can satisfy the minds of men?

Yet a majority, as such, possesses no rights; a minority can suffer no wrong. All action, where the proceedings of either can be recognized, must relate solely to the general operations of government, the consequences of which are felt equally and alike by the whole people.

Say to a statesman that the only principle for the government of the human family is LOVE, and he would not hesitate to pronounce you an amiable variety of the candidates for Bedlam. Yet such is the fact. And it was told us some two thousand years ago by JESUS OF NAZARETH. The theory is sometimes admitted, yet few can be found so entirely reckless of public sentiment as to recommend its practice. - W.

THE DYING BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY MRS. MARY F. L. MOTT.

THERE are angels, bright angels here, mother,
With voices sweet and low ;
They lovingly speak to your child, mother,
They bid me with them go.

They come to bear me away, mother,
To a happier world than this,
Then lay my head on your breast, mother,
And softly my forehead kiss.

Hark ! do you hear the music, mother ?
The music rich and clear,
That comes from the golden harps, mother,
The angels with them bear !

Oh ! see their shining wings, mother,
How they glisten in the light,
I am going with them now, mother,
My mother dear, good-night.

A REMARKABLE INTERIORLY DEVELOPED BOY.—The *Crisis*, a New Church paper edited by Rev. Henry Weller, Laporte, Indiana, gives an interesting account of the spiritual qualifications and experiences of a boy named George Calder Johnson, of Grand Rapids, who departed this life June 16th. His inner life was opened in a remarkable manner, and he frequently saw both dark and bright Spirits of the other world. Among the most interesting of his experiences was the following beautiful dream (so-called), which he had about a year and a half before his death : He dreamed that he was "in heaven, in a beautiful garden filled with fruits and flowers, playing with joyous children who were so kind

and gentle to him that he felt at home among them." The thought, however, came over him that he must return to earth again, which made him sad, when a sweet little girl, whom he tenderly loved, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and told him to be happy, as he "would not have to stay long away from them, for in his ninth year he would come to dwell with them, and would never more leave the beautiful heaven-world." Ever after that he spoke of the little angel-girl as his own, and declared that should he grow up to be a man, as he felt that he would not, he could never love nor marry another. The little maiden seemed ever to be present with him prompting him to be pure and sinless. When he prayed he breathed a prayer for her, and he would often say he tried to be good that she might not be pained; "and if a naughty thought comes to me, I try to get rid of it and not be naughty; this will not grieve her, will it?" What a beautiful gleam of heaven and its purity and conjugal felicity is here! We may add that the boy was in his ninth year when he died, according to the prediction made to him by the little dream-maiden.

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE GREAT.—Malebranche declared that he distinctly heard the voice of God within him. Descartes, after a long seclusion, was followed by an invisible person, who urged him to pursue his researches after truth. Byron imagined himself to be sometimes visited by a specter; but he said it was owing to the over-excitability of his brain. The celebrated Dr. Johnson clearly heard his mother call Samuel; she was then living in a town at a great distance. Pope, who suffered much in his intestines, one day inquired of his physician what arm that was that appeared to come out from the wall. Goethe asserts that he one day saw the counterpart of himself coming toward him. The German psychologists give the name of *Duterescopie* to this kind of illusion. Oliver Cromwell was stretched fatigued and sleepless on his bed—suddenly the curtains opened, and a woman of gigantic size appeared, and told him that he would be the greatest man in England. The Puritan faith and the ambition of Cromwell might have suggested, during those troublous times of the kingdom, some still stronger idea; and who can say whether, had the phantom murmured these words in his ear: "Thou wilt one day be king!" the Protector would have refused the crown as did Cæsar at the Lupercalian feasts?—*De Boismon's Hallucinations.*

SPIRIT-LIGHTS.

WATERBURGH, N. Y., July 19, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

On the morning of the 13th of June, about three o'clock, I noticed upon the wall, back of the bed where I sleep, a luminous spot, which in appearance resembled a brilliant comet, with a bright nucleus about one half inch in diameter. The tail was perpendicular above the nucleus, and about eight inches long. The color was about the same as that of the ordinary aurora borealis. There is no mistake but that it was there. My wife saw it and tried to rub it out, but made no difference in its appearance. I held my hand before it, but it still kept shining. After the lapse of four or five minutes it moved to the west a few inches, and remained there till it disappeared, which it did in about ten minutes from the time I first saw it. Immediately beneath it was another and larger one, but much fainter. It was three or four inches wide and eighteen long. What is somewhat strange is, my father saw a similar phenomenon in another part of the house. It seems to have been a spiritual light.

Not long since, my mother, who is an aged woman, went to one of the neighbors, and when she had been gone scarcely long enough to get there, Mrs. T. saw her come back, appearing just as she did when she went away, scraped her feet, etc. Mrs. T. went to the door to joke her for her short visit, and was surprised to see no one there. Nothing has happened as yet. My mother saw in a similar manner an aged neighbor a short time before he died. I will here remark that Mrs. T. is one of the best seeing and hearing mediums of which I have heard. She is also a very good speaking medium, and something of a clairvoyant.

Yours, in the investigation of truth,

DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

"SPIRITUALISM—A "MANIFESTATION."—One who is an implicit believer, and assumes to be a practical demonstrator in the new philosophy, has given us an account of a recent event in this village, the substance of which is as follows :

"A girl who resides on Lock Street, in this village, who is a reported

'medium,' in going from Main Street to her home, passed up Church, intending to cross over to Lock by the way of Caledonia Street. When she had crossed Caledonia Street, on Church Street she was 'arrested by some irresistible impulse;' it was, as she describes it, 'as if some one had taken hold of her arm.' Following the impulse, or lead, she left the companion of her walk, and hastened to the railroad-crossing on Church Street; pursued the railroad track to the deep cut west of the Transit, when she was 'compelled to go to something lying on the track of the railroad.' She heard the whistle of the cars around the turn, and would 'gladly have fled from the track, but was hurried upon her spiritual errand to the object of her diversion from her intended route—which proved to be a small child asleep, lying across one of the rails. She had only time to catch up the child and jump into the ditch, as the cars passed.

"The evidence corroborating the girl's statement, is that of several witnesses who saw her in her hurried walk in an unusual direction.—*Niagara Democrat.*

BLINDNESS CURED BY SPIRITS.—A correspondent of the *New Era* writing from Greensburgh, Indiana, relates that a man in his neighborhood was nearly blind, and was persuaded to visit a healing medium, through whom he received directions for the treatment of his eyes. Under the treatment he soon recovered, but being much scoffed at for his belief in Spirits, he was finally, to escape the annoyance, induced to deny that there was any Spirit-agency in the cure. After this his sight immediately began again to grow dim, and was soon worse than it had been before, when, growing alarmed, he confessed his error, and again made application to the Spirits. He was soon perfectly cured, both of his blindness and of his disposition to withhold credit from those to whom credit was due.

THE SECRET DISCOVERED AT LAST.—A London correspondent of the *Boston Traveler* says that "a Dr. Schiff, of Frankfort, is reported to have discovered, so far as to be able to practice, the grand trick of Spirit-rapping. It is affected by a motion of the *peronons longus*, which passes behind the ankle of the leg, and produces the sound hitherto so dextrously fastened upon genii, good or evil." Burr and the redoubtable knee-joint-ological doctors, and the still more redoubtable Dr. Dods, will now have to hide their diminished heads.

THE NEW ORGANIZATION.

MR. EDITOR :

A copy of "The Charter and By-laws of the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" having fallen into my hands, I beg leave, through your paper, to offer a few thoughts which have been suggested to my mind.

That some general concert of action among Spiritualists was desirable will be readily conceded ; nor could there arise any great diversity of opinion with regard to the aims and objects to be pursued. With respect to organization, however, two distinct methods seemed indicated. There might be an *Order* or there might be a *Union*. It is not my purpose to determine which of these it is proper for any particular person to aid in forming, believing it best that "every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind" on this question, as on all others ; but it is certainly important that people be not left to adopt the one for the other for the lack of a little frank and friendly explanation.

An Order grows out from an organized center, and originates in the movement of one mind, or combinations of a few minds. Its tendencies are to centralize all power and authority, and to sink the individual in the institution, giving back as a compensation for the loss of his individuality and manhood a fictitious importance as a "member." That all Orders are not transcripts of the one projected by Ignatius Loyola is owing to the lack of genius in their conception, and to the absence of suitable materials, rather than to any intrinsic distinction ; for, with all, professedly high and benevolent objects are sought, through diverse but kindred methods.

A Union is a spontaneous concert of action of individuals to accomplish objects of mutual interest and concern. In it personal identity and responsibility are retained by all, and not, as in an Order, surrendered to a few. In a social, religious, political, or moral movement, the distinction remains, however material or refined the forces employed or objects sought. The one is a rule of force, the other of love. The one is in the sphere of power, the other of freedom, in whatever degree.

That the movement to which I refer should partake more of the character of an Order than a Union is not so much a matter of surprise, when it is called to mind that, notwithstanding its claim to nationality, there was no call for the organization circulated among the Spiritualists even of New York city. A significant fact connected with the absence of all preliminaries usual in the inauguration of a movement of public importance, is the identity of dates to the acknowledgment of the charter, the election of officers, the letter of the secretary apprising the president of his election, and the president's reply to the same. It more fully appears, indeed, in the body of the by-laws, that the trustees and officers, several of whose names were certainly pressed into the service, were the only members, and have, in their capacities as committees, etc., control over the election of members, as well as over the election of succeeding officers and boards of trustees. The rule for admission is very stringent, requiring "a vote of five sixths" after the candidate for membership has passed the ordeal of the Committee on Admission, who are also trustees.

Of the twelve trustees, I find nine are of New York, and this probably explains why every member of the different committees is also resident of the same city, and why the same person figures in three or four distinct offices. In the ninth section it would seem that abundant power is bestowed on the trustees to perpetuate themselves in office; for the calling of

the yearly or general meeting for the election of trustees, the precise date and place of the same, as well as the appointment of the inspectors *who "shall be judges of such elections,"* is all at the discretion of the trustees. Members in arrears may also be suspended or expelled, the same as in beneficial orders or associations, and no person, however pure or spiritual, can be a member except on the payment of three dollars, and the yearly contribution of one dollar. As if it was apprehended there might be found some loophole through which popular sovereignty might effect an inroad, the thirty-second and concluding section, which I will quote entire, provides that "Propositions for adding to or altering these by-laws may be submitted in writing at any regular *meeting of the trustees*, and may be acted on at their next regular meeting; and if two thirds of the *trustees present* shall concur in the same, they shall become valid and binding as a part of the by-laws."

In looking over the lists of officers and committees, the fact that "men, whose education and whose genius have fitted them for the highest stations," are giving their adhesion to Spiritualism, is sufficiently apparent. It can no longer be said that "not many honorable are called," or that "God has chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." It would have been gratifying to have found a sprinkling from the more useful classes of society, and less from the parasitical professions. An editor and architect, however, should be gratefully recognized among a list engrossed by lawyers and merchants. Spiritualism certainly has increased with a growth unprecedented, when the farmer, the fisherman, the carpenter, and laborer are no longer needed to bear the banner of truth and work for its progress; when the ægis of professional skill affords "protection" to the followers, who had thought it "gain" to toil and suffer persecution for the truth's sake! and who, indeed, in the hours which were really dark and trying, were so blissfully ig-

norant as not to know that they needed other protection than was afforded by the truth to which they were devoted, and the smiles of an approving conscience.

And has it indeed come to this? Is this the embodiment of Spiritualism, or the realization of its mission, whose leaven was to stir the depths of human depravity and ignorance, and leaven the whole lump, till the poor and oppressed, the sinner and the painted pharisee, should feel new life moving the inmost depths of being, and waking to joy and manlike dignity those who had falsely assumed a garb of respectable sanctity, as well as those who had deemed themselves beneath the care of man or God? An "Order" which ignores man and exalts his accidents, which reveres not the human soul, but only the position in church or state, which may have depended on numberless things besides personal merit, and which thrusts aside the real man and exhibits the external titles corrupt and decaying religious or political institutions have conferred, can only be an exponent of a system given by Spirits who still crave the application of their earthly titles, or assume those of Spirits who, while on earth, gave dignity to, but received none from, the feudal distinctions of a rude and barbarous age.

The practical gloss to this parade is really that the worthy President owes his election, not to the intrinsic virtue of the man, but to the circumstance of his having filled certain political offices; and the same may apply, indeed, to all. I can fancy the expression of friend Chase's countenance when he learns that the accident of his once being in the senate of his adopted State has been elevated to a Vice-Presidency of this national society!

This *Titlomania*, to coin a new expression, is lamentable enough when scrupulously confined to the use of titles legitimately possessed. But when an honest and useful mechanic has to be dressed up in the fashion of feudal or commercial

heraldry in order *to figure* on the list of titled officials; the exhibition of weakness becomes painful and sickening; and I am sure that such pandering to the false and external notions and estimates of the world can be only attended by corresponding inversion of all spiritual and elevating knowledge given through such channels.

But though a sense of duty has caused me to speak thus plainly, no feeling of a personal character has moved me. With the general objects I most deeply sympathize, and to the motto, that "one sermon with the hand is worth a thousand with the lips," I heartily respond; but on matters of opinion and methods of action I recognize no right in any one to speak for me, nor for Spiritualists generally, until such power has been expressly delegated. As no such power has been delegated, or is claimed to have been, the utterance here set forth is entitled to all the respect and attention which is due to the individuals subscribing to the same, and nothing more. For all of them who are known to me I entertain a high respect, and, aside from this childish *penchant* for senseless dignities and worldly respectability, they are effectual laborers in the cause of human progress and spiritual enlightenment. Therein I bid them God-speed, though I may not be able to pronounce their Shibboleth, or secure or *assume* a political or social position entitling me to their regard.

J. K. I.

WILLIAMSBURG, August, 1854.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.—The imaginary music of the spheres is an idea of great antiquity, and is referred to in the book of Job—supposed to be the oldest writing that has come down to modern times. In the thirty-eighth chapter, speaking of the creation, it is said—"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Ancient writers always looked upon this as a favorite subject. Pythagoras and Plato were of opinion that the Muses consti-

tuted the soul of the planets in our system. The Pythagoreans maintained that music is produced by the motion of the spheres in their several orbits. Sir Isaac Newton also contended that the principles of harmony pervade the universe, and gives a proof of the general principle from the analogy between color and sounds. From a number of experiments made on a ray of light with the prism, he found that the primary colors occupied spaces exactly corresponding with those intervals which constitute the octave in the division of a musical chord; and hence he has shown the affinity between harmony of colors and musical sounds. Shakspeare and other poets favor this doctrine, and the former thus beautifully alludes to it in his play of "The Merchant of Venice:—"

There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young-eyed cherubims;
Such harmony is in immortal souls!
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.

PLANTING FOR POSTERITY.—"There," said a gentleman to us one day, pointing to a group of evergreens and other trees, "my brother is about to build him a house; those trees were planted for him by my father upward of twenty years ago." How fortunate this man to have such a father! Here he builds his house among these fine trees, and enters at once upon their enjoyment. He gains twenty-five years of time, and not only that, the plantation has a ten-fold value in its history and associations. It is a family monument. A beautiful example this for fathers. Such an inheritance has a moral as well as material value.—*Horticulturist.*

A DOUBLE TEST.—At the Conference of August 1st, Dr. Orton stated, that a certain editor, of this city, with whom he is intimate, had, a few evenings previous, sat in a dark circle, when the hand of a medium present was moved to write a communication. They were requested by the Spirit not to get the light, nor look at the writing until permission was given them, but to sit still and await some further demonstrations. Presently the editor aforesaid was impressed, word by word, with a communication addressed to himself, and spoke it aloud. On afterward comparing it with what had been written by the medium, in the dark, it was found not only to be substantially the same, but the same word for word.

A MISCHIEVOUS SPIRIT.

THE following lines were originally communicated to the world by the *Spirit of the Times*. That *Spirit* is just now invisible from our stand-point, though it has several times appeared to us in board daylight, and may do so again if it pleases. We strongly suspect that there is some mischief in the *Spirit*, notwithstanding he seems to be governed by the law of *love*, entertains progressive ideas, and is in favor of the union.—ED.

ARRIVING AT THE ULTIMATUM.

He struggled to kiss her. She struggled the same
To prevent him, so bold and undaunted ;
But, as smitten by lightning, he heard her exclaim,
"Avaunt, sir !" and off he avanted.

But when he returned, with the *fendishest* laugh,
Showing clearly that he was affronted,
And threatened by main force to carry her off,
She cried, "Don't !" and the poor fellow doted.

When he meekly approached and got down at her feet,
Praying loud as before he had ranted,
That she would forgive him, and try to be sweet,
And said, "Can't you !" the dear girl recanted.

Then softly he whispered, "How *could* you do so ?
I certainly thought I was jilted ;
But come thou with me, to the parson we'll go ;
Say, wilt thou, my dear !" and she wilted.

Then gayly he took her to see her new home—
A shanty by no means enchanted—
"See, here we can live with no longing to roam,"
He said, "shan't we, my dear !" so they shantied.

DROPPING LINES AMONG THE FISHES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

SOCIETY may be compared to a great body of water. Sometimes its surface is comparatively quiet and unruffled, resembling, it may be, the apocalyptic "sea of glass;" and anon, the great deep is agitated to the bottom by every wind of human passion, and whole nations are engulfed while the tempest sweeps over its broad, heaving bosom. This great sea contains a multitude of fishes, large and small; some without scales and others *scaly enough*. To exhibit the force of our comparison, we propose a brief reference to several of the species, beginning with the largest and descending in regular order through the several gradations, noticing the "small fry" at last, should we have time.

It is proverbially true that society has its "big fish," which may be, not inaptly, denominated WHALES. They are distinguished for their enormous proportions, for their power to agitate the elements, and their remarkable capacity for "*spouting*." They are prone to roil the waters and to frighten all the little fishes in the neighborhood. Occasionally one of these whales, in the person of some great railroad president or contractor, migrates to some distant portion of the sea, carrying an immense quantity of *blubber*, and leaving his spawn behind in the form of *spurious stocks*. If one of these huge leviathans approaches the waters of Acheron or Styx he suddenly loses all power, and may be taken by a single boatman. But they are too formidable when alive and vigorous to be approached without apprehension, and when pursued and harpooned—as they occasionally are—they contrive to make a terrific display of

their powers. All who belong to this class are "fat fellows," and—on account of their oil—are chiefly valued when they are dead.

Our readers have long since heard all about LAND SHARKS, and for this reason a lengthy description in this place would be a work of supererogation. They are very numerous, and the opportunities afforded to the curious for learning their habits are never scarce in this region. This fish is very much smaller than the whale, but its natural propensities and means of defense render it even more terrible than that monster. If any stupid fish desires to swim in among stock-brokers; if one wriggles his way into a mock-auction room, or ventures into any *channel* frequented by this species of shark, he will inevitably be seized, and we incline to the opinion that a single application of the animal's jaws will forever preclude the necessity of a further description from us.

The SWORD FISH appropriately represents a somewhat numerous class who feel their way through the world with deadly weapons, appealing to the hearts of men by a species of metallic logic and arguments pointed with glittering steel. By far the larger number of these belong to our southern latitudes, but, like shad, in warm weather they run up the principal streams of northern civilization, where their destructive propensities are sometimes checked, and they are unexpectedly caught in a net with iron meshes.

There are a number of slippery fellows in society who may be called EELS. And here we must give a *short description* of a *long fish*. The eel is never precisely where you expect to find him. You see him distinctly; he is as palpable a fish as ever lived in the water. Perhaps you attempt to catch him; but all at once *he is not—exactly there*. Just then he changed his locality, slightly, to suit his own convenience. Those who belong to this class manage, with great apparent

ease, to escape all responsibility. If you are fortunate and catch one at last, he slips through your fingers in a manner that excites your special wonder. Your flexors are of little or no account. You make a desperate effort to seize him; you have him, and, straightway—you have not.

The WEAK FISH is found everywhere, and most especially where he ought not to be. The creature is imbecile in mind and altogether deficient in moral and physical energy; indolent and credulous, and, of course, easily tempted and led astray into dangerous places. He seems to prefer roily and shallow water. It is commonly reported that

“Satan loves to fish in troubled waters,”

and it is probably because he has great luck in taking weak fish. He has only to drop his hook, concealed by any specious bait, and they all snap at it at once. Of course the devil is sure to hook one every time.

The next fish in order is the SUCKER;* by the way, a very civil, kind of fish, if one may judge from general appearances. The sucker is never disposed to make any violent effort; his manner is supremely orderly and self-possessed. He is a social fish, strongly attracted to his friends, and has often been known to *visit his cousins and stay six weeks*. This species of the sucker imbibes his food without regard to the natural rights of other fishes, or the validity of his personal claims; but he does it with a remarkable gentleness and complacency which leads casual observers to treat him with undue civility. Indeed, he appears to be a very respectable fish, with an amiable temper, and abundant leisure to philosophize and cultivate his manners. As the sucker is never so rude as to give us “a bite,” we must venture to follow the prevailing custom and *spear* him.

* The reader is not authorized to hold either Goldsmith, Buffon, or Linnæus responsible for our classification.

The GYMNOTUS is a very curious member of the fish family, but he occupies a high position, being general professor and practical operator in the department of electrical science. The electrizers, biologizers, magnetizers, and several others belong to this genus. Each carries a concealed *battery* under his coat, with which he shocks his friends and enemies as often as he meets them. There are many worse-looking objects in the sea, but this, nevertheless, is the most *shocking* fish that ever swam in the water.

SHINERS never fail to attract particular attention, on account of their vast numbers and brilliant colors. At this season of the year they abound at Newport, Long Branch, and other places along the coast. They also run up the Hudson River above its confluence with the Mohawk, congregating in great numbers about the mineral waters in Saratoga County, at Lake George, and other places too numerous to mention. *They always go in shoals and swim on the surface.*

The MINNOWS that swarm in the great social sea are so much alike, and withal so universally distributed, that they need not be described. Every reader has abundant opportunities to select specimens, and continue the study from nature, *ad libitum*.

But we have already transcended our limits, and can not pursue the subject. We might speak of the FLYING FISH—poets, poetasters, castle-builders, and citizens of Utopia—but we have never practiced taking fish “on the wing,” and trust they will not feel slighted if we omit sending them “a line,” until we learn the difficult and sublime art of angling in the air.

It is the custom to quote Scripture to prove every thing, whether proper or improper, true or false. If required to furnish an inspired example, we might refer to Peter, who saw in vision a multitude of fishes of various kinds, represent-

ing the people of all nations. But we claim no apostolic sanction for this mode of treating the subject under consideration, and the reader is at liberty to conclude that we "speak this by permission, and not by commandment." S. B. B.

A CELESTIAL VISION.

BRO. BAKER :

I forward you a splendid spiritual manifestation which has of late been presented to my interior sight.

A band of Spirits requested me, not long since, to retire to my apartment, soon after twilight, without any light. I accordingly obeyed their request, and soon after I entered, the Spirits informed me that they would illuminate my room. This I was very glad to hear, for it was quite dark. I sat in silence for a moment, then, at a mental request, my room was immediately illuminated with more brilliancy than any gas-light. It remained for some time. Then the illuminating substance commenced to combine. It seemed to wind, and twine, and flash very rapidly until combination was completed.

Then the glaring luminary concentrated itself upon the north side of the wall. The Spirits then told me the concentrated mass of light should take any form at my mental bidding. So I requested it to assume the form of the personage of Christ, and immediately it appeared in the full stature of a gentleman robed in white, with his face toward the East. Then I requested it, mentally, to face the West, and immediately it did so. Then it seemed to say, I will return to my Father's house. It then gradually ascended in its beauty and glory until all was dark.

Friends and readers, I have not language to describe the beauty, the grandeur, the glory, and brilliancy of this heavenly scenery. But, nevertheless, it is true, without exaggeration or deception, for I well know that there was nothing that could have produced this illumination and heavenly appearance except the power from on high. It was far brighter than the noon-day sun.

MRS. T. A. GOOD, MEDIUM.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO, July 11, 1854.

—*Spiritual Era.*

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, July 16, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Dr. Ashburner has given me an English edition of Adin Ballou's work on "Modern Spirit Manifestations," recently published, to which the anonymous editor has written a very able Introduction. I shall take another opportunity to give the substance of that introduction, which is quite lengthy, and contains some valuable facts, as well as many sound arguments in favor of immortality. My object in referring to the publication at the present time is to furnish a suitable introduction to some extracts from a correspondent to which the anonymous editor refers. Let the reader bear in mind that the editor has a friend who is a medium, and another with whom he is in correspondence, and what follows will be perfectly clear:

The first extract is from notes of a *séance* under date 4th June, 1850, and was presented with others to his correspondent in answer to inquiries concerning the future life. The question was—

"Whether there is any thing in the future life of a *penal* character, or the opposite, consequent upon our conduct in the present life? I do not mean what may be called punishments or rewards such as we find here, in every act bearing with its own consequences of pain or pleasure, but something over and above that for the general tenor of the life and conduct here.

"A. The answer is, that every one commences the future life at the precise stage of development in which he leaves this, with simply increased *view*, giving a more perfect knowledge of what is good and true, in consequence of which it is impossible but that a desire for improvement should be generated; and there is no other punishment than what arises in the mind from past sin, which is only severe in those who have

willfully, and with their eyes open, sinned; the vast majority who do evil from partiality of vision, and not from evil intention, see with regret their former errors; but there is no such thing as eternal, objectless, vindictive punishment; and even those who suffer most are looked upon with a compassion compared with which the highest that is manifested by the noblest natures here is as nothing; and all are attracted upward with ineffable love. There is an infinite series of circles of being, into one or other of which you enter in correspondence with the state in which you leave this life, and the most effectual and perfect means for insuring your advancement from the lower to the higher are supplied. Your vision is so enlarged, that you can not help *wishing* to become perfect, and immediately the wish arises the improvement begins; companies of those capable of sympathizing with your state, and of influencing you most powerfully to the higher, immediately come to your aid, and there is no limit to your progress. Those who have struggled nobly for self-improvement here, start there from a higher eminence, and, without undue elation, they have the reward of the Father's approval, "Well done," etc. They enter upon their glorious upward career with redoubled ardor and infinite joy. The circles or societies are infinitely varied. Each is characterized by the predominance of some particular attribute, in respect to which all the individuals concur, while they may differ in every other respect, and be suited for other circles of different kinds."

"Monday, 17th March, 1851

"R— answered several questions that I had previously put without having at the time got distinct replies to them. None of these inquiries though in abeyance, were forgot. They were registered, by the simple force of my desire upon her nature, and though even *I* forgot them, they would nevertheless come up and be answered at the proper time. One of these questions was, Whether, in the future life, they were liable to defeat or relapse, in their progress in knowledge and goodness?

"The answer is, 'Yes. They vary in their states as to efficiency and sustained effort. They are at times weak and unsuccessful. At those times they have slight influence upon us; are incapable of inspiring us with earnest power; and thus we are left more open to despondency. On the contrary, at their times of clear and thrilling triumph, they exercise a most powerful influence upon us.'

"The principle is, in fact, the same there as here,' said I. 'This is

within the sphere of Providence, as that ; and it seems nothing more than change of circumstances and conditions ; the soul is the same in both cases, and subject to the same law !”

“ ‘Yes.’ ”

“ Another referred to their progress from circle to circle : By what means did they pass from the one to the other ! They first feel their *want* in a special relation ; this feeling begets the desire for information ; and this desire attracts them to the minds capable of supplying the want.

“ Another, related to the first question, was, ‘Whether, since they were imperfect, they were not, as we are here, liable to communicate error!’

“ ‘The answer is (so far as *he* and such as *he* are concerned at least), that when the answer is within the range of their knowledge, they do not err, nor communicate error. When they are uncertain, they say so ; but if the person in communion be too eager, this may not be noticed, and a partial truth may be unduly extended, or an error may arise in the mind of the communicant. For instance, *he* acknowledged last night that he was not *sure*. To-night, he having inquired in the mean time, his inference had become exchanged for certainty. It is the same with me. I am at times uncertain. I tell you so, and you wait for my further experience, or natural development. Truth in full proportion is only got by growth, without forcing. When persons in my state are *forced*, they often fail to discriminate the difference between the impressions derived from their mesmerizer, from their own thought, and from any other being with whom they may be in communion. Hence all may be mixed up together, or one may be taken for another, and error to some extent become inevitable.’ ”

* * * * *

Further extracts from my private memoranda having been given, the letter continues, in answer to specific inquiries which may be gathered from the tenor of the remarks :

“ From these, as well as the previous illustrations given you, you will see that the so-called dead *do* concern themselves with the so-called living, and *do* take a lively interest in the individuals who work out the concerns of earth. This accords with universal experience. In fact, without it there would be no motive for the intercourse, except on one side ; and by far the greater number of recorded instances show the *origin* of the intercourse to be with those above, not those below. But with respect to the no-

tion of guardian spirits, if by this be meant that one spirit is allotted to each individual here, over whom it keeps guard as its main occupation, my experience does *not* confirm it. I think I one time put a question to E— as to the verity of this idea, but I can not at present find any record of the fact, or how it was answered. The general impression left upon me with respect to it is, that each person is not accompanied by one particular spirit who may be called his or her 'guardian spirit,' but that as all persons have relations with the spirit-world, both in virtue of their spiritual nature and in virtue of their consanguinity with individuals who have departed this life, and who, as we have seen, retain an interest more or less deep in their welfare, *practically* all may be said to be guarded by such spirits. And instances of special attachment no doubt there are, in which one spirit is not only more closely related to an individual here than any other spirit may be, but *so* closely related as to be almost constantly beside such individual, or at any rate ever ready to "come when called." From such cases it is highly probable the notion that *every body* was similarly guarded has arisen.

"That other idea, that every body is accompanied by a good spirit and a bad, receives no countenance whatever from our experience. That agents of both sorts may exist in the other state, and that the evil as well as the good may operate upon those in this state, I can not pretend to deny. Certainly there seems to be no cogent reason why both may not exist *there* as well as *here*. This state of being is as much under the rule of God as any other, and if evil beings be here, equally so may they be there. But the question comes, Are there here any persons *absolutely* and without mitigation *evil*? The ancient prophet has said, 'There is none righteous, no not one;' and another said, 'None is good, save God. On the same principle, we should be justified in saying there is none evil. 'Evil' and 'good' are but relative terms, and fold within them relative not absolute qualities, in their application to finite creatures. The worst are not all bad;

'The blackest heart hath signs to tell
That God still lingers there;'

and between the lowest and highest of created intelligences there may be beings filling all the intermediate degrees, and yet not one fixed in irremediable, blank despair of reaching the highest heaven.

"Thus without ignoring or setting aside the reports of others conveying at first sight a different impression, it may still be true as intimated

in E——'s report of R——'s answer on this question, that 'all are attracted upward,' and that in *every one* in the other state of existence 'it is impossible' but that a desire for improvement should be generated. In the lowest depths it is to be expected that the improvement will be slow—that even the *desire* of it may be of tardy generation; but this, while exhibiting the probable *grounds* of the opposite notion, does by no means confirm such notion, or settle it as the final truth. What I want to indicate is, that while R——'s revelation *seems* to exclude the notion of malignant agents as denizens of the future state, and thus seems to oppose the revelations of others referred to by Mrs. Crowe, and reported by Cabagnet and other experimenters, it in reality does not do so. Their reports and his are not incompatible. His truth may (I think does) comprehend theirs. They, in relation to this aspect of the future, describe what *is*; he, what is *becoming*. In no case that I remember is there any communication either directly stating or inferentially implying the existence of evil spirits, whether of the human or any other race, whose nature is irredeemably evil. On the other hand, the question put to R—— was not such as to involve a distinct reply on this topic; and I make these remarks rather to preserve the subject open, as one of those upon which further light may be thrown by-and-by, than to let it go, even by implication, as being already adjudicated upon. It is my design to make this and cognate subjects matters of special inquiry after this, when E—— shall have become still more perfectly developed in the faculties necessary for eliciting and reporting the proper replies. You will have noticed, in the preceding extracts, how necessary it is that the individual in communion should be in perfect relation to the subjects of inquiry, and should be possessed of the nicest discrimination, in order to appreciate and accurately render the answers conveyed. Any delay, therefore, is to me of trifling consequence, compared with final accuracy and truth. I know that both she and I are becoming more and more capable of such investigations, and I am entirely averse to rushing into them a moment too soon.

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"My experience also seems to favor a qualified affirmative to the question, 'Are there spirits that concern themselves about particular subjects, and are ready to aid those on earth, who also faithfully pursue the same subjects?' At any rate my experience is *not against* it, though it may be explained on another supposition. Spirits may not specially concern themselves about a given subject, and yet may have the power

and will to aid others in reference to it, and, when the demand for aid arises, may be commissioned to supply it. Prayer—which is, essentially, simple aspiration, and in its more elaborate forms aspiration intensified into speech—is ‘the means by which such aid may be solicited.’ You remember H——’s injunction, ‘Ask in prayer, and thou shalt receive in *thousand-fold*!’ Not that the prayer is to be addressed to such spirits—though I see no more objection to that than I do to the analogous soliciting of assistance from any fellow-immortal incarnated in the flesh—but rather to the Father of Spirits, whose willing agents they are, and by whose appointment the *right* one inevitably answers to the call; whereas, by appealing to an inferior source, the soul may be denied its grandest aid. This appears to me to indicate the true *rational* of prayer, and so to approve itself to the highest reason in man as to admit of no doubt whatever. But to the question of special concern in particular subjects we have the direct assurance of R——, who states his own prime occupation to be, ‘the influencing of souls to higher and higher development in excellence,’ in which work we must of course presume he takes special interest.”

Another of my friend’s questions, already partially answered in the preceding extracts, was, “Does our position in the future depend upon the mode of life we lead on earth, or rather upon the nature and capacity of our minds?”

“It is, in my estimate, a happiness to believe that our position in the future is not, any more than our position in the present, a fixed and unchangeable thing. The popular faith on this point is, to my mind, wholly inadmissible, and is as absurd in itself as it is derogatory to the character of God. According to one of the answers of R——, quoted in the former letter, instead of either launching into an abyss of horrible, aimless, and unending misery, or of soaring into a region of equally unearned bliss ‘when we have shuffled off this mortal coil,’—every one commences the future life at the precise stage of development in which he leaves this; and the universal implication as well as direct averment throughout my notes upon the subject is, that from this point he starts upon a career of development to which no definite limits are set. His position at its commencement *there* depends upon what it was at its close *here*: that is, upon what it was internally; he begins the old as he ends the new. Thus our position is determined by what we *are*, rather than by what we *have done*—on our inward nature, rather than our outward life.

"But does not this distinction present an alternative more apparent than real? Does not the 'life we lead' depend—so far at least as it is a subject of *moral* judgment—entirely upon 'the nature and capacity of our minds,' or, to vary and widen the expression, upon our actual nature generally? May not, indeed, our life be strictly defined as simply *our nature in action*? In this case, the life we lead is demonstrative of the beings we are. It is so even to ourselves; for even we ourselves know not what we are until we know what we can do, have done; and how much more so to others! to whom it affords almost the only possible criterion of what we are. To say, therefore, that our position in the future depends upon our inward nature, is scarcely a different thing, is in truth almost an equivalent thing, to saying that it depends on the actual life we lead in the present.

"But how is this ground strengthened, and what gravity is given to the consideration, when we discover that our life is not merely illustrative of the beings we are—is not merely an *effect*, but an efficient *cause* of what we are! Truly do you say, the nature and capacity of our minds are 'molded or greatly modified by our earth-life;' how *greatly* so is in general little imagined or understood. Whatever the outward effect—the effect, that is, upon others or the world—there can be no doubt, no evasion of the inward—the effect upon ourselves. Not only every deed that a man does, but every thought that he thinks, every feeling he indulges, goes to form the future being he is building up. Not more certainly does the deposition of the floating particles of matter on the earth's surface determine the future rock, than do these silent acts of thought, feeling, volition, determine the future man. Our life, therefore, indicates the possibilities no less than it demonstrates the actualities of our nature; and, what is of highest importance, it reveals the law whereby the one may be transformed into the other. It realizes in our experience the consciousness of growth, of an indefinite capacity to *be*—justifies our dependence upon the undeveloped potentialities within us, and permits us to say with truth, 'I *can* be better than I *am*.' It enables us to see that if we do not grow *better*, the chances, if not certainties, are that we shall grow *worse*. How pregnant, in this light, how obvious the truth of that ancient 'hard saying,' so wretchedly and extravagantly misunderstood in general, that for every idle word we shall be (and are) called to an account!

"But not merely does our life react upon our own nature; it does, likewise, go forth and influence the natures of others. In its grosser as-

pect this is a truth which every body acknowledges, since every body not destitute of external vision sees palpable outward actions, and recognizes their effects upon other minds. It is not this, however, to which I refer. It is not even the indirect effect of *example*, or any thing which operates in consequences of being felt or seen. It is, that our unseen life—our essential spiritual life or *being*—our mere thinking, feeling, willing—does go forth and influence others, some more and some less, according to the relations subsisting between us and them. This has for long been demonstrated to me in my own experience; it has been rendered especially evident in my experience with E—. In quite unrecognized ways does the truth thus become apparent, that no one lives, or *can* live, for himself alone; and how foolish the notion, that when one falls without *palpable* effect upon others he injures only himself! No; such a phenomenon happens not under the sun. It is a truth as certain as existence, that the moral lapse of one, however secret, weakens at once his own vigor and that of others; and no individual victory over temptation but lifts others with its hero, and endows them with access of spiritual power.

“Let this doctrine once be generally appreciated—let it once be thoroughly understood that from the outer husk to the inner core of life we rise or fall together—and what vital force would be given to the plea of human brotherhood! Let it become an article in the creed of society, and what impetus to the improvement of neighbor as of self! to his improvement, moreover (which is its chief value and recommendation), *by* and *through* the improvement of *self*, whereby the effort is freed of the intrusiveness, over-righteousness, and implied superiority which so often taint the neighborly exertions of the present day. Not that thenceforward his improvement by other means, such as institutional arrangements and physical ameliorations, would be overlooked. On the contrary, such would be pursued only with higher intelligence, and, therefore, truer aim; possibly, also, with wider concurrence in act and more general consent in opinion. Still, the opposite principle of *self-development and elevation for the sake of others* would be its prime and characteristic result; and a more beneficent one who can imagine? Assuredly, if it were believed that ignoble and base states of mind dragged down others as well as the beings indulging them, many now given up to sensuality and vice, imagining that they only injure themselves, and willing to pay the individual penalty, would pause in their road to ruin and turn into nobler paths. If it were believed that clear and energetic thoughts

noble aspirations, and kindred volitions issued not merely in ever-accumulating and beneficent power to their subjects, but in thousand ways seen and unseen—the unseen possibly of far higher consequence than the seen—raised the tone and stimulated the faculties of other natures, many now idling the blessed hours away in purposeless vagrancy of soul, or gravitating into mere machines that move only as they are moved, or seeking the food and drink of only the material appetites, would rouse themselves from their nebulous dream, their inglorious lethargy, or low pursuit, and earn the priceless guerdon of a true life—a life consecrated by virtuous affections and dedicated to beneficent aims. If the love of neighbor as of self—which comprehends obedience to every social law—did not grow and manifest itself in all divinest forms under such a faith as this, I know not under what other it could raise its head at all.”

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“I have said already that the influence exerted by us upon others depends for its force upon the *special relations between us and them*. It seems to be in proportion to similarity of nature and mutuality of will, though it coexists with diversity of nature, and is even strong where the interest or will is only, or mainly, on one side.”

The following extract from the reply of my friend, under date 15th August, 1852, will show how he receives and “better” the instruction:—

“It appears to me,” says he, “a perfectly clear and reasonable conclusion, that the future life is, in its main features, a continuation of this—that is, of the spiritual part of this; and, strictly speaking, it may perhaps be said, that all the modes, manners, and customs of this life are *internally* spiritual, and will exist as much hereafter as here; only their outward appearances, their husks, which we generally suppose to be the realities themselves, will be left behind. Our steam engines, railways, ships, and shops may not, in one sense, go with us; but “things are not what they seem;” they have all their true internal meanings, as eternal as the spirits out of which they flowed. And, besides, the material husks of this life cover only *part* of our spiritual nature; almost all of our higher faculties can be exercised *now* in a purely spiritual sense; and even those (which are, in fact, the same) that are “laid waste in getting and spending” could be made to flow in the purer channels of the other life. Even their present channels could be so purified and exalted as to make them run, with scarcely a perceptible break, into the other sphere, however high. In short, the farther we get up

into the regions of high thought, the less difference do we see between the capabilities of this life and the probabilities (I should say certainties) of the next. And the right way is not to *prepare* for eternity, but to *live it now*; not to fix an impatient eye on a distant future, and stumble in the present, but to endeavor to make our every step *here* be in keeping with our ideal of the hereafter; for as this is but a part of that, and as our state of being there will depend upon the same internal laws as here, so will our highest aspirations and duties of this life be in perfect harmony with, and blend into, those of the other, and may be made to realize unbounded happiness in both. Although some persons have a hackneyed idea about 'living too much for the present'—and which, after all, has some show of justice in it when looked at in their peculiar light—yet it is most certain we do not live half enough for the present. To carry out our highest perceptions of duty, to fully appreciate the beauty and excellence of our own and the world's existences, to extract and enjoy the sweets of our passing moments, there would not be time left for the hot haste that fills the age—not even time for *thinking* about the indefinite future that all of us feel in the distance. Nor would there be need or inclination for such. A wholesome future will grow out of a wholesome present, without any special regard of ours; and a wholesome present would be so enrap in itself that we could have no desire to leave it, but by *growing* out of it *with* the future."

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"I quite agree with you in the opinion that the life we lead is a true manifestation of the beings we are. But our conception of the life we lead includes all thought, word, and deed. The refinement or grossness of these, pictures the nature of the being. He that *does* nothing is nothing, or must be tending to nothingness; and most undoubtedly you are stating the fact when you say, 'that if we do not grow better, the chances, if not certainties, are that we shall grow worse.' There is no such thing as standing still. Our thoughts and actions—I might say thoughts only, since action is but thought become outwardly visible—our thoughts, then, are of a bettering or a worsening nature. Good or high thought is positively bettering; bad or low thought is positively worsening; and no-thought is negatively worsening, inasmuch as the mind of no-thought must weaken and shrink into a mere feeling of existing identity. A true and abiding sense of this reacting effect of our life upon our nature would, even for self's sake, induce us to strive after a better life."

"I had reached a certain stage in my perception of the invisible in-

fluence of one mind on another, and could see that an individual might exert an unseen agreeable or disagreeable influence on another, provided he bore a strong active love or hatred for that other, and more especially if he *wished* an effect to be made. I had even made an approach, within the last six weeks or so, to the great truth your letter has revealed to me. Having occasion, two or three times, to get into similar society to what I used to frequent and feel a pleasure in, I, on these occasions, was palpably conscious of what I might call an almost unbearable spiritual oppression, and *remarked* to myself, that this may be owing to the state of mind that exists around me. The air seemed loaded with a miasma, and my spirit could not breathe freely. Could there be any connection between these incidents and the special message given through E——? Although the coincidence of time is somewhat remarkable, yet I can not suppose that my mind is so susceptible to the influence of the higher Spirits as to receive, or be conscious of, a direct message in that way; and this faint glimmering could not, of itself, have opened out into that beautiful and most invaluable truth that your letter has imparted, but would have died away as a fine fancy only. It is a great thing to think that the brotherhood of man are as much linked together by a spiritual atmosphere as they are by the air they breathe; and it is both consoling and fearful to think how each individual mind can so divinely imbue it or so balefully infect it. For, is it not by this invisible influence that vice is generated? The outward appearance of vice is, in its intrinsic nature, repulsive, and can only be attractive to minds prepared to receive it by *first* imbibing this influence. It is certain that, within the outward visible universe, there is an internal and to us invisible universe, and that we all exist and have our influence in the one as much as in the other. Even without this knowledge of the internal world, we act in it, and affect it, as it does us; but *with* this knowledge of it, how much more effective our internal life may be made! And as the telegraph clerk, when he disturbs the electricity in his wires, moves all the electricity of the earth, so a mere thought, an aspiration, or motion of the will, alters, for better or for worse, the *whole* spiritual atmosphere. That it *begins* in our immediate circle, and acts most forcibly upon those between whom and us a special relation exists, is also certain; but who shall say where it stops? Would we have the world bettered? be we in ourselves bettered. This, at least, should be our first step toward doing good; for without it we can not take another in that direction: and this explains how little good they do whose inner

life is a mockery of their good words. A true life, though mute, will preach more powerfully than a false life, however eloquent.

Such beautiful common-sense views of immortality, of the future state, of spiritual existence, or of the "life eternal" as it is called in the blessed Gospel, are indeed refreshing in the midst of the arid desert of materialistic, theologic dogmatism that lies shoreless on every side, blinding our eyes with the glare of its burning sand. Whether such notions come from embodied or disembodied Spirits, they are worthy a prominent place in your journal, and will be refreshing to those finer souls that are hungering after the bread of life; that are asking for it at the door of a lifeless outward church, and are offered a stone. In these times, when the learned bishops of the foremost church in the world are considering in what manner water can be sprinkled on little babies so as to keep the great good God from hating them; when the conserved reason of divines is piously trying to solve the question of prevenient grace, it is refreshing indeed to listen to the earnest voice of a free Spirit, beyond the reach of any process of ecclesiastical petrification.

VIATOR.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 8.—When we entered the room, a Spirit, which purported to be that of ROBESPIERRE, was speaking through the vocal organs of P. B. RANDOLPH. He claimed to be a reformer, professed great interest in the redemption of the world from disunities and false conditions, and spoke with great force and impetuosity. Dr. YOUNG instituted an inquiry as to what kept up the planetary movements of the universe, and decided that it was a direct action of the will of God. Admitting this, he could conceive how Spirits, by a similar action of their will, could speak through mediums. Yet without suspecting the honesty of mediums, we should be cautious in respect to receiving anything from them as spiritual unless it is accompanied with the proper tests. Dr. THOMAS raised a query as to the cause of the general mediocrity of communications which purport to come from Spirits.

He had heard Mr. Randolph speak as from himself, and must say that his philosophy and eloquence seemed to transcend that of Robespierre, who had just spoken through him. The speaker had himself a theory of mediumship and inspiration, which he would illustrate by relating an incident. He had recently met with a gentleman who was a medium, and in the course of conversation had asked him what his views were respecting God. The gentleman's hand was moved toward the Bible, which he involuntarily opened, and his finger pointed to the passage in Job xxxii. 8: "But there is a spirit in man; and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding." Dr. T. then spoke of the happy influence which the manifestations had had upon a certain individual, but our limits forbid a further report of his remarks. P. B. RANDOLPH said he was sorry that his yielding to the influence which had come upon him had given occasion to the criticism which had been offered, but if it was true that his own speeches were so much better than those which the Spirits made through him, he would endeavor to preserve his individuality more generally hereafter. Mr. PARTRIDGE had often heard Spirit-speeches that were inferior, and often those which were vastly superior, to the natural capacities of the medium. He instanced particular cases. From this as well as from other things he thought we should be taught the lesson not to rely upon spiritual communications, but upon our own reason, for our philosophy. Spiritual phenomena, however, had taught him the certainty of a future and immortal state. W. FISHBOUGH proposed that a Spirit in the body should try the experiment of doing precisely what we all understand that a Spirit out of the body does in communicating with mortals; that is, select an impressible person, and will him or her to utter our thoughts. We shall then practically illustrate to ourselves one reason why communications from individual Spirits, through mediums, are so seldom distinguished for mental power. Mr. F. recommended a looking to the *Spirit* rather than to the *spirits*, and a cultivation of that mediumship which unfolds one's interior love and wisdom, rather than that which consists in mere possession by individual Spirits. IRA B. DAVIS said that in former years he had sought much for evidence of immortality, but that his inquiries had made him an Atheist. He had, however, by the spiritual manifestations, been happily convinced of the immortality of the soul, though his faith in respect to a Deity remained much the same as before. The speaker related a couple of facts of his own spiritual and psychological experience, which shall be separately recorded.

STRONG PROOFS OF SPIRIT-AGENCY.

THE following singular example of Spirit-intercourse we have personally investigated to our entire satisfaction, and the facts as here submitted are given precisely as we received them on Sunday last. Mr. Philo T. Beardsley left his New England home *forty-seven* years ago and went to the West Indies, being at that time a young man twenty-one years of age. In the course of nine years he wrote two letters to his friends which were received, but from that time he neglected to write, and his friends received no further intelligence respecting him. Year after year rolled away, and still no tidings came from the wanderer. At length the family gave up all hope of ever hearing from him again, and yielded to the unwelcome conclusion that he was dead.

At the time of young Beardsley's departure he left a little sister only three years old. This child grew up to womanhood; she married a man by the name of David Middlebrook, and now lives with her husband and family in Bridgeport, Conn. She has two married daughters now living, also two sons and one son, unmarried.

Some four years since, Mrs. David Middlebrook attended a seance at the residence of Dr. J. R. Mettler, who at that time occupied a house in the same street. Henry Gordon, the medium, was present, and in the course of the interview with the Spirits on that occasion, Mrs. M. inquired if her brother Philo would not give her a communication. Immediately a Spirit claiming to be her mother answered: "*Philo is yet living in the body.*" Mrs. M. thereupon inquired whether he

was still in the West Indies, to which the Spirit gave a negative answer, but did not indicate his whereabouts. Here the conversation with the Spirits was suspended.

A few months after the occurrence of the interview just described, a daughter of Mrs. M., Augusta Middlebrook (now Mrs. Charles A. Booth, of South Manchester, Conn.); was developed as a rapping medium, and the inquiries respecting her uncle, Mr. Beardsley, were then renewed. The Spirits affirmed in a very confident manner that he was in the body, and that he lived in Nova Scotia. Here communication with the Spirit was again interrupted.

Some time had elapsed when Mrs. M. called one day on Mrs. Harriet Porter, another well-known medium. Mrs. Porter was in a trance when Mrs. Middlebrook and her daughter Mary entered the room. The medium forthwith proceeded to describe a man whom she declared to be the long-lost brother of Mrs. M., and among other things said that he lived near Halifax. All this transpired more than three years since; but it is worthy of remark, that from that time forward whenever Mrs. M. had a message from the Spirits, they usually told her to write to the postmaster at Halifax. But she had little confidence in the statements of the Spirits, and utterly neglected their requests until last winter, when her attention was again unexpectedly called to the subject.

Mrs. M. had been ill of lung fever, but was slowly recovering, when one Sunday afternoon, during the prevalence of a severe snow-storm, the invisibles suddenly indicated their presence, by rapping vehemently through Augusta. The Spirits said "*Write this afternoon.*" Mrs. M. was herself too feeble to comply, but her daughter Mary immediately wrote to the postmaster at Halifax, making suitable inquiries, and sent the letter on its way. On this occasion Mrs. M. requested the Spirit of her mother to give the name of some one of his chil-

dren, if, indeed, he was a married man and had a family. The Spirit promptly complied, and through the sounds, as the alphabet was called, spelled the name LEONORA.

Twenty days elapsed, and the mail brought a letter from Halifax in answer to the one written by Miss Middlebrook. The writer stated that Philo T. Beardsley was living in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, and doing well. Here the matter rested until the latter part of last March, when Mrs. M. addressed a letter to Philo T. Beardsley, as above, presuming that the person in Bridgewater, if related to her at all, must be a *nephew*, and son of her long-absent brother. With all the proofs she had received of the reality of Spirit-intercourse, she could not for a moment believe that her brother was yet living in the form, and that he had neglected for nearly forty years to reveal to a single member of the family the place of his abode. (But it should be observed that Mr. Beardsley's sisters having married, and thus changed their names, he had concluded that all attempts to trace and find them would be unavailing.)

In five weeks from the date of the last-mentioned letter Mrs. M. received an answer from her brother's daughter, which, to her great surprise, was signed LEONORA. This letter stated that the young lady's father was absent on business in Boston. Other letters were written and explanations given, until the identification of each by the other was complete, and the parties were mutually satisfied.

While we are writing, Mr. Philo T. Beardsley and his sister, Mrs. David Middlebrook, are together on a visit at the residence of another sister in New Fairfield, Conn. Thus, *after a separation of forty-seven years, the scattered members of this family are brought together through the direct agency of a departed human Spirit—by their mother!* Mr. Beardsley is now sixty-eight years of age, and his sister, since he last

saw her, has changed from a laughing child of three years to a venerable matron, whose brow is furrowed and whose hair is whitened by the cares and frosts of half a century.

S. B. B.

REMARKABLE DREAM AND FULFILLMENT.—Mr. Zadock Hubbell, of Mount Kisko, Westchester Co., N. Y., writes to the *Phrenological Journal*, that when a boy, some fifteen or twenty years ago, he dreamed of being in a strange city, and in considerable trouble, having spent all his money. What added to his distress was, that his last and only pair of boots had ripped from the insole. As he was walking along the street, however, he felt that something had collected between the sole of his boot and the bottom of his foot, and which on examination he found to be a quantity of money in small coin, "Nothing," says he, "can be more vivid to my mind than the appearance of the money—two-shilling pieces, shillings, ten cents, six cents, five cents; but the greater part of it was in pieces about half as large as six-cent pieces, with three straight marks on one side and a star on the other." What their value was he did not know, as he had never seen any thing of the kind before. Now for the fulfillment: Last fall, while Mr. Hubbell was on a tour as a temperance lecturer, he came to Newark, N. J., where he had never been before, and while there spent his last shilling. As he was walking along the street, in a troubled state of mind, his perplexity was increased by finding that the sole of his boot had ripped from the insole. He finally concluded to lay his necessities before the audience which he expected to address on that evening. He did so, and a collection was taken up and presented to him, on receiving which he recognized the identical coin which he had dreamed of collecting between his boot-soles, and the whole scene of the vision instantly burst upon his mind, and he saw its fulfillment in all important circumstances of his situation, even to the appearance of the strange city. Query: By what psychological law was the vision of those *three-cent* pieces impressed upon the dreamer's mind some ten or fifteen years before the coinage had been thought of by mortal man?

TYPES AND SHADOWS.

THE night was still, and sweet repose
Had kissed the weary cheek of day,
As splendidly the star arose—
The evening star with golden ray;
Upon the slumber of the scene
That glorious ray of beauty fell;
'Tis true the night was clad in green,
How could that ray the night dispel?

The trees, the grasses, o'er the fields—
The shrubs and flowers unheeded stood—
A realm of beauty unrevealed
Lay sleeping in the misty flood;
I said, "Can darkness so entire—
So thickly laid and widely spread—
Be lighted by a single fire,
Although so bountifully sped."

I gazed, and lo! another star
Leaped from the ether on my view—
Another from the fields afar
The gates of heaven came dancing through;
And more and more, until the skies,
That looked a desert all above,
Beamed with ten thousand angel-eyes,
All gazing down with looks of love

The moon arose; with jeweled hands
She threw her gems about the fields,
O'er hills, and streams, and rocks, and sands,
She drove her burnished chariot wheels;
Light shone! but not the light of day,
It was a more enchanting beam,
Like Spirit-light that finds its way
Winged by a vision or a dream.

How beautiful ! how like the mind
Groping in darkness sad and lone,
That heaven-directed Spirit finds
Compassion from the Father's throne ;
It dimly sees, it hardly knows,
Till brighter, lovelier light is given,
Then to the glorious stars it goes
To bring us tidings back from heaven. I O. T.

ORIENT, August 1, 1854.

BOSTON AND THE EAST.

FROM OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.

HERE in Boston, the interest in Spiritualism has been on the rise during the warm season thus far, instead of being measurably suspended, as in New York and some other places. Our Sunday afternoon lectures, and the Conferences on Sunday and Wednesday evenings, during the last seven weeks, have attracted audiences filling our limited hall to its utmost capacity. With the thermometer often standing near 90°, there has been a corresponding warmth in the discussion of certain questions before the Conference.

Our Conferences here, as in some other latitudes, are favored with the attendance of certain persons who are everlastingly eloquent on the liberty of speech—for themselves ! If nine tenths of an assembly come together for the purpose of considering the facts and interests involved in spiritual phenomena, these defenders of liberty claim a large share of the time to themselves, and unless they are permitted to spout at random, dealing in wholesale abuse and puerile cavilings infinitely remote from the subject at issue, they raise the cry of persecution and martyrdom. The only way to meet brawling cases like these, is to abolish all our old cant about liberty of speech. Unhindered liberty of speech is impossible in a mixed audience called for specific purposes. A public meeting must have some individuality of character understood by those who are called together, and can not tolerate promiscuity of speech at

variance with that character without infringing on the rights of the meeting and gagging the hearers.

Judge Hyer and lady, of St. Louis, are on a visit in Boston. Mrs. Hyer is well known in the West as a superior speaking medium. Last Sunday afternoon she spoke in Institute Hall to excellent acceptance, and made a good impression. She was followed by our friend Orvis, who electrified the audience with his fervid eloquence on the humanitarian mission of Spiritualism and the solidarity of the race.

Mr. Orvis has been strongly impressed to renounce all inferior objects and aims, and devote himself unreservedly to the advancement of the new dispensation. He has gone into Harmony Hall with Bro. Snow, and proposes to offer important facilities for the development of media. His efforts are seconded by able friends, who are anxious his experiments shall be thoroughly tested. Media and visitors coming to Boston will gladly avail themselves of the advantages offered by Messrs. Orvis and Snow.

Spiritual friends visiting this city are continually inquiring, Where can we find a good home during our stay? Many come here from a distance with an earnest desire to stop with congenial friends of liberal and spiritual sympathies. To such we may recommend the Groton House, 10 Sudbury Street, kept by R. R. Crosby and lady, long known in the ranks of liberal reform, and now hearty sympathizers in spiritual truth.

Last week I visited Woburn—the Invalid's Home—kept by C. Ramsdell, who represents a great variety of mediumship, and is said to give the most satisfactory tests in speaking, writing, examining, and curing diseases. Bro. R. is past middle age, a man of no letters, and of apostolic simplicity and power, reminding us of the Galileans who left the humblest spheres of life for the highest and sublimest missions.

The Charlestown authorities have temporarily closed the City Hall against Bro. Loveland and his spiritual friends, because, it is said, somebody has been circulating books and tracts agitating the marriage question! Corporate bodies are amazing institutions to make Mr. Loveland responsible for every thing which somebody else chooses to write, read, and circulate. It will strike the public that a City Hall overshadowed by Bunker Hill Monument is the last hall that should be closed against a spiritual band whose grand mission is to fight the battles of a freedom proclaimed by the armies of heaven. Our Charlestown friends will doubtless be able to reopen soon under more favorable auspices.

Dr. Hayden and lady are rusticated in the suburbs of Fitchburg,

preparatory to giving a series of *stances* in this city, and to another European tour. The Doctor has in preparation a volume detailing experiences with the Spirits in the old world and new.

It is rumored that Dr. J. T. Paterson is likewise preparing a volume to excoriate what he considers some of the leading delusions and fanaticisms among so-called Spiritualists. Dr. P., now only twenty-two years old, two years since was a ship-carpenter's apprentice, and from a clairvoyant medium has been rapidly developed into a psychological physician, able in his natural state, and, as he claims, unaided, to examine disease and prescribe, psychometrize characters, etc. In whatever light his powers are considered, they are remarkable, and afford an illustration of the astounding possibilities of human nature.

The Boston Spiritual Conference, with Dr. H. F. Gardner as Chairman of its Committee, and A. Bingham, Esq., and Mrs. J. C. Nutter as the persons to canvass the city for means, is earnestly moving for a large hall, and for the establishment of regular meetings to elicit a broader public interest. Similar movements are contemplated or already on foot in East Boston and Chelsea. Notwithstanding the constant predictions of opposers, that the spiritual phenomena are destined to pass away as among the nine days' wonders of other times, in Boston and vicinity the philosophy is taking a deep hold on the best minds of community, and the churches are internally shaken with ominous throes.

LOST MONEY FOUND BY SPIRITS.—Mr. W. Witman, of Centre, Wis., writes to the *New Era* that a Swiss boy whom he had employed to work on his farm, lost his wallet with five dollars and twenty cents in it, and was greatly distressed about it, as it was all the money he had. While the whole family, sympathizing with the boy, were devising means to make up his loss, a little daughter of Mr. Witman, less than nine years old, with the aid of a little son about seven, invoked the Spirits, and were told by them that the boy had lost his money "in the post hole." (He had been digging holes for a post and rail fence.) The boy was thus induced to look for his wallet in the post holes, but after throwing the dirt out of four of them to no purpose, he became discouraged and abandoned the search. The little mediums again invoked the invisibles, and were told by them that the wallet had been dropped "in the hole next to the thorn." The boy searched in the place indicated, and immediately found his missing treasure.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. JAMES C. WINGARDS, of New Orleans, writes an encouraging account of the condition and progress of Spiritualism in that city, and transmits us some wonderful clairvoyant revelations, explanatory of the sudden mysterious disappearance of a Mr. A. C. Lawrence of that place. The gist of the matter, of which full accounts were published in the New Orleans city papers, is that a lady on being magnetized for the relief of neuralgia, became clairvoyant, and being asked what she saw, declared that she saw Mr. Lawrence on the Levee, and that two men, whom she described, were murdering him. She detailed the particulars of the scene with many expressions of horror, and said that the men after murdering, robbed him and threw his body into the river, and then went to the wharf where a steamship was just leaving. This description was given some thirty hours before Mr. Lawrence's friends felt any alarm concerning his absence, and was not by them thought worthy of special attention or credence until the subsequent development of corroborative facts. These facts were, that Mr. Lawrence's hat was found on the blood-stained Levee precisely where the clairvoyant had described the scene of the murder, and it was ascertained that a steamship answering the description of the one on which the lady said the murderers had embarked, had sailed for California at that very time. At the date of our correspondent's letter, Mr. Lawrence, as in the flesh, had not been heard from, though communications purporting to come from him had been received from the Spirit-world.

MR. RICHARD HOYT, whose letter is post-marked "Albany," calls for light, in behalf of himself and other mediums, upon the question of the existence of a personal devil, and asks the publication entire of an article from another correspondent, treating on this subject, of which we gave a digest some time ago. We would inform our friend that the only argument which seemed to us at all important in that article was pretty fully represented in our digest, and having thus extracted its quintessence we placed it "under the table" where, in common with many other lucubrations, it assumed the sole responsibility of its own safe keeping. Our correspondent says that being orthodox he has always believed in a satanic agency among the children of men, and that during the past winter this belief has been confirmed and reduced "almost to a demonstration." Persons, however, who have not been orthodoxly educated, and whose minds have been differently predisposed, have been conducted by their spiritual investigations to different conclusions; and as Mr. Hoyt says (correctly we believe) that "the truth will surely come forth shortly, one way or the other," we think all should be content to await the fulfillment of this prediction to settle the issues between these antagonistic beliefs.

By a letter from Nashville, Tenn., we learn that Rev. J. B. Ferguson of that place fully proclaimed his views in favor of Spiritualism some three weeks since, to an audience of some twelve hundred people. The discourse created a considerable stir, and has awakened much interest and inquiry in the place, on the subject of Spiritualism. We learn that it is to be published, and when we receive a copy we will advertise our readers of its character and contents.

ON HARMONY.

WHEN Nature moves in that harmonious way
Which pleases most the Architect of all,
She does not tread with a gigantic force,
But simply glides so noiselessly along,
That not a ripple follows in her wake;
And though her pathway be with roses strewn,
She doth no single leaf displace, nor moves
The gentle zephyr from its soft repose;
And such is harmony! That blissful state,
Which God and angels dwell forever in,
In motion always, yet for aye at rest—
Brilliant as the sun, yet mild as autumn moon;
Swelling with sounds, yet noiseless as the night;
Strong as the thunder, yet nerveless as a babe;
Firm as ocean rock, yet moved by simple thought—
A combination of such thrifty seeds,
That, planted in the heart, will harvest yield
Such fruit as only angels dare to eat;
And yet this state can be by man attained—
And oh! most blissful thought—by man enjoyed.
Would'st learn then how to reach this happy goal,
And wrap thy soul in harmony's embrace?
Then heed the teachings of thy inner sense,
And drive all discords from thy heart of hearts;
Behind thee leave the grov'ling things of earth,
And lift thy soul toward heaven's great Lord.
Do this in purity and singleness of heart,
And thou shalt surely find, beyond a doubt,
That pearl of pearls, that richest gem of gems,
That far outshines all earthly diadems.

DISTINCTIONS WITHOUT DIFFERENCES.

WE cut the following from an exchange paper. It is one of a large number which have been similarly disposed of by the secular press :

FATAL RESULT OF DISEASED IMAGINATION.—The *Enquirer*, at Cincinnati, in its issues of the 4th inst., furnishes the following : A little girl, about ten years old, daughter of Mr. Oberland, a resident of the Eighth Ward, as the clock was striking twelve on Saturday noon, exclaimed mournfully to her mother, "To-morrow at this hour I shall be in heaven." There was something so sad and plaintive in the tone in which she uttered this, that in spite of the parent not being of a superstitious nature, it made an impression upon her mind, which she found impossible to throw off. At dinner she told her husband of the circumstance, and he endeavored to rally the child, but with a sweet and sad smile, in which, however, no fear was manifested at the coming prospect, she repeated her conviction of her speedy dissolution. It was now the father's turn to feel a depression of spirits, which overshadowed him the whole day, so much so, that in the evening, meeting officer Young, watchman of that ward, he told him of the child's singular prognostication.

Up to this time the little girl had enjoyed exceedingly good health, but during the night her parents were aroused by her complaining bitterly of pains in her back and head. As early as possible a physician was called in, who pronounced her in a high state of bilious fever. Notwithstanding all that human aid could effect, she expired at noon. Her fatal prophecy was fulfilled.

When men read that some ancient Hebrew patriarch, prophet, priest, or king was mysteriously informed of the time when he should be "gathered to his fathers," they readily believe that the event was made known by the voice of God. But of late if one foretells the time of his or her departure, and the event verifies the prediction, it is confidently ascribed to

some deranged action of the mind. It is at once decided that it *can not* be a revelation, because, forsooth, the Jewish Scriptures contain sufficient revelations for all nations and all times. God and his ministering angels have done speaking, according to the material theology, and the sacred canon was closed 1,800 years ago. It only remains for us, in these degenerate days, to read and pray over the record of what was of old said and done by Divine agency, and to refer all modern sayings and doings of a strictly analogous character to "a diseased imagination;" to the "involuntary action" of men's brains; to "the evil one;" in short, to any thing you please, save the Divine Mind and the inhabitants of the Spirit-world.

It is not strange that men are ungodly and sensual, when even their religious teachers thus virtually insist that the ministry of angels and Spirits, once a sublime fact, is now but an insane fancy or a poet's dream; that inspiration, revelations, all "spiritual gifts," and even Deity himself, are among the things that were, but are not. *O tempora! O mores! Ed.*

INTRODUCED BY A SPIRIT.—Mr. Robert T. Shannon, who in company with a Mr. Wilson, another Spiritualist, was recently in Cincinnati, has just informed us of the following fact which occurred to them while in Cincinnati: Being total strangers in the city, they went, one day, into a large building that was occupied by numerous offices, in quest of a man whom they wanted to see. They ascended to one of the upper stories of the building where the man's office was, but found that he was not in. As they came down, and were passing through a long entry on either side of which were offices, a man came out from one of the rooms and invited them in. They and the man were mutually strangers to each other, but in explanation the man said he was a medium, and had just been told by the Spirits that there were two Spiritualists in the hall, and that he must invite them into his apartment. By means of this strange introduction our friends were made perfectly at home in Cincinnati, were introduced to other Spiritualists, attended circles and other meetings, and had a "first-rate time."

DARK DAYS.

In the year 858, before the earthquake of Nicomedia, the darkness was very dense from two to three hours. Two years afterward, in all the provinces of the Roman empire, there was obscurity from early dawn to noon. The stars were visible, and its duration precludes the idea of a solar eclipse. At the return of light, the sun appeared first in a crescent form, then half its face was seen, and was gradually restored to its whole visible disk. In 409 the stars were seen by day at Rome. About 536 the sun was obscured for 14 months, so that very little of his light was seen. In 567 such darkness prevailed from 3 p.m. till night, that nothing could be seen. In 626 half the sun's disk was obscured for 8 months. In 783 he was again darkened, and people were generally terrified. In 984 Portugal was in darkness for two months, the sun having lost its brightness. The heavens were then opened in fissures by strong flashes of lightning, when there was suddenly bright sunlight. September 21st, 1091, the sun was darkened for three hours. February 28th, 1206, for six hours complete darkness turned the day into night. In 1241, on Michaelmas day, the stars were visible at 8 p.m. In 1547, April 23, 24, 25, three days, the sun was so obscured that many stars were visible at once. Thus says Humboldt in "Cosmos."

If we come almost to our own time, to May 19th, 1700, history and tradition assert the occurrence of a remarkable day prevailing over New England, at least, and considerably in some other places. It came on between 10 and 11 a.m., and continued until midnight, growing gradually darker and darker, even till 11 at night. Candles and lamps were lighted for the people to see to dine and to perform work about the house. These became requisite before 12 o'clock, m. In the evening, so dense was it, that farmers could scarcely, even with the aid of a lantern, grope their way to the barn to take care of the cattle. The birds retired to their roosts at 11 a.m., and the day was converted into night.

CONVINCED AGAINST HIS WILL.

MR. EDITOR :

In a conversation lately held with Mr. Robert A. Murry, the well-known piano builder, on the subject of Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, etc., he took occasion to deride the whole subject, and particularly the phenomenon of clairvoyance, which he pronounced an utter humbug. "Talk about a man seeing without eyes," said he, "I will not listen to such stuff; it's all sheer nonsense." "By no means," responded I, "and you may one day be convinced that clairvoyance is a reality, and that it is possible to see objects without the use of the external organs." At the moment it appeared to me that it *would* require almost a miracle to bring such a man to conviction. We parted, and nothing further occurred until that afternoon, about five o'clock, when, from a strange impulse, I was impelled to go to the room where Mr. Murry lay asleep, all unknown to myself. Having procured the article (a key) for which I went to that unusual place, I involuntarily looked around and saw him *fast* asleep, as I supposed. I then left the room, and in an hour thereafter I met Mr. M., and, said he, "*I give it up; I am convinced, not only that a man can see without eyes, but also of the immortality of the human soul after the death of the body.*" When you came into my room to-day I was fast asleep, and knew it, because I was conscious of waking therefrom after you left, and yet with my eyes fast closed, and my *face turned from you* (this was the case), I saw you as distinctly as I see you now, and all the other objects in the room besides. Now, sir," said he, "I *know* that I am immortal, and I thank God

for the sweet and happy conviction. If I can see without the eyes, if I can live in spirit and be conscious when my body is wrapt in the folds of deep sleep, I shall be so when the flesh and spirit are separated forever." Hereafter let no man say that clairvoyance is not reality.

P. B. R.

CASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.—Some two or three weeks since, two children of Mrs. McCleish, of Melrose, Mass., one a boy of ten years, and the other a girl of eight, left home, and their anxious mother could obtain no intelligence from them for several days. During this time the little travelers had proceeded to Boston, thence by a steamer to Portland, thence took the cars for Montreal, when they were sent back by the conductor to Boston, whence they took the cars again for Springfield, at which latter place they were found by a lady and brought back again to Boston. About the time of their arrival in Boston their mother happened to be in that city making anxious search for them. As a dernier resort she was induced to apply to a clairvoyant, who advised her to go to the house of the city crier, and wait there with the expectation that her children would be brought to her. Not more than ten minutes after she had arrived at the crier's house, the little truants were brought in.

REMARKABLE PSYCHOLOGICAL CURE.—The *Boston Sunday News* speaks of the case of Albert Putnam Dodge, a smart intelligent boy of about fourteen years, who, while attending the Academy at Claremont, New Hampshire, became subject to fits. By a repetition of the attacks his bodily health declined, and despite of the best medical treatment protracted for many months, there was every prospect of his sinking into hopeless insanity, or even idiocy. In this emergency, and as a last resort, the parents were induced to place him in the hands of Dr. Cutter, a psychologic practitioner of Boston. Dr. C. found him impressible, and forthwith commenced a series of operations with a view to a cure. At the end of one week he was evidently much improved, and when four weeks had elapsed, Dr. C. pronounced him entirely cured. He is now in perfect health, and as bright and intelligent as ever.

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

THE reunion of parents and children in heaven, as well as of other friends, is a cheering and delightful thought; and the idea that our departed friends may, sometimes be near us, or wait to welcome us on the borders of the Spirit-land, is well suited to impress the mind.

A little girl in a family of my acquaintance—a lovely and precious child—lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful, and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the cherished one of the bereaved family. She would lie upon the lap of her friend, who took a mother's kind care of her, and winding one wasted arm around her neck, would say, "Now tell me about mamma?" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, "Take me into the parlor, I want to see my mamma." The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait. But—

Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
Bearing all her pain so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial hour grew nearer.

The hour came at last, and neighbors assembled to see the child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as the life sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, dearest?" sobbed close to her ear the voice that was dearest, but awoke no answer.

All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, the wan, cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and with that breath, into her mother's bosom she passed.—*Louisiana State Republican.*

THE SPIRAL.

THE following communication from a scientific correspondent is highly interesting, and will be perused with pleasure and profit by many readers. Such disquisitions are especially adapted to this department of our paper, and we shall be pleased to receive them as frequently as may comport with the convenience and inclination of the writer.—ED.

There are many words in common use seeming to have general significations, which we occasionally find with a special intention differing from their generally accepted meaning. This may be said of the words grace, spirit, truth, love, charity, and many others. Some of those words we meet with in the ancient poets, where they seem to be without pertinent use; but the more recent investigations of Spiritualists, and consequent adaptation of these words to wider significations, enable us now to re-read the older poets, and to find new beauties, evidently known to them, and dependent upon the use of these special terms. Among the class of words to which we refer is the term *spiral*. It is occasionally used by the oldest writers, when speaking of things known as adjective properties of matter and of mind. We also find it used by the mechanical and natural philosopher as denoting particular direction or line of travel. At a later date we find Swedenborg making free use of the word spiral; still later, Andrew Jackson Davis has found it a convenient term to express modes of transmission by ethereal media, of which many of us have but a slight knowledge. More recently, Mr. Harris, in his "Epic of the Starry Heaven," seems to have used this term in so many phases as

to have almost defined its exact use in every variety and form of application.

In a careless reading of his Epic, the word seems uselessly repeated, but when carefully perused, after an analysis of the word spiral, we imagine it to be comprehensive, and to more clearly describe the intention of the author than any other word that can be substituted in its place. My present object is to attempt an analysis of this word, with the view of ascertaining if by such analysis we may not clearly understand many of the communications which have been received through Mr. Harris and others. We consider the term as covering more known action induced by natural law than any other in use, and by reasoning from things known back to those unknown, can probably establish a value for the spiral which shall render its signification more clear. We offer our views at present as a hypothesis, under the hope that those possessing greater mental endowments may either indorse our theory, or be able to show us why it is an error.

First, then, we will speak of the spiral as a mechanical figure, and show its dynamic value. All are aware that to lift 100 lbs. alongside the perpendicular line of a square requires 100 lbs. of power. Should this square be cut diagonally, so as to present a plane with an inclined surface at 45 degrees, and suppose this surface to be so lubricated as to be frictionless, then to move a body over this surface to the highest point of elevation weighing 100 lbs., would require 50 lbs. power. Reduce that plane to half the elevation, and 25 lbs. will perform the same, if quarter the elevation $12\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., one-half this elevation $6\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; and so we might continue until if we imagine an inclined plane one mile long, two inches high at its highest point, and terminating at a point with its surface rendered frictionless, then by the strength of a human hair we can drag 100 lbs weight from its lowest to its highest level

Let us now suppose such an inclined plane to be wound around a cylinder of a few inches diameter, thus forming a screw, and we shall then find that the application of a human hair to the turning of such a screw, from the great length and slight declination of its thread, would raise a weight of many thousand tons, of course at a rate of comparatively less speed.

We sometimes see in our streets a spiral movement of the atmosphere on the side-walk, which carries up with it a large amount of dust, containing often very heavy particles; this ascends even with the tops of the houses, and is there thrown out, filling the whole street with dust. From the want of color in the atmosphere we are unable to know the rate of travel in this spiral, but it evidently shows that the application of a small amount of force, in this particular direction, is capable of exerting itself in such a manner as to produce great results.

Carry the investigation still further, and notice a tornado passing over the surface of the country; large trees are twisted up at their roots and deposited in other localities, and if the wood be afterward used, it is sometimes found to be crushed in all its capillary tubes so as to brush and disintegrate its fiber. On the ocean we see immense bodies of water, known as water-spouts, carried up in spirals of atmosphere. It is here, as in all the cases we have quoted, a mere question of velocity, and not of quantity, and we find the same facts more beautifully illustrated in some of the electrical phenomena.

It will be remembered that the invention of De Larue, known as De Larue's ring, consisted of a helix of wire, the termini of which, by being attached to the poles of a galvanic battery, would magnetize a rod of iron suspended in the opening through the center of the ring so as to sustain it in mid-air. Now it will readily be understood, that a single spark of electricity exercising less than one grain repulsive force, passing through this long wire composing a succession of spirals

round this suspended rod of iron, would travel with such velocity as by its quick succession to sustain the heavy rod: and Dr. Charles G. Page constructed such a helix capable of sustaining 2,000 lbs. in this mid-air position. Indeed, Page's electrical engine is but a succession of these helices with a rod of iron acting as a piston suspended in its center, concentric to its inner surfaces, leaving an annular space occupied by atmosphere between this piston and the inside of the helices. The helices being permanently fixed, and composed of perhaps ten miles of wire, would cause the travel of each spark of electricity in an immeasurably small space of time through its whole length, and thus this spirally traveling quantity of electric fluid by its great velocity exercises a spiral influence on this suspended bar, giving a resultant force of more than one-horse power.

From all this we readily arrive at the conclusion that the dynamic force of this engine was great, that the source of this force was due to the multiplication of a very slight repellant force by an immense ratio of velocity, and this result could be attained in no other way than by the spiral line of travel.

How easily then may we conceive that rarer media capable of spiral movement, and with velocities equal to that of the travel of light or electricity, may exert a force as great as any of the known forces. May this action of the rarer media, occupying the different portions of space, not bring together the finely divided simples which may be pervading space and thus produce nebulous matter, or, indeed, any of the substances of which the planets are formed? It is well known that men sleeping in buildings, the cellars of which contain large quantities of lead, have Devonshire or lead cholic, and that plumbers who work near hot lead have paralysis and other diseases consequent upon inhaling atmosphere containing lead. Who is not familiar with the odor of brass or copper, and how do

we know but what all space may contain quantities of either or all the simples not appreciable to our means of investigation? If a single grain of iron is to be found in each thousand cubic miles of space, then as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough to form a new universe, and it would only require the spiral action of the rarer media containing it to render it to the surface of the planets in any degree of compression or condensation. How do we know but the odors of flowers by spiral movements in space may be compressed into proximates soluble in water, and thus brought down by rains for the resupply of plants. Which of us can tell where thoughts leave off and materials begin? Who can define the exact difference and degree between an adjective and a substantive, between quality and quantity? Who can analyze sound, or who knows if that property in nature which we call attraction may not be the exercise of rarer media traveling in spiral form, and thus producing a force known to philosophers to exceed in power all other known forces and called attraction. The attraction of the globe for all substances placed upon or near it, and the attraction of substances for each other, is the antagonism of all other known forces. The effort of men and animals, the expansive power of steam, the exercise of all Nature's laws of a dynamic character, so far as we know, are employed in overcoming the statical condition of matter produced by this invisible medium, attraction, which probably exercises its functions by traveling in a spiral line. All the diffused sounds that have occurred since the creation of the world may be now undergoing a process by spiral condensation for reiteration in new forms. The very will itself, and every desire, may be substantively treated. We leave the subject for further illustration in the hands of your readers.

PHENIX.

REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS.

BY POETIC SPIRITS.

We have been intensely interested in the perusal of the following letter and the accompanying examples of poetic inspiration. These lyrical effusions are certainly very chaste and beautiful in sentiment and versification, while the rapid and otherwise extraordinary manner of their composition affords strong and convincing evidence of their direct Spiritual origin. The development of Ada is remarkable in every aspect of the case, and we feel assured that the sources of her inspiration can not be otherwise than pure and exalted. A thousand hearts will respond to the fond mother's prayer, that her angel-taught child may be preserved from all evil, and that the current of her life may forever remain clear as the unpolluted springs of being. Angels who inhabit the Celestial Heavens! draw near from your sublime abodes and watch over the inspired one! Oh, look into the calm depths of her soul! and as the stars of heaven are mirrored in the still waters, so shall your immortal charms be reflected in the spirit and life of Ada.—Ed.

STEAMER "SARAH," ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.
NEAR VICKSBURG, July 23, 1854.

EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH :

Not having access to your paper, and being unable to recollect your address or learn it from any one on board this boat, the jarring motion of which so affects my handwriting as to render it unnatural and, I fear, almost illegible, I labor under great disadvantages in arranging the facts which I am about to communicate, and which, I trust, will not prove barren of interest to the multitude of your intelligent readers.

It is not, I presume, generally known that the subject of *Spiritualism* has either attracted the attention or excited the investigation of a portion of the citizens of Galveston (Texas), the place of my residence. Such, however, is the case, and

the circumstances I am about to relate constitute a part of the fruits or results that have there been produced.

I may hereafter, if desired, give fuller details of the developments and manifestations wrought by Spirit-influence in our distant and humble island; but it must suffice at present merely to mention some of the occurrences of the last few weeks, and those as connected with a single medium, *partially*, but in a degree, I believe, wonderful and astonishing, developed about the first of the present month, and still, I trust, progressing rapidly to a more elevated and perfect development as a *poetic medium*.

The subject of these remarks is a young girl whose name is *Ada*, only fourteen years of age, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Stone, whose husband is a highly respectable dentist of our city. *Ada* until quite recently has been known only as a quiet and affectionate child—a docile, modest, and amiable school-girl, attractive only by the sweetness of her disposition, the simplicity of her character, and a sedate, retiring deportment—in complexion, a rather pale brunette, with an exuberance of dark hair, rather large, deep-set eyes of a peculiarly soft, dreamy, and somewhat melancholy expression. She has not attained her growth, and retains all the *naivete* of childhood.

About the middle of June last several gentlemen and ladies of Galveston formed a circle and met twice a week at the house of her mother—she and her husband being members—for improvement in spiritual knowledge and intercourse. *Ada* was always present, but not until after several sittings was it intimated or suspected that she *was or would be* a medium. The medium relied on was a gentleman (Mr. G.), who, being seized with illness soon after our organization, was unable to attend, and consequently the members met almost hopeless of success. After continuing around the table, however, for nearly two

hours, faint and feeble raps were at length heard, which in the course of another half hour became very loud, frequent, and distinct. The alphabet was called for, and some seven or eight of the most distinguished musicians who ever lived announced their names, among whom were Mozart, Handel, Hayden, Paganini, Beethoven, Von Weber, etc.

They would not communicate or converse with any member of the circle but Ada; refused to answer any other; stated that their object was to aid in her development as a medium; directed that the circle should continue its sittings; and informed us that she was to become an extraordinary medium. All questions had to be put by and answered to her, with a few exceptions, and after a few sittings the *physical manifestations* became very astonishing.

About the first of July I was compelled to be absent from the city on business, and did not return until Saturday evening, the 15th inst. On entering my door my wife informed me that Ada had become developed as a *poetess*, and proceeded at once to exhibit pieces of her poetic composition, all written during my absence, upon reading which I was not only greatly astonished, but deeply affected.

I called at her residence the next morning, and after reading all the pieces she had then written—amounting to fifteen in number—I requested her to describe to me the mental and physical condition in which she wrote such charming poetry. She complied, and from her description it seems that she continues in her normal condition. She does not pass into a state of trance, but at some time during almost every day she feels strongly impelled, as by some resistless agency, to write. She takes her pen; the piece—be it poetry or prose—is *vividly impressed on her mind*, and her hand glides with great celerity, and without the action of her own will, over the paper, and in the course of a very few minutes, quicker than it could

be copied by the most ready penman, the piece is completed.

She is delighted, but in no degree vain or elated with her talent; claims no merit of authorship; believes herself an instrument in the hands of some superior and beneficent intelligence for the accomplishment of a great work, which, by the way, has been repeatedly promised by the mysterious source from which she derives her inspiration, and God grant that she may never be other than the pure, humble, and unsophisticated being she now is.

I send you a number of her pieces, copied under the disadvantages mentioned, amid the confusion of a crowded steamboat and the jarring of discordant machinery. Her first effort was a prose composition, written on the 5th instant, as a school exercise. On the next day she was again *impressed*, and after two lines were written, she remarked to her mother, who was sitting by her side: "*Oh, ma! it is going to be poetry!*"

I have marked the copy of this piece thus (*first piece*), that you may distinguish it. It seems addressed to her, contains excellent advice intended for her observance, and, like several others, manifests a tender interest, an affectionate regard, a deep and pure friendship felt toward her by her heavenly guardians. This feeling on the part of her immortal friends has often been exhibited, and in divers way. Her mother, who is a good writing medium, read to me a beautiful poem written with her own hand, evidently by the guardian intelligence of Ada, filled with directions touching her course toward her daughter, two lines of which, as nearly as I can recollect, were as follows:

"Thou hast one duty here below—
To watch and guard thy child."

Just before I left my house on the 16th instant to go to the steamer on my present journey, Ada called with her mother,

and read to me the short but sweet piece, written by her only a few minutes before my departure, and which I have copied and marked—in order that you may identify it—thus (*sixteenth piece*). She was desirous of furnishing me with some evidence of her talent before I left, and the result was the production of those beautiful lines.

I inclose also a *brief note* addressed by Ada to my wife (about the 7th inst., but undated), and an *original poem* entitled "*The Anthem of the Sea*," written on the 13th instant, within the space of five minutes. The *poem* shows her handwriting, rapidly executed under Spirit-influence—all her pieces being in a similar hand—while the *note* exhibits her ordinary handwriting. Thus you will be able to compare her chirography under both conditions, and I think, upon close inspection, a great similarity between the two hands may be discovered.

Ada had written sixteen different poems at the time of my leaving Galveston, on the 16th of July inst. The first original poetry she ever wrote, the copy of which is marked (*first piece*), as aforesaid, was written on the 6th inst.; all the others between the 6th and 16th, making sixteen original pieces in ten days. I feel that any remarks or comments from me on the merits of these productions would be utterly useless. They speak for themselves, and have received from critical and competent judges, in New Orleans and elsewhere, to whom they have been submitted, the meed of approval, commendation, and praise. All, of nice poetic taste and cultivated intellect to whom they have been submitted—and I have submitted them to none other—have expressed an enthusiastic surprise, delight, and admiration that a *child*—a young school-girl of fourteen—should display such cultivated taste, brilliancy of imagination, purity of diction, and maturity of poetic genius as these poems evince. I presume that ere this day the number of her pieces

has been more than doubled, and their character elevated and improved. May we not anticipate the accomplishment of *something great* through such a medium—the realization of the prophetic assurance announced in her behalf by the bright but invisible intelligences which surround, guard, and inspire her? How superior to the graces of the drawing-room are those immortal graces, woven in the wreath yet to adorn thy brow, sweet Ada! daughter of the muses and beloved of angel-hearts! if thou canst but hold thee unsubdued by surrounding temptations, and ever pure as thy "*Childhood's Prayer!*"

It is a little remarkable that every poem is in a *different measure* from all the others—no two being in the same meter or measure.

OH, HOPE NOT THOU FOR HAPPINESS.

ADA'S FIRST PIECE, WRITTEN JULY 6TH, 1854.

Oh, hope not thou for happiness,
That paradise below,
That idler's dream—and poet's guess,
And—mortal's never know!
For while the human passions sway
A single smile or tear,
So long unrest and bitterness
Will have dominion here.

And look not on some glittering state,
And wish such lot were thine;
We ne'er can know what thorns may mar
The flower for which we pine;
What though thy path be gemmed with gold,
And fond ones strew thy way,
Dark clouds will oft the heart infold—
No human power can stay.

And while thou'rt brooding o'er thy lot,
Thou'lt find the evil throng
Come trooping through thy own pure heart,
That hath such hate of wrong;

Then lowly let thy spirits be,
And in thy heart abide
That gentle maiden charity,
To turn life's thorns aside.

MY CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

My childhood's prayer! oh, not a flower
But minds me of its purity;
The lowliest daisy in the bower
Brings back that gentle prayer to me
With all the looks of infancy.

I never look upon a star
But that its radiance seems to be
A beacon from the days afar—
A memory of the joys that were
All fleeting—but my childhood's prayer.

TO THEE, ADA—SPIRIT-COMPANIONS.

The following poem was written (exclusive of the fifteen lines next after the first verse) on Saturday, July 8th, within the space of about five minutes, by Ada. The same evening her mother, while mentally invoking spiritual aid for her child, heard a voice distinctly and impressively whispered in her ear, thus:

MOTHER.—"Oh! preserve her pure and spotless."—

VOICE.—"I will! I will!"

MOTHER.—"And not suffer her to be overpowered by temptations to sin!"

VOICE.—"No!"

Above, around, in every nook,
Where nothing seems but viewless air,
Strange faces peer with watchful look,
Strange figures hover near.

[But other shapes are crowding near,
Shadows that fill my soul with fear!
Though some are passing fair to see,
Yet others!* some are fierce and grim!
Monsters, from which my soul would flee,
All flitter 'round; these phantoms dim,

* The *quæ ego* of Virgil.

Beck'ning and drawing nigh to me,
 And seek to win mine ear!
 They come! I can not drive away
 The outstretched arm, the living eye—
 Their progress! but in vain they try!
 Bright angels, fold me with your wings,
 Mine ear with tempting voices rings,
 My soul with sudden fear is tost—
 Help! help! or all is lost!]*

Bright feet upon the dew-drops press,
 Rose-tinted pinions stir the air!
 Then in my heart my God I bless,
 That his bright angel-guards are near,
 And sometimes to my drooping eye
 They show like sunbeams passing by.

But, shrinking from the garish light,†
 Oft sit I in my lonely room,
 And through the silent hours of night
 Gaze on the forms my Spirit-sight
 Discovers in the teeming gloom—
 Forms that have hovered by my side,
 Seen or unseen, for solemn years,
 At times with hope and pleasure bright,
 Radiant at times with heavenly light,
 Oft veiled and dimmed with bitter tears,
 Now heeded—now defied!

I see you now, my Spirit-friends,
 Folding me with your loving arms,

* These fifteen lines included in brackets were written on the 9th inst. (Sunday), together with the following directions, by the hand of Ada: "Place the verse last written next to the first, then all will be right. Comfort your mother—she must not be fearful. No harm will come to you. I will watch over and protect thee. I was the angel that whispered, "*I will! I will!*" and "*No!*"

† After this poem was completed on the 8th, a question arose respecting the word "garish;" neither the medium nor any of her friends, to whom the poem was shown on that day, recollecting ever to have seen the word in the English language. At their suggestion, Ada inquired of the Spirit whether it was the proper word. She received an immediate and emphatic answer in the affirmative. And surely, in the connection, a more fit or appropriate word can not be found—"garish light."

Bending, as a fond mother bends
 To shield her child from frights or harms,
 And, 'mid the forms that guard me 'round,
 One figure makes it holier ground,
 For, grandmother, thou art there !

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime
 Since first began the march of time,
 When morning stars together sang
 And new-born earth with music rang;
 Then over all more bold and free
 Was heard the anthem of the sea.

At times it breathe a gentle note
 And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float,
 Then swelling high, in chorus vast—
 Borne perchance on the stormy blast—
 Is heard in higher, grander key,
 The fearful anthem of the sea

The deep-toned base in Nature's song,
 It pours its mighty voice along,
 And wide is heard the sounding roar—
 As forth it rolls from shore to shore ;
 A worthy praise, oh, God to thee,
 This glorious anthem of the sea.

Roll on, thou anthem, ever roll
 Thy chorus shout from pole to pole,
 And bear upon thy soaring wing
 The notes of praise that mortals sing,
 And e'er till time no more shall be,
 Roll on, thou anthem of the sea !

This stirring anthem was written on Thursday, July 18th, 1854, in five minutes.

INVOCATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

The following (doubtless) Invocation to the Saviour (the subject was not expressed) was written on the 6th of July, within not exceeding seven minutes :

Offspring of heaven's Almighty King,
 Coequal with the Eternal Sire !

Whose glories from Light's fountain spring,
Whose God-head glows with holy fire ;
Behold the gloom of Night decay
Before the lucid eye of Morn,
While distant skies and fields display
What splendors Day's approach adorn !

But oh ! untouched by Wisdom's beam,
The soul in error sleeps profound,
And wandering in her sensual dream,
Heeds not the scene of ruin 'round !
Oh ! Sun of truth, divinely bright,
Bid Earth's dejected features smile,
Scatter the deadly clouds of Night,
That would our wayward steps beguile.

Bid every passion-storm subside,
And hold the heart's emotions still,
Dissolve the snows of human pride,
Teach us to know and do thy will.
Oh ! pour thy sacred influence down,
Let Life's celestial dews be given,
Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,
And Earth become the gem of Heaven !

YOU WONDER WHY

I copy the following from the original manuscript in the handwriting of the medium,
which is now before me. I did not inquire as to the day or time in which it was written :

Gently as the weeping-willow
Sighs responsive to the breeze,
Or the morning zephyrs whisper
To the half-unfolded leaves,
Bends the chord of kindred Spirits,
Wakeful to each other's strains,
Each the other's impulse sharing,
Knows its joys and feels its pains.
Sweetly as the wind-harp trembles,
Swept by fairy hands unseen,

Where the genii haunt the bowers
In the summer woodlands green,
Speaks the silvery voice confiding,
Breathing through its tranquil tone,
Thoughts whose depth of latent being,
Stirs the fountain of our own.

Fondly as the waking flower,
From the drowsy-air of night,
Smiles to greet the pleasant morning
With its cheerfulness and light,
Turns the lonely heart from sadness,
Yielding to the mystic tie,
Which transmits the sweet assurance
That a kindred soul is nigh.

Pure the source, oh! kindred feeling,
Whence thy sweet impulses flow,
Sending hope and joy and gladness,
Man, without thee, ne'er might know.
Thou dost preach of love immortal—
Love beyond the sphere of time;
Thou hadst, sure, thy birth in heaven—
Earth is not thy native clime

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

SIXTEENTH PIECE.

In the hush of the evening alone,
A mother sat watching her child,
When a light o'er its fair features shone
And its lips in soft murmuring smiled;
And she listened to catch every sigh,
And joy took the place of a tear,
For it talked of the Angels on high
And whispered—My Father is here!
My Father is here!

And her heart grew so calm and serene
As she gazed on the vacant old chair,

Where so often the lov'd one was seen,
 For she knew that "his Spirit was there!"
 Then she press'd the soft lips of her child,
 And felt that an "Angel was near!"
 For it woke to her pressure and smiled,
 And whispered—My Father is here!
My Father is here!

Search for the meaning of this (comparatively speaking) fable. It is given under the semblance of a mother's love.

NOTE.—The above was written on Sunday, the 16th of July, 1854, at 1 o'clock P.M., in three minutes. The punctuation and quotation marks are copied from the original

ADA'S NOTE TO MRS. A.

MY KIND FRIEND:

It was with mingled feelings of pleasure and almost surprise that I received the more than welcome note from yourself. To your many kind inquiries I am happy to give each a satisfactory answer. I do most surely feel as if I were surrounded by pure and heavenly Spirits. Oh! I do hope that it is not imagination on my part; indeed, I am almost certain it is not. Mamma bids me say she has not heard the whispers of the Angels again, but she prays that she may again hear those exquisite words buoying up the heart—"I will! I will!" If I am inspired to-day (and I do most sincerely hope I will be), I shall certainly hasten to show it (the piece) to you, and receive your comments, for it is very pleasing to myself to see you so enraptured (as it were). Do pardon all faults, and in the expectation of seeing you very soon, I will close.

I am yours, most truly,

ADA.

I may be mistaken as to the importance of the matters here communicated, but not as to the facts. Of the latter I am an eye-and-ear-witness—a member of the circle in which Ada was developed. I have exaggerated in nothing, but on the contrary, have related only a few of the leading facts, leaving the rest, and all the circumstances connected with the history of Spiritual Manifestations in Galveston and elsewhere in Texas.

untold. *Physical manifestations* produced by Spirit-influence in a series of wonderful examples not surpassed in "modern instances" I could relate; but these compare not, in my view, either in vitality or importance, with the intellectual developments—one instance of which I have here recorded—the remainder rest untold.

Yours truly,

E. A.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR—Our correspondent refers to Judge Harvey Baldwin, of Syracuse, Henry Sheldon, of this city, and other distinguished gentlemen here and elsewhere, who will vouch for his character and the fidelity of his statements. E. A. will please accept our thanks for these interesting contributions to the TELEGRAPH. We shall expect to hear from him again soon, and as often as the nature of the developments or his own inclination may prompt him to write. We send the paper to the parties named by our correspondent.

SUSPECTED IMPOSTURE.

OUR readers will remember that some time since we published a marvelous statement respecting the alleged transportation of a knife and a ribbon across the Atlantic Ocean, and that the same has since been referred to in these columns. We received the account from a gentleman of the highest veracity in Troy, and although we regarded the case, in editorial parlance, as highly "important, if true," it was nevertheless so strongly corroborated that we did not feel at liberty to reject it, but ventured to submit the same to the public.

We now as freely *contradict* that statement, having received information which leaves little room to doubt that the whole story had its origin in gross deception. While we are perfectly satisfied that our informant, and the other friends in Troy, so far as they had any thing to do with this matter, acted in

strict good faith, we are forced, *very reluctantly*, to question the integrity of Henry Hanson, the pretended medium in that case. If he can successfully vindicate his conduct we shall take great pleasure in submitting his defense to our readers, before whom he now virtually stands accused. We thank no man for inventing a large story, merely because it is fabricated for our benefit, and designed to establish the truth of our principles; nor shall we screen his conduct from merited reprobation. All such unscrupulous men, believers as well as skeptics, would do well to remember that we are after *the truth*, and shall, first and last, and fearlessly, regard the demands of conscience and the interests of the cause.

THE SPIRITS AT KOONS'.—We have just conversed with a gentleman of entire reliability who has recently returned from a visit to the Spirit-rooms of Mr. Jonathan Koons, of Dover, Athens County, Ohio. From him we receive an entire confirmation of the many reports of the wonders that are occurring there, as given from time to time by such of our correspondents as have visited the place; and from our friend's report it would seem that scarcely more than the half has been told. All that can be done by the physical hands of mortals is done by the Spirits at that place, and many things which no mortal hands can do in the particular manner in which they are done. The vocal communications given by the Spirits through a speaking-trumpet, our friend says are as distinct and natural as any living person could give; and their dexterity in handling the drumsticks, tambourine, etc., was surprising in the last degree. One reason assigned by the Spirits why they can make such tremendous demonstrations there, and nowhere else, is that the place is characterized by peculiar electric properties, which is proved by the fact that the lightning strikes in the neighborhood with uncommon frequency. This latter fact has long been known to the inhabitants of the region, and all were afraid to live upon the spot except Mr. Koons, who consequently procured the land very cheaply. We will add no more for the present, in the hope that our friend may be induced to write out, for publication, the particulars of his experience at this modern *psychomantium*.

REDUCED TO PRACTICE.

* BELINDA MARDEN PRATT, an inmate of the grand harem of the Mormon Apostle of that name, in writing to her sister, Lydia Kimball, Nashua, N. H., vindicates the character of her husband, and thus urges the argument for polygamy, founded on the examples in Biblical history :

"If God shall count him worthy of an hundred-fold in his life, of wives, and children, and houses, and lands, and kindreds, he may even aspire to patriarchal sovereignty, to empire, to be the prince or head of a tribe or tribes, and, like Abraham of old, be able to send forth, for the defense of his country, hundreds and thousands of his own warriors, born in his own house.

"I have a good and virtuous husband, whom I love. We have four little children which are mutually and inexpressibly dear to us; and besides this, my husband has seven other living wives, and one who has departed to a better world. He has in all upward of twenty-five children. All these mothers and children are endeared to me by kindred ties—by mutual affection, by acquaintance, and association; and the mothers, in particularly mutual and long-continued exercises of toil, patience, long-suffering, and sisterly kindness. We all have our imperfections in this life, but I know that these are good and worthy women, and that my husband is a good and worthy man—one who keeps the commandments of Jesus Christ, and presides in his family like an Abraham. He seeks to provide for them with all diligence; he loves them all, and seeks to comfort them and make them happy. He teaches them the commandments of Jesus Christ, and gathers them about him in the family circle to call upon his God, both morning and evening.

"Dear sister, do not let your prejudices and traditions keep you from believing in the Bible, nor the pride, shame, or love of the world keep you from your seat in the kingdom of heaven, among the royal family of polygamists. Write often and freely."

* The logical and theological Belinda, having been invited by

some friend to visit the Granite State, responds in a complacent, cool, and pious strain as follows :

"Now, as to visiting my kindred in New Hampshire, I would be pleased to do so, were it the will of God. But first, the laws of that State must be so modified by enlightened legislation, and the customs and consciences of its inhabitants, and of my kindred, so altered, that my husband can accompany me with all his wives and children, and be as much respected and honored in his family organization, and in his holy calling, as he is at home, or in the same manner as the patriarch Jacob would have been respected, had he, with his wives and children, paid a visit to his kindred.

"As my husband is yet in his youth, as well as myself, I fondly hope we shall live to see that day.

"For already the star of Jacob is in the ascendancy; the House of Israel is about to be restored; while 'Mystery Babylon,' with all her institutions, awaits her overthrow."

Will not the people up in New Hampshire straightway repent of their sins, cease to despise the examples of the patriarchs, mend their laws, and purify their "consciences," in such a manner that the star of this modern Jacob may arise and shine on them? Oh, ye sinners of New Hampshire in general, and of Nashua in particular, be admonished to turn back from your present evil way of having but one wife—left to solitude and despair—and in this respect adopt the example of righteous Abraham, who was and is "the father of the faithful." Will you not now, after long disobedience and neglect of your privileges and "holy calling," be persuaded to have as many wives as you can get, to the end that they may love, console, and strengthen one another by acts of mutual "patience, long-suffering, and sisterly kindness." Reflect, oh, fellow-citizens of Babylon! on your iniquities, and consider that the institutions of the patriarchs have been dishonored by your stupid "legislation." Think of these things, and return quickly, or know that sister Belinda will not visit your State this

season, and the star of Jacob will not rise in that part of the country.

But there is a serious aspect in which this matter should be viewed. Why do those people quote Scripture to justify this immoderate tendency to sensuality? To us the reason is obvious enough. The popular theology has taught them from their very infancy that the Bible, as a whole, *even in its letter*, is the inspired word of God, alike addressed to all men in every age of the world, and of irresistible and perpetual obligation. Now it is well known that in portions of that book, those old patriarchs, to whose examples the Mormons refer, are represented as the purest and best men of antiquity, and the special favorites of Heaven. Thus intrenched behind the acknowledged Word of God (!), and the examples of his most honored servants, no man—if he accepts the common notion of the Divine authority of the *whole* Bible—can dislodge them. On this point Belinda can successfully battle all the orthodox theologians in Christendom; and they will either be forced to yield the argument at last, or be driven to use a little more common sense in judging of the contents of the book. S. B. B.

ANNOUNCED HIS OWN DEATH.—Some few weeks ago, Mr. O. C. Wright, a well-known artist of this city, who was a Spiritualist and medium, passed into the land of souls, and his demise was duly noticed in our columns. We have just been credibly informed that shortly after Mr. W.'s death, and before intelligence of the same could have been carried from the city, the Spirit of Mr. Wright announced his change, through a medium, at the residence of Mr. David Bruce, of Long Island, some twenty miles from this city. Mr. Bruce, who until recently resided in Williamsburg, was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wright, but was not expecting his death at the time the Spirit-announcement was received; and the announcement being precisely accordant with the fact, can not but be regarded as a strong demonstration of the reality of spiritual intercourse.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, July 14, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTON :

It has been my good fortune, during the past year, to meet Dr. John Ashburner several times, in my own rooms, at his own house, and elsewhere, and, inasmuch as his weighty name is intimately associated with many of the most interesting discoveries of our times, and especially with spiritual manifestations, it seems to me it would be especially interesting to the readers of your journal to have some account of the man, in order that they may picture to themselves how he looks, acts, and talks. Nothing interests us so much as a *man*. Whether "the proper study of mankind is man," or not, our eyes are ever hungry for the sight of those who have in any way distinguished themselves. The truly great have the spontaneous admiration of the world. We need no homilies or hero-worship in order to bend the knee before one endowed with the rare gift of genius. And our curiosity is always commensurate with our respect. The great man can not escape us; neither does he wish to escape us, if in reality he is great—if he has any thing more than the image of greatness without the substance; on the other hand, he invites the gaze of the world, having an unalterable faith in the truths that possess his soul, and in the final judgment of mankind.

I shall make no apology, then, for attempting to draw a portrait of Dr. Ashburner. I shall not attempt to flatter, but shall be as rigidly exact as the structure of my mind and the accuracy of my observations will allow me to be. And if this should ever meet his eye, such is the nobleness of his nature, that he would only pity me for any attempt at flattery, and would be grieved that truth should have less homage than himself.

I am not in possession of any thing like an accurate outline of his personal history. I know that he lost his father fifty-six years ago at Bombay, in India, when he was quite young; that he studied at Dublin University, where he became intimate with the celebrated Professor Macartney; that he has distinguished himself in his profession, having become member of the Royal College of Physicians, Accoucheur to the

St. George's and St. James' Dispensary, Physician Accoucheur to the Queen Charlotte's Lying-in-Hospital, Lecturer on Midwifery and the Diseases of Women and Children at St. Thomas' Hospital, in London; that he has written highly esteemed medical treatises; that he has translated the celebrated work of the Baron Von Reichenbach, adding notes of his own quite as curious and profound as the original itself. He now resides in the "West End" of London, where he has a fine practice and holds an enviable position in society.

To receive a friendly visit from Dr. Ashburner is a rare pleasure. The first visit I received from him gave me an impression of the man that several subsequent interviews have confirmed. His manner is at once simple and courteous. He exhibits no offensive self-consciousness; that is always sure to defeat its own end. He retires behind the noble truths that he eloquently utters, and seems more desirous of winning respect for them than admiration for himself. The current topics of conversation with him are the great laws of science and the eternal facts of mind.

No wonder, then, that in a community especially conventional, he has met with opposition, and has had to face pitiless storms of calumny. With a mind so constituted that it naturally gravitates toward the true in itself, it has been impossible for him to be satisfied with mere forms to accept the shell without any regard to the substance within. With an organization ennobling him—even compelling him—to seek the first true, the first beautiful, and the first good, how could he busy himself with mere tradition and hearsay? It has been with him a necessity to think and act for himself. Conventionality speedily takes vengeance on originality. It laughed at Fulton, shook Copernicus over the devil's pit of an Inquisition, and crucified Christ. Dr. Ashburner, for desiring to freely think and freely act, has been cruelly persecuted by those members of the profession who never can go beyond precedent, who eat dust from the soiled hand of custom. Not only has he been vilely misrepresented in private and in public, but attempts have been made to bribe his own servants to testify against his private character.

Yet such is the nobility of his mind and moral nature that, in the midst of such persecutions, he has not lost his serenity of temper and his faith in the upward tendency of humanity. "It may be wisdom," he says, "not to be too soft and credulous, but depend upon it, the statistics of the existence of roguery and knavery in society, and the relative proportions they bear to honesty, will not bear out the proposition

that it is wiser to suspect every man to be a knave until you have proved him to be honest. The world may be bad enough in morals, but unless there were a great deal more of good than of evil in the human heart—in the human brain, I should say—society would not hold together as it does. I know no man who has been hit so hard by the villainy and knavery of his brethren as I have myself been; and yet, attributing much to the influence of bad circumstances operating upon the bad moral organizations it has been my misfortune to meet with in medical life, I should be sorry to come to the conclusion that my worst enemies were not to be far more pitied than blamed."

Such noble sentiments are not expressed merely for the public eye. His deeds answer well to his mind and heart. Much to the injury of his professional reputation, he embraced the truths of mesmerism, and advocated them with the dignity and modesty of a great man. When the new and wonderful truths unfolded by the strange experiments of the Baron Von Reichenbach were published to the world, he not only accepted them regardless of all personal loss, but spent many laborious months in rendering into English a book that has justly become so celebrated. And the same large, candid nature made him open for the reception of any truths that might be contained in "Spirit-rappings." His own account of his first experience in spiritual communications is so characteristic of the man that I can not omit it here, although many of your readers may have seen it before.

"I had always regarded," he says, "the class of phenomena relating to ghosts and spirits as matter too occult for the present state of our knowledge. I had not facts enough for any hypothesis but that which engaged for them a place among optical phantoms connected in some way with the poetical creations of our organs of ideality and wonder, and my hope and expectations always pointed to the direction of phrenology for the solution of all the difficulties connected with the subject. As to the rappings, I had witnessed enough to be aware that those who were not deceiving others were deceiving themselves; and there really exists on our planet a number of persons who are subject to the double failing of character. Having been invited by a friend to his house in Manchester Square, in order to witness the Spirit-manifestations in the presence of Mrs. Hayden, my good friend can testify that I went expecting to witness the same class of transparent absurdities I had previously witnessed with other persons described to me as media. I went in any but a credulous frame of mind; and having, while a gentleman was re-

ceiving a long communication from his wife, whom he had lost, under melancholy circumstances of childbed, some years ago, watched Mrs. Hayden most attentively, and with the severest scrutiny, I finally satisfied myself that the raps were not produced by her, for they indicated letters of the alphabet, which, written down in succession, constituted words, forming a deeply interesting letter, couched in tender and touching terms, respecting the boy to which that eloquent mother had given birth when she departed from this world. If Mrs. Hayden could have had any share in the production of that charming and elegant epistle, she must be a most marvelous woman, for during a good part of the time that the raps were indicating to the gentleman the letters of the communication, I was purposely engaging her in conversation. The gentleman would not himself point to the letters of the alphabet lest his mind should in any way interfere with the result; and, therefore, he requested the lady of the house to point to the letters for him, while her husband, seated at another part of the table, wrote down each letter indicated by the raps on a piece of paper.

"I was now kindly requested to take my turn at the table, and having successively placed myself in various chairs, in order that I might narrowly watch Mrs. Hayden in all her proceedings, I at last seated myself, relatively to her, in such a position as to feel convinced that I could not be deceived; and, in fact, I was at last obliged to conclude that it was weakness or folly to suspect her of any fraud or trickery."

The appearance of the doctor corresponds well with his character. He is rather above the ordinary size, compactly and powerfully made. His head is very large, well-proportioned, and very high. His whole look would indicate that with him to speak truth and live truth is a necessity as well as choice. He is apparently about sixty-five years of age, and his kindly and grave manner inspire at once benevolence and respect.

Dr. Ashburner has himself become a writing medium, receiving from time to time communications from his father, from Professor Macartney, and others. Some of these he has read to me. Those from his father, especially, are exceedingly beautiful and full of wisdom. I have often urged him to make some of them public property, but the Spirits do not permit him as yet. May the privilege soon be granted, when we may have a worthy companion to the book of Judge Edmonds.

VIATOR.

FACTS AND LAWS.

WE are first led to the discovery of natural principles by observing natural phenomena. Without the facts constantly presented in the ever-changing phenomenal aspects of the outer world, the human mind in its external, sensuous plane of development could have no knowledge of the laws and forces of material nature. Every visible fact is an illustration of the invisible principle on which the fact itself depends. We could know nothing of the laws of planetary motion, chemical affinity, and molecular attraction, in the absence of the facts and experiments which serve to illustrate their operations. In like manner we learn that water becomes solidified below the temperature of 32° Fahrenheit, and that at 212° , under the ordinary atmospheric pressure, it boils and is rapidly converted into vapor. We also learn by witnessing the facts—how else should we learn?—that all ponderable bodies within the sphere of the earth's attraction are drawn toward its center; that a cork will float in the water, while iron will sink; that the *will* has power over the *muscles*; and it is from our observation of facts alone that we ascertain the effects which the elements produce on our bodies. This knowledge could never be deduced from any ideal premises; nor could we by a possibility reason from laws never once revealed in their effects. Moreover, every phenomenon in Nature, that may be perceived by the senses or otherwise, is a revelation to man of some truth, which, without this tangible expression, might have remained concealed and unknown through all time. Thus the objects of the natural world constitute a significant and beau-

tiful picture-language, wherein Deity records and reveals the veiled and sublime realities of his Universe.

But if the importance of a critical observation of facts, in the department of physical science, is too obvious to be denied or doubted, it must be even more apparent to the philosophic mind, that, in the realms of the occult and spiritual—wherever the principles involved are furthest removed from the familiar experience and common comprehension of mankind—it is still more essential that we mark all their outward phases and aspects. Thus invisible principles are seen in their action on visible forms; we become conscious of the existence of the law by observing its operations; and while all natural and spiritual causes are imperceptible by the senses, their *effects may be perceived*, and through these, with rare exceptions, we arrive at a knowledge of the causes themselves. *We* may not require additional facts to establish a foregone conclusion, but without these, others may wander in doubt and uncertainty forever. We must not, therefore, undervalue the *phenomena* of our time, for these, if we may be allowed the expression, are the visible finger-points of God and his ministers, directing the children of men to the inner temple of the Divine mysteries.

S. B. B.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 15.—Mr. Hosmer criticised the common proceedings of spiritual Conferences. He thought they were too much like the proceedings of the sects. What good had Spiritualism done? True, the very agitation of thought which it had caused had done some good. But has it developed the truth that will save mankind—not in the future, merely, but in the present world? He thought Spiritualists bestowed too much thought on the future, but not enough upon the present world. We must take care of to-day, and the future will take care of itself. Mr. T. Jones cited an answer to the question, What good has Spiritualism done? He said it was given by a young man whom he had met in coming into this room this evening, and who declared

that it (Spiritualism) had made him a better and a happier man. Mr. J. spoke of the good influence that Spiritualism had done upon himself in not only making him more cheerful and happy, but more actively philanthropic. He thought that with such evidences of the power of Spiritualism to bless man, we should be content. Dr. GRAY instanced a couple of cases illustrative of the practical value of Spiritualism. The first was that of an old lady, one of his patients, and apparently fatally diseased. "Doctor," said she, "I suppose I am going to die, and I want you to testify to Spiritualists that I leave the world without regret. She had had manifestations in her own house, and testified that since the last evening her Spirit-father had stood sensibly by her side and fanned her. The other case was that of Mr. Levy who had been sick apparently nigh unto death, but who, though fully sensible of his condition, was calm, joyful, and "firm as a rock," in the prospect of death. Mr. LEVY, being present, responded, and said he was not only firm and calm, under the probabilities of approaching death, but that he felt greatly elevated, perfectly reconciled, and like the little child whose simplicity Jesus said we must resemble in order that we may enter into the kingdom of heaven; and now that he has measurably recovered his health, that feeling still continues with him. Two years ago he was a materialist, and believed in nothing beyond the grave. IRA B DAVIS made some remarks relative to points of order which he thought should be observed in our meetings, and then said that Spiritualism had not made him any more kind and benevolent than he was when a materialist. He thought it possible for an atheist to die with perfect composure. Mr. S. B. BRITTAN, from the suggestion of Mr. Levy's case, spoke of the spiritualizing influence of sickness, and mentioned a fact in his own experience. He said that some nine years ago he had had an attack of bilious fever, and for two weeks of his illness he was entirely insensible to exterior things, though during that time he was in frequent communion with spiritual intelligences, whom he still remembers. He was in this way made a Spiritualist. A LADY, whose name we did not learn, was then entranced, and a Spirit spoke through her concerning the necessity of such an education in this world as will prepare people to take the step called death. As this education becomes general, the spiritual world, replenished from the earth, will become better qualified to give us truthful communications. J. K. INGALLS spoke of the reformatory powers of Spiritualism.

ORTHODOX SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

THE following interesting account of a spiritual interposition in behalf of a poor man on the brink of destitution and probable starvation, is copied from the *Religious World*, an orthodox journal published at Hartford, Connecticut. We take pleasure in adding this testimony, adopted and sanctioned by our opposers, to the reality of tangible interpositions from the unseen world in favor of those still living in the flesh, and who are in need of the aid which heaven and God alone can give. We are glad to see papers which advocate the doctrines of the existing sectarian churches, occasionally giving publicity to articles such as the following, even though their publishers do not believe the inferences legitimately deducible from them; for circulating as they do more or less among the unsophisticated and free-minded, they can not but hasten the universal recognition of the reality of intercourse between the present and the higher world, and thus restore religious and spiritual faith its lost vitality:

Dr. Joseph Stennet resided in Wales several years, and preached to a congregation in Abergavenny. There was a poor man a regular attendant on his ministry, who was generally known by the name of Caleb; he was a collier, and lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford; had a wife and several small children, and walked seven or eight miles every Sunday to hear the doctor. He was a very pious man; his knowledge and understanding were remarkable, considering his situation and circumstances. Bad weather seldom hindered Caleb's attendance at the house of God; but there was a severe frost one winter which lasted many weeks, and blocked up his way so that he could not possibly pass without danger, neither could he work for the support of his family. The doctor and others were concerned lest they should

perish for want; however, no sooner was the frost broken than Caleb appeared again. Dr. Stennet spied him, and as soon as the service was ended, went to him and said:

"Oh, Caleb! how glad I am to see you. How have you done during the severity of the weather?"

Caleb cheerfully answered: "Never better in all my life. I not only had necessaries, but lived upon dainties the whole of the time, and have some still remaining."

Caleb then told the doctor that one night, soon after the commencement of the frost, they had eaten up all their stock, and not one morsel left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but he found his mind quite composed, relying on a provident God, who wanted neither power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, Provision. On his inquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God sent it; no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles—bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, etc., which served them through the frost and left some remaining to that present time.

The doctor was affected with the account, and afterward mentioned it in hope of finding out the benevolent donor; but in vain, till about two years afterward he went to visit Dr. Talbot, a noted physician in the city of Hereford. This Dr. T. was a man of good moral character and generous disposition, but an infidel in principle. His wife was a gracious woman, and a member of the church. Dr. Stennet used to go and visit her now and then; and Dr. Talbot, though a man of no religion himself, always received Dr. S. with great politeness. As they were conversing pleasantly one evening, Dr. S. thought it his duty to introduce something entertaining and profitable. He spoke of the great efficacy of prayer, and instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled and said:

"Caleb, I shall never forget him as long as I live."

"What! did you know him?" said Dr. S.

"I had but a very limited knowledge of him," said Dr. T., "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Then Dr. Talbot related the following circumstances. He said, "The summer before the hard winter above mentioned, he was riding on horse-back, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, and generally chose to ride among the hills, it being more pleasant and rural. As he was riding along he observed a number of people assembled in a barn; he rode up to the door to learn the cause, when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the service was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed happened to walk by his side.

"The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself, his employment, his family, and his name, which he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell exactly whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, 'Send provision to Caleb.' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavored to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he thought he heard the same words repeated, but louder and stronger. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard, but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again. But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he imagined he heard the voice so powerful saying, 'Get up, and send provision to Caleb,' that he could resist no longer. He got up, called his man, bid him bring his horse, and he went to his larder and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever he could find, and having assisted the man to lade the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb.

"'Caleb, sir!' said the man, 'who is Caleb?'

"'I know very little of him,' said the doctor, 'but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go and you will be sure to find him.'"

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, "God sent it, I believe."

PROMOTION AND POETRY.

SINCE Miss Ball, of Troy, was abruptly dismissed from a place which she had filled with honor to herself and advantage to the community, she seems likely to attract attention by the development of the latent powers of genius, as will appear from the subjoined poem. If not directly inspired by some immortalized human intelligence, Miss B. certainly *has*, in herself, a fine perception of the beautiful, and a poetic imagination of sufficient vigor to merit respect and admiration. "THE ANGEL VISITANT" is very sweet, flowing, and artistic verse, warmed and enlivened by a delicate, womanly feeling, and strengthened, as it appears to us, from the source of the divine afflatus. Miss Ball is young, and if this effort may be regarded as a prophecy of her future success, she will one day have a name and place among the accredited Female Poets of this country. She can well afford to be removed from the school-room by her foolish persecutors, to be honored with a seat in the temple of the Muses.—ED.

MR. EDITOR :

Sitting alone one day, I turned suddenly around, with the impression that some one was coming, and thought I saw a shadow as of light by the open door; as there was nothing to cause it, I presumed it to be an illusion, when I was instantly filled with such a heavenly glow of happiness that I really felt as though in the presence of some bright and beautiful being. Under this influence I wrote the following. It is a beautiful thought that Spiritualism realizes the poet's brightest dreams.

THE ANGEL VISITANT.

Whence that glimmering so sweetly,
Softly stealing through the door?
And the pattering so gently

As of footsteps on the floor!
And why fleeth it so swiftly,
And why cometh it no more

RESPONSE.

'Tis a gold-tipped wing, whose coming
Throws its shadow 'cross the door,
And it makes a gentle rustling,
As it sweeps along the floor,
Bearing love, an angel's blessing
Resting on thee evermore.

TO THE SPIRIT.

Gentle Spirit! well I knew thee,
For a fragrance thou hast thrown
All around, and in, and through me—
'Tis a fragrance not my own;
For it hath a sweetness holy
Such as earth hath never known.

RESPONSE.

On a cloud of incense floating,
By the breezes borne along,
Speed I to the couch of suff'ring,
Murm'ring low a pleasant song.
And I dropped a smile in passing—
May it tarry with thee long.

TO THE SPIRIT.

Glorious being! nothing earthly
With such joy could fill my frame,
For, like raindrops falling gently,
All caressingly it came.
Oh! I love thee, Spirit, dearly,
And I fain would learn thy name.

RESPONSE.

Where the air with love is glowing,
Waving o'er a happy throng,
Where sweet melody is flowing
Like a river deep and strong,

There they know me as "the loving,
Gentle-hearted child of song."

TO THE SPIRIT.

Presence bright! renew thy visit,
It has made my heart grow strong;
May I dwell with thee, fair Spirit,
Mingle with the happy throng
In that blest land, and inherit
All thy love and all thy song!

RESPONSE.

By the ship of truth when sinking
Can'st thou firmly, boldly stand!
To the outcast, the despairing,
Freely lend the helping hand,
Scoffs and taunts alike unheeding—
Then thou'rt welcome! join our band.

MELINDA A. BALL.

Troy, N. Y., July 16, 1854.

SIGNS OF CONVERSION.

WE cut the following from the *Journal of Commerce*, wherein it seems to have been fully accredited. Had the story originally appeared in the TELEGRAPH it would scarcely have found a place in the *Journal*, especially if the incident had been related of some Spirit-medium rather than of the founder of the American Bible Society.

ELIAS BOUDINOT.—WONDERFUL PRESERVATION.—A writer in the *Boston Recorder*, as an illustration of the providential care which God sometimes exercises over his people, relates the following marvelous incident, and vouches for it as authentic:

Elias Boudinot, founder of the American Bible Society, was returning in his chaise to his home late in a dark night, from a court he had been at-

tending many days. He did not know that a recent freshet had carried away all the plank from the long bridge which lay in his accustomed path. Therefore he drove right on, as though there were a bridge there, and reached home safely. His friends inquired by what road he came. "The usual road," he replied. "Impossible," said they, "there are no planks on the bridge." He persisted, and they, trembling for his veracity or his sanity, eagerly went with him next morning early, to survey. When arrived, they found the very tracks of the carriage at either end of the bridge and on the sleepers, and the very footprints of his horse on a central sleeper. There was no more to be said—sanity and veracity were both safe. Some power had presided over the instinct of that horse, had ordained the correspondence of those wheels with the sleepers over which they passed, and kept the man in ignorance of his danger. Was that power fate or chance? Oh, my doubting friend! I turn from you and listen to another voice: "Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary!"

If authority for the above is demanded, reference may be had to the family, particularly to Mrs. Adriana Boudinot, of Beaverwycke, N. J., a near relative of Judge Boudinot, from whose mouth she received the account. The same respected lady will pardon the writer for relating her account of a passage in the history of her own family, illustrating our point.

REMARKS.—Our religious teachers have long contended that the day for such wonders was over, and that men are now left without any *special* Divine or spiritual protection to take the consequences of their own actions, as determined by purely natural or physical laws. But we are happy to find that the *Boston Recorder* and the *New York Journal of Commerce* are inclining to more spiritual views and a more living faith. At length they conclude that "the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary" of working his wonders among men. Boudinot's friends thought the good man either *lied* or was *insane*, until they took the trouble to *track him*; and so the *Recorder* and the *Journal* think of those who are now, every day, subject to experiences equally extraordinary,

which, we doubt not, the editors of the next generation will quote as gospel. Our cotemporaries, however, differ from those of Judge Boudinot in questioning the sanity and veracity of the present media without being willing to so much as *look at their tracks*. Ye who insist that the age of miracles, so-called, is ended, answer this question: Was it not about as difficult for Boudinot's beast to walk that sleeper, and keep the carriage wheels on two other sleepers, as it was for Balaam's beast to converse in intelligible Hebrew?—ED.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM.

DR. DODDRIDGE had been spending the evening with his friend Dr. Watts. The conversation had been concerning the future existence of the soul. Long and earnestly they pursued the theme, and both came to the conclusion (rather a remarkable one for theologians of that day to arrive at), that it could not be they were to sing to all eternity; that each soul must necessarily be an individual, and have its appropriate employment for thought and affection. As Doddridge walked home, his mind brooded over these ideas, and took little cognizance of outward matters. In this state he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep. He dreamed that he was dying. He saw his weeping friends round his bedside, and wanted to speak to them, but could not. Presently there came a nightmare sensation. His soul was about to leave his body; but how could it get out? More and more anxiously rose the query, how could it get out? This uneasy state passed away, and he found that his soul *had* left his body. He himself stood beside the bed looking at his own corpse, as if it was an old garment laid aside as useless. His friends wept round the mortal covering, but could not see him.

While he was reflecting upon this, he passed out of the room, he knew not how, but presently he found himself floating over London, as if pillowed on a cloud borne by gentle breezes. Far below him, the multitude were hurrying hither and thither, like rats and mice scampering for crumbs.

"Ah!" thought the emancipated Spirit, "how worse than foolish appears this foolish scramble! For what do they toil, and what do they obtain?"

London passed away beneath him, and he found himself floating over green fields and blooming gardens.

"How is it that I am borne through the air!" thought he. He looked, and saw a large purple wing, and then he knew that he was carried by an angel.

"Whither are we going?" said he.

"To heaven," was the reply.

He asked no more questions, but remained in delicious quietude, as if they floated on a strain of music. At length they paused before a white marble temple of exquisite beauty. The angel lowered his flight and gently placed him on the steps.

"I thought you were taking me to heaven," said he to the Spirit.

"This is heaven," replied the angel.

"This! Assuredly this temple is of rare beauty, but I could imagine just such built on earth."

"Nevertheless, it is heaven," replied the angel.

They entered a room just within the temple. A table stood in the center, on which was a golden vase filled with sparkling wine.

"Drink of this," said the angel, offering the vase, "for all who would know spiritual things, must first drink of spiritual wine."

Scarcely had the ruby liquid wet his lips, when the Saviour of men stood behind him, smiling most benignly. The Spirit instantly dropped on his knees and bowed down his head before Him. The holy hands of the Purest were folded over him in blessing, and his voice said,

"You will see me seldom now; hereafter you will see me more frequently. In the mean time, *observe well the wonders of this temple.*"

The sound ceased. The Spirit remained awhile in silence. When he raised his head, the Saviour no longer appeared. He turned to ask the angel what this could mean, but the angel had departed also—the soul stood alone in its own unvailed presence!

"Why did the Holy One tell me to observe well the wonders of this temple?" thought he.

He looked slowly around. A sudden start of joy and wonder! There, painted on the walls, in most marvelous beauty, stood the whole of his spiritual life. Every doubt, and every clear perception, every conflict and every victory were there before him! and though forgotten

for years, he knew them at a glance. Even thus had a sunbeam pierced the darkest cloud, and thrown a rainbow bridge from the finite to the infinite; thus had he slept peacefully in a green valley, by the side of running brooks, and such had been his visions from the mountain tops. He knew them all. They had been always painted within the chambers of his soul, but now for the first time was the veil removed.

To those who think on spiritual things, this remarkable dream is too deeply and beautifully significant ever to be forgotten.

"We shape ourselves the joy and fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall reappear.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

DETROIT, *August 1, 1854.*

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Among the many interesting communications, from all parts of the Union, which have appeared in your valuable paper, none have met my eye dated from Detroit. You will therefore excuse me if I jot down a few circumstances peculiar to this latitude. A few days ago I attended a funeral which was conducted by the Spiritualists. It was the first of the kind at which I was ever present, and the contrast which was presented to other occasions of a like character deeply impressed me. I beheld no countenances about me stamped with the impress of despair, and very few tears were shed. The mother of the sweet child which had departed was entranced and permitted to see "her darling" surrounded by bright Spirits, and crowned with happiness. Mrs. Stone was influenced to speak, and the brave, truth-loving Spirit of Thomas Paine spoke to us in words of sympathy and instruction.

When we came to the grave-side, and the body was lowered into the earth, the Spirit of John Wesley communicated a few beautiful and impressive words and pronounced an appropriate benediction.

In conclusion permit me to state a circumstance of much interest which is connected with the death of this child. While it lay dying, a beautiful canary bird was observed by the mother (Mrs. Herrick) hovering about the open windows, and no sooner had the Spirit of the little sufferer flown to a better land, than the bird fearlessly entered the room and refused to depart.

"We have sent you this beautiful bird," said the Spirits to the weeping mother, "that, beholding it, you may be constantly reminded that your child still lives; that he is with us and is happy. Take it and cherish it for our sakes and his."

How beautiful and touching is this! And what an evidence it affords of the tender, loving nature of the unseen friends who are about us.

I remain, yours in the cause of truth and true religion,

R. H. BROWN.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

WALK with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her;
Walk with the beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long, weary road its form to visit,
For thou can'st make it smile beside thy door;
Then love the beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only;
Then love the beautiful.

Sigh for it! clasp it when 'tis in the way!
Be its idolater, as of a maiden!
Thy parents bent to it, and more than they,
Be thou its worshiper. Another Eden
Comes with the beautiful.

THE IRON FOOTSTEP.*

"What may this mean, that thou, dead corse ! again
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous !"

MOST families, I believe, have their traditionary ghost story, which, when narrated to the group that gathers around the wintry fireside, excites, according to the age and character of the listeners, terror, sympathy, doubt, incredulity, or ridicule. Still it continues to be told, even by those who are urgent in their disavowal of belief in supernatural appearances—the story is kept alive and recollected in after life ; for the bias is a strong one of the mind, to dwell even on the shadows that pertain to that world of untried being, which approaches toward us with its slow and noiseless, but irresistible and overwhelming, movement.

I remember in my youth to have listened with my whole heart to the following remarkable incident, as one which had undoubtedly occurred a few years before in the island of Dominica.

During a season of great mortality among the inhabitants of that island in the year —, a veteran Scottish regiment was stationed upon the high bluff of land that forms one point of a crescent-shaped bay, and overlooks the town and harbor. Inland, toward the east, a small plain extends itself ; while on

* "The Iron Footstep" was committed to paper by its author at the suggestion of Geoffrey Crayon, who had heard it with admiration from the writer's lips. It is a strange and mysterious narrative, and yet is in all its particulars strictly true. Its manner could not be improved.—*Essays and Sketches: by John Waters, author of "The Iron Footstep."*

the west and north, which is nearest the shore, and almost overhanging it, were several long, one-story buildings, hastily erected of wood, for the accommodation of the officers of the corps, and consisting all of three or four rooms on each end, with a piazza on the side toward the sea, extending the whole length of the structure, and forming a shaded and agreeable promenade during the earlier part of the day. The rooms opened upon the piazza, and communicated with each other by means of a side door, which was occasionally left open for the free circulation of air.

In one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major Hamilton, Captain Gordon, and a third, whose name I can not at this moment recall. Major Hamilton's apartment was in the center. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at Gordon's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

The sound of the major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard, for, although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to and fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The caulker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some

placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth ; the songster has it, in the line—

“His very step hath music in it,
When he comes up the stairs ;”

and Lamb felt it, when he said of his physician, that “there was healing in the creak of his shoes” as he approached his apartment. Associated with this movement of the major was his deep, cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty ; whether on the field of battle, or, as now, amid the sickness which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

The sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and, after some time, Major Hamilton was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The major was confident of recovery ; and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain Gordon, and was buried under arms at sunset of the same day.

Now, it was on the second night after this mournful event, that Gordon, having retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said : “Poor Hamilton ! Well, God have mercy upon us.”

He felt at the moment that some one near him said, “Amen !”

with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked, "Who is there?"

There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into Hamilton's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing, save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, "It is all mere imagination," and again endeavored to compose himself and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the center apartment, and there it seemed to pause, as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

Gordon rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was beautiful; the moon had gone down, the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks at the foot of the bluff was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocean. All else was still and reposeful. "It is very remarkable!" said he; "I would have sworn I heard it." He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit

rose in his mind; and, though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him: He longed for the voice of any living being; and, though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him presented arms.

"Have you been long stationed here?" said Capt. Gordon

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Did you—did you happen to see any one on the piazza during that time?"

"I did not."

Gordon returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. "My old comrade," said he, "what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends—kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?"

And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of Spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was,

therefore, with great earnestness that he exclaimed : " In the name of God, Hamilton, is that you ? "

A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul : " Gordon, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough ; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. — Jermyn Street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me ! "

Captain Gordon did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the Spirit of his departed friend, but when he arose it was broad day. He dressed himself and went to town ; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had no intention of quitting the colony during that year ; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days he applied for a furlough, but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having, however, brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he

had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation the sound of the major's iron step filled his ears.

He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn Street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young Hamilton was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached at the time this tale was told to me.

It is also known that Captain Gordon rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer and a fortunate general.

—*Krickerbocker Sketch-Book.*

AMERICAN ARTISTS AT FLORENCE.—A correspondent of the *Richmond Enquirer* writes from Leghorn as follows:

"At Florence I saw Powers at his studio, having just completed a statue of Washington for the State of Louisiana. He has taken Houdon's statue in our Capitol as his model, changing the column from his left side to the right, and giving to him rather a meditative air. The workmanship is excellent. Hart has finished a bust of J. J. Crittenden, of Kentucky. No man can execute a better one; and now let me tell the ladies of Virginia that Hart thinks, in about two years more, he will send home the statue of Henry Clay. I saw our friend Barbee, who, with Hart, dined with me, and seemed to be just getting to work. All seemed pleased that young Galt was to execute the statue of Mr. Jefferson."

G O D .

MESSRS. EDITORS OF TELEGRAPH :

I have read with pleasure and advantage the able essays of W. S. Courtney, and various other parties, upon the question, *What is God?* but can not perceive any justice in the decision they come to, viz., that a man must be either a Pantheist or an Atheist in sentiment unless he admits that God is a "*deific man*"—a divine, human being, of the ordinary size and stature—a human spirit *deified*. I can not admit this conclusion, for the simple reason, that should we multiply ourselves by infinity, we could not create, nor imagine the process by which to create, even a particle of sand, much less conceive how suns and planets could be suspended in space—made to rotate upon their axis, or revolve in their orbits. No conception of man, indeed, has ever yet accounted for the ultimate elements of any one thing in nature; nor do I conceive it desirable that such should be accounted for by man. A sensational appreciation of things in order and function, and their proximate relations to each other in their progressive bearings upon our individual and general relations to God, nature, and humanity, seem to me all that is attainable, if not all that is necessary to enjoyment; and any assumption that any one mind ever has reached, or can reach, the ultimate truth or philosophy of God and his providences, seems to me as inherently insane and presumptuous as though I should affirm that I, William J. Young, myself, am God! And yet, as God evidently manifests himself in his works, all inquiries after him—all attempts to idealize him—conducted with candor, if di-

vested of any design or desire to establish an organism of creeds and formulas of worship, are not only commendable, but being spontaneous outbirths of our mental perceptions, are inevitable, and form a gallery of pictures that adapt themselves, like sunshine and dew to the natural world, to man's moral and intellectual necessities and growth—multiplying the sources and incentives of thought and action while lending them inspiration.

But aside from these opinions, there are fatal objections to the conception, that God in any one essential feature resembles man, especially as to form, reason, motive, sexuality, appetites, or desires. And if not in all, he can not be like man in one, particular. Man is a sexual being, begetting his kind—can we presume thence that God has sexual functions, and that thence he begets Gods? Man has digestive functions and consumes food—does God do so likewise? But I need not pursue this species of analysis any further, for no man, I presume, will tolerate the opinion that there are many Gods, the offsprings of the first God, and each the equal of their father, as in the main are the children of an earthly parent. Yet I would fain dwell a little upon a point cognate to these. Place for a moment before your vision a *deific man*, mortal in size, but omnipotent in power; invest him with omnipotent—mortal-sized hands, eyes, ears, feet, heart, and an omniscient brain, if you please, and then ask yourself, What one of all these attributes, save the brain, would avail him in the construction of the universe? Could hands thus limited in dimensions mold the planets into shape and direct their courses and variations? or eyes so minute watch their motions? From what source would his heart's blood spring? and upon what point in space, or on what orb, would he stand? But no! no! God must be ever inconceivable; nor seems it probable to me that he is even an emotional or moral being in our sense. Else why, throughout all time, hath man been the victim and the

slave of his fellow-man? Why to power is ever additional power mercilessly given? Why forever hath the humbly just, the meek, the merciful, the self-denying, the toiling, and the obscure been neglected by his providence, and even made to pay the penalty of a low development in the spiritual world, because heirs to conditions and shaped by circumstances in *this*, over which they had no control, and had not the ability to alter? And this last point, even, is admitted by spiritual philosophers!

But there is no end to the objections that spring up against and overthrow, in the estimation of the inquisitive mind, all formularies and philosophies expressive of the nature of God. Were the deific man of Mr. Courtney, or the sexual God of Mr. Evans, suffered to make his appearance in the presence of men, they would not believe the Spirit by themselves evoked, unless in their own presence that Spirit would create a universe and describe the process by which it was performed to their own specific comprehension; because, while there remained any one thing unexplained or undeveloped, the legitimate inference would still arise, that a power still greater than that manifested by this "deific man or dual-sexed God" of Mr. Evans, was behind all that had yet been manifested through him; and no declaration however broad, no manifestations however resplendent in power, could stifle the inquiry of the fearless mind, whether the Omniscient Wisdom must not necessarily be incomprehensible—"past finding out!" This question would spring from the very fact thus exhibited in the qualities of this supposed "deific man or dual-sexed God."

All history, all Scripture, and all experience unite to confirm the impression on my mind that no human brain can ever be the medium through which Omnipotence can be comprehended. Neither science in its highest aim, poetry in its loftiest flight, nor inspiration in its deepest strain, have ever defined, dis-

expressed, or in the remotest sense reduced in form and tangible existence of God beyond what we measure and fix for himself, through the medium of our senses and the works that surround us. Yet his Spirit is everywhere present, and seen and felt by all that hath sensation in the boundless universe. So common indeed is he—as universally felt—that only the united expressions of all mankind—the united consciousness of all sensation, life—past, present, and future—could approach a definition of his power, infinity, and omniscience: and even these but a every essential feature of a description, since life in all its forms is but a sensational medium or lens through which the ultimate, the essential Father of all Spirits, can be only *occasionally* appreciated. How, indeed, can man ever hope, by reasoning, to find out God to perfection, when he can not even analyze himself, and but hypothetically philosophize upon and tenuously describe that which is familiar to his senses daily?

But aside from this, the phenomena of spiritual manifestations themselves demonstrate that neither man nor Spirits can define what God is, since they have not seen him and can not tell what they themselves are *essentially*; while the Spirits, whenever they manifest themselves in form, are ever clothed, and mostly appear, in the garbs and forms that were once familiar to the persons to whom they manifest themselves, showing conclusively that the *garbs*, if not the forms, are non-essential to their being, and only assumed to satisfy their friends of their identity. In regard to externals, this is clear; and the size, and all else pertaining to them, like the painter's landscapes, may be but mental images the Spirit hath power to project upon our senses. They come not naked, nor in winding-sheets, as they in general left the earth, nor in emaciated and cadaverous forms, but in forms our memories love, or in identities necessary to bring conviction of their substantive existence as when upon earth, but as various in appearances as

ideality can conceive—the parallel of which may be seen in the bright ideals of the painter and sculptor.

The whole philosophy, indeed, of a man-embodied God savors too entirely of materialism, in its grossest sense, to be admitted, besides vastly belittling the subject—reducing God to the necessity of coming to his works to find the pattern of himself, and obscures all our perceptions of the sublime in something that seems like self-glorification, and, besides, gives rise to the inquiry, Why—if God is a deific man or dual sexuality—why is he not daily manifested to us? or why should such rare evidences of his existence as a personality or compound sexuality be vouchsafed us, if, indeed, any such evidences have been given?

There is still a greater difficulty presents itself. If God so exists he would so manifest himself, not once or twice in the history of our planet, but as often as would be necessary to fix upon the race of man the definite fact of his existence unmistakably, else his existence in such a form would be profitless and calculated to destroy all faith in his identity, rather than confirm a belief of God as a personality or a duo-sexuality. Then, again, should God so manifest himself to us, why should we sooner claim that manifestation of him to be the very God than any other of the various manifestations of him that surround us in nature and in man? And should he so manifest himself to us—to a few—in order to satisfy us of his personality or double-sexuality, there would be a logical propriety and equity that he should equally manifest himself in form to each and all, from the beginning to the end of time, and throughout his immeasurable universe. But I have said enough to demonstrate the fallacy of all man-made Gods, and would close with the observation, that we know too little of ourselves to define what God is; while to deny his existence would be equivalent to the denial of our own.

The planets move upon their centers and around their central suns ; but who or what moves them can never be reached by the supposition of a deific man or a bi-sexual God, nor a thousand of them. But he who has seen, in addition to these, a table or any other material substance move without human contact or human contrivances, and against all the known laws of nature, can have but little difficulty in supposing that a will-power exists irrespective of what we term matter, competent to fulfill all the phenomena of creation as exhibited to our limited capacities and experiences ; nor can such an individual fail to recognize the existence of a power supreme and intelligent, nor fail to bow in humble, not slavish, adoration of him while his consciousness and rationality last.

WM. J. YOUNG.

PREDESTINATION.—“Do you believe in predestination?” said the captain of a Mississippi steamer to a clergyman who happened to be traveling with him.

“Of course I do.”

“And you also believe that what is to be, will be?”

“Certainly.”

“Well, I am glad to hear it.”

“Why?”

“Because, I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen consecutive minutes, if there be any virtue in pine knots and loaded safety-valves. So don't be alarmed, for if the boiler aint to burst, then it won't.”

Here the divine began putting on his hat, and looked very much like backing out, which the captain observing, he said :

“I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be, will be.”

“So I do, but I prefer being a little nearer the stern when it takes place.”
—*Buffalo Republic.*

ST. AUGUSTINE ON CLAIRVOYANCE.

FROM "NOTES AND QUERIES" FOR JUNE.

THERE is an important passage in St. Augustine's treatise, "*De Genesi ad litteram*," B. xii., c. 17, p. 34, in which, after saying that demons *can read men's thoughts*, and know what is passing at a distance, he proceeds to give a detailed account of two cases of *clairvoyance*. The whole is written with his usual graphic power, and will well reward the perusal. I must content myself with a brief outline of the facts.

1. A patient, suffering from a fever, was supposed to be possessed by an unclean Spirit. Twelve miles off lived a presbyter, with whom, in mesmerist phraseology, he was *en rapport*. He would receive no food from any other hands; with him, except when a fit was on him, he was calm and submissive. When the presbyter left his home the patient would indicate his position at each stage of his journey, and mark his nearer and nearer approach. "He is entering the farm—the house—he is at the door;" and his visitor stood before him. Once he foretold the death of a neighbor, not as though he were predicting a future event, but as if recollecting a past. For when she was mentioned in his hearing, he exclaimed, "She is dead. I saw her funeral; that way they carried out her corpse." In a few days she fell sick and died, and was carried out along that very road which he had named.

2. A boy was laboring under a painful disorder, which the physicians had vainly endeavored to relieve. In the exhaustion which followed on his convulsive struggles, he would pass into a trance, keeping his eyes open, but insensible to what

was going on around him, and passively submitting to pinches from the bystanders. After awhile he awoke and told what he had seen. Generally an old man and a youth appeared to him; at the beginning of Lent they promised him ease during the forty days, and gave him *directions by which he might be relieved and finally cured*. He followed their counsels with the promised success.

Augustine's remarks (c. 18, p. 39) on these and similar phenomena are well worth reading. He begs the learned not to mock him as speaking confidently, and the unlearned not to take what he says on trust, but hopes that both will regard him simply as an inquirer. He compares these visions to those in dreams. Some come true, and some false; some are clear, others obscure. But men love to search into what is singular, neglecting what is usual, though even more inexplicable; just as when a man hears a word whose sound is new to him, he is curious to know its meaning; while he never thinks of asking the meaning of words familiar to his ear, however little he may understand them. If any one, then, wishes for a satisfactory account of these strange phenomena, let him first explain the phenomena of dreams, or let him show how the images of material objects reach the mind through the eyes.

J. E. B. MAYOR.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"SIN IN A FIDDLE.—When a violin was first introduced into the choir of the church, the innovation gave great offense to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and portly instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parson, who, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied: 'It may be as you say, sir; I don't know but you are right; but if you are, it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin.' The hero of the 'big fiddle' was untuned."

DOUBTFUL DEVELOPMENTS.

THE laws which regulate the action of mind on mind, whether in or out of the body, are doubtless essentially the same. Whenever two persons are brought into sympathetic relations, either by corporeal contact or through those refined media which pervade the Universe and serve as the airy vehicles of thought, they mutually feel the presence of each other, while the mind which is gifted with the greater degree of activity and power at once becomes the proximate cause and fountain of inspiration to the other. Thus from sources superior to ourselves, the very elements of life and thought flow into us, and every living thing, according to its nature and discrete degree, derives a kind of inspiration from that which is above. In order to facilitate the transmission of impressions in this way, the recipient must be willing to receive instruction, and assume the passive or negative relation of a learner; otherwise he will be likely to resist, unconsciously, the infusion of foreign impressions and Divine ideas. Those who feel that they are all-sufficient in themselves, and need no assistance from minds superiorly endowed, whether of men or angels, will instinctively resist their influence. To receive knowledge respecting any subject, by any interior process, we must not only be willing to learn, but we must have a *desire* to look into the particular subject proposed. The consciousness that we need instruction, and our willingness to be taught, increases our humility and susceptibility, while the desire to investigate and know conjoins the mind to the particular subject of its contemplation. Thus the earnest, teachable, and child-like spirit that humbleth itself is most likely to

to be exalted by the bestowment of immortal gifts and a Divine illumination.

We propose two or three brief articles on Spiritual Mediumship and the conditions and processes employed in developing media. In the present chapter, however, we propose to confine our observations to *disorderly and pretended developments*. So long as weak-minded persons are led into the wildest vagaries by pride, avarice, and egotism, it may be necessary to admonish them, unwelcome as the subject may be to the writer and to those whose cases are made the theme of remark.

We have said in substance that to become wise we must be willing to be taught; but too many persons confound this willingness with a stupid credulity; they mistake indolence for passivity, and meanness for humility. But these things are essentially distinct in their natures, and should be forever separated in the mind by fundamental distinctions. We occasionally meet with persons who have listened to the exhortation to "be passive" until they really think that idleness is a cardinal virtue, and that a masterly inactivity is most essential to progress in all spiritual gifts and graces. They must not *do any thing*, because all voluntary effort renders them more positive, and therefore more invulnerable to the influence of Spirits. Others fancy that it is sinful to doubt the strict reliability of Spirits; that they must believe every thing that emanates from an invisible source; in short, that abject dependence and implicit faith are necessary to spiritual growth and salvation. All such persons deem it unwise to "try the Spirits," and quite uncivil, if it be not absolutely profane, to subject their advice to the ordeal of genuine facts and enlightened reason. These people are wont to consult Spirits respecting the most trivial affairs of every-day life, and they frequently degrade themselves and the subject by their blind credulity and servility.

We might illustrate the particular subject of this article by

a special reference to individual examples, but, as far as possible, we desire to avoid all invidious distinctions and allusions. Nevertheless the extraordinary conduct of Mr. Pseudo Fanfaron renders it necessary to refer to his case. This gentleman was some time since visited by a Spirit; at least he fancied that he was, which amounts to the same thing with him. Well, it happened, speaking after the manner of men who believe in chance rather than Providence, that Mr. Fanfaron's spirit tickled his ambition by telling him that Solomon was a fool to him, and that he was about to become greatly distinguished among men. And it came to pass that Pseudo, who is also called Fanfaron, rose early in the morning under the weighty impression that the salvation of both hemispheres mainly depended on him. Had he not been chosen to perform a great mission? Moreover, he was selected from among all the inhabitants of the earth on account of the peculiar adaptation of his faculties to important uses and Divine ends. Although the wisdom of the choice was perfectly obvious even to the chosen one himself, still he was not, it should be observed, at all unmindful of the immortal honors conferred with his high position. What if he preferred to remain in obscurity; he was not the man to disappoint the expectations of heaven and earth! Accordingly he decided, without hesitation, to accept the appointment, and resolved at once to abandon his legitimate pursuits, leave his wife and children to take care of themselves, and to embark in the more important and honorable business of world-saving.

Having at length been unexpectedly directed to take a journey of 500 miles to New York, Mr. Fanfaron immediately started off and came through by daylight. On his arrival, he assured us with the utmost complacency, that acting under the instructions of a class of Spirits far more exalted than any who had ever deigned to notice us, he had come here on a most

important mission. We inquired, respectfully, concerning the nature of the proposed mission, when it was politely suggested, that, for the present, an airy apartment must be provided for the medium, with the addition of muffins and coffee, and that in due time his mission would be disclosed. Now we have often had occasion to observe that these embryo apostles remain very quietly in the shell—waiting patiently for further developments—so long as the required provisions are forthcoming. But if at any time the muffins and coffee are likely to fall short, they straightway begin to be developed, and to receive the most significant communications, reproving skepticism and selfishness, and urging the importance of imparting our *substance* freely, as indispensable to our own Spiritualization.

It is but a few days since a member of the same family came to our office, and in a cool, formal manner proposed that the Editor should furnish him with a printing press, type, furniture, etc., “without money and without price,” which he desired to take with him into “the wilderness,” and to use in printing communications which *he expected to receive from Spirits*. This proposition was submitted in writing, and the claim was supported by a new species of diplomacy, in which it was courteously resolved to decide whether we are or are not *sincere* in our professions of interest in Spiritualism, by our resolution to accept or reject the aforesaid proposal. But the chief scribe in this establishment being some five hundred short, was of course in no situation to respond in a satisfactory manner, by contributing three times that sum to establish a new printing press “in the wilderness,” and on this account we suppose it has been decided that we *are not sincere*. The decision is most certainly unjust, but it remains for us, even in our misfortune, to illustrate a cardinal virtue by devout submission. We might perhaps console ourself with the prospect

of an appeal from this ungracious judgment, could we reasonably hope to ever find a higher tribunal.

Mr. Pseudo Fanfaron has a brother Robert in Wisconsin, who has a lengthy communication, chiefly in verse, in a late number of the *Spiritual Era*, in which he declares that our Editorial brother out West is "bound to shine," *provided he will only consent to publish Robert's poetry*. Now we want to "shine" a little, too—is it not a laudable desire?—and accordingly we copy the following rare specimen :

TO BROTHER BAKER.

Give truth a place, 'dear Bro', in that wee sheet O' thine,
And ere a year above the best thou'lt shine :
A medium tutored by the Spirits I am,
Who could not spell my name when they began,
And all because I left the road to DIMEs !

I'm called insane, and *driven to the winds*—
And even they who boast of new-born souls,
Hath dashed me from them 'gainst the rugged shoals !!!
I live a hermit in a distant glen,
Far from the gaze of DEVILs, *things called men*.

Robert being *en rapport* with his familiars, the following satisfactory reason is assigned for addressing the Editor of the *Era* in the preceding rhythmical composition.

The reason is so remarkable that we copy it *verbatim*.

The reason why we have asked you in verse instead of prose, is simply because MILLER is a natural POWERFUL POET, and with his organization we can give ideas better than in prose. He will never be a lengthy prose writer, but for brevity, and condensing the long articles of others, we have not found his equal.

The Silver Lake Spirits are not the visionary and unstable kind we read of in works of fiction. They are eminently practical, and seem determined to find good winter quarters for

Robert. To this end they urge the case with Bro. Baker as follows :

We desire that you, together with some of your friends, provide for him a comfortable room, where he will not be disturbed by the curiosity of the ignorant; and while the weather is cool and bracing, he will be able and willing to labor at any employment to pay for his board, until his writings begin to draw on the *friends of reform*, which will be very extensive within one year, *if provided for within that time*.

You will not doubt us, when we tell you that the reason we do not spell correctly when we write by Miller is, we give him the ideas *only*, and in order to train him to enable him to give out his own knowledge of things to mankind—and his desires are great for that—we impress him to keep trying; and also the same in grammar, and all other points in writing, so that in one sense he is self-taught.

Send him a notice of your willingness. Silver Lake, Wausara Co., Wisconsin.
SPIRITS with R. MILLER.

We have not space for further illustrations of Robert's assumed superiority, as a poet, and of his unequalled powers of "condensation;" but we would respectfully suggest to our Western brother that, if he can find any thing else for Robert to do "while the weather is cool and bracing," he had better not employ him to write for the *Era*.

A few serious words, and we will dismiss the subject. It does not yet appear that the persons especially referred to in this connection, and others who answer the same general description, are media for Spirits in any form or sense whatever; and we *protest* against the practice of holding Spirits responsible for all their idle vagaries. We have particularly examined a number of cases of this class, and *have found them utterly wanting in any reliable proofs of mediumship*. Some of them were doubtless honest, and others probably were, consciously, mere pretenders, seeking notoriety and a situation—precisely adapted to their wants—i. e. one that requires no talent, no labor, and pays liberally. If any poor brother is self-deceived

or led astray by others, owing to his moral weakness or mental imbecility, he is deserving of our unbounded sympathy and forbearance; but no false delicacy or morbid apprehension of giving offense should prompt a sensible man to keep silent until a weak, wandering brother is left to "fall into the ditch," to his own injury and the scandal of the cause. If Spirits have aught to do with any such disorderly proceedings, as possibly they may have in certain cases, this does nothing to justify our efforts to immortalize *confusion*, by giving publicity to their crude ideas and chaotic exhibitions.

S. B. B.

SINGULAR WARNING AND SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—Some few weeks ago, John Doddenhos, a German, residing in Newark, while hoeing beets in the garden of a neighbor, found a leaf of one of those plants which was green on one side and perfectly white on the other. He cut off the leaf, observing that in the country whence he had emigrated such a phenomenon in nature was considered as a sure sign of death in the neighborhood, and he expressed his belief in the reality of that form of monition. Shortly afterward he discovered a similar leaf in his own garden, and again expressed his belief that there would soon be a death in the neighborhood. It did not, however, seem to occur to him that *he* might be the destined victim; nevertheless, a day or two afterward he was drowned. His death may or may not have been a mere accidental coincidence with the premonition; but the most singular part of the story remains to be told. At the very hour that Doddenhos was being drowned, a sister of his, residing in Brooklyn, being overcome with the heat, fell asleep and dreamed vividly that she saw her brother drowning. On awaking she found the vision of her dream so vividly impressed upon her mind as a real occurrence, that she immediately set out with all possible haste to Newark, and arrived there just as they were putting her brother in his grave-clothes! The *Newark Mercury*, from which the foregoing particulars are gathered, states that it is prepared to substantiate this whole narrative by the testimony of those who are immediately interested.

NOT YET ARRIVED.

WE cut the following brief paragraph from a rambling and loosely written article in a late number of the *Spiritual Era*, published at Ripley, Ohio. It is the effort of Mr. Robert Miller, a correspondent, who, of course, has an undoubted right to introduce himself to our notice in his own way:

"How, or why is it, that our *brothers* of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH still paddle in the mud-puddle of evil Spirits without explaining the reason why they do so? It is *possible* that they still adhere to the *teachings* of Swedenborg, who was only a half-way house to the heaven of common sense."

Now, Robert has evidently been a very careless reader of the TELEGRAPH, or he would have known that we wrote and published a somewhat lengthy review of Rev. Charles Beecher's Report, wherein we labored—with what success we can not say—to *explode* the orthodox notion of "evil Spirits" or "devils." Indeed, all that we have written hitherto abundantly proves that we were never exactly in that "puddle," and that the veracious correspondent of the *Era* was never more mistaken in his life. We are not aware that evil Spirits ever troubled us, *not even by misrepresenting our views*; nor have we ever found any post-mundane Spirits who were any worse than those we every day meet with in the flesh. If we may be allowed to employ Robert's elegant and lucid language, it may be observed, that we never "paddle in the mud-puddle" with such Spirits, except when—as in the present instance—we *venture in to help some poor mortal out*.

Bro. Baker's correspondent writes under the head of "*Poe-*

try from an insane Spiritualist ;" he occupies two columns and a half, very unprofitably, if we are qualified to judge, though it must be conceded that *the article itself aptly illustrates the title.* If Robert ever arrives at the "*half-way house*" we shall be pleased to hear from him again.

S. B. B.

CONFERENCE AT OUR ROOMS.

AUGUST 22d.—The Conference was opened by Dr. ORTON, who stated some facts ; and among them the reception of another Poem by the author of an "Epic of the Starry Heaven," and of about the same length, entitled "Lyric of the Morning Land." Prof. M. followed ; and the meeting soon became animated over a variety of interesting topics, which detained the audience until half-past ten o'clock. No justice could be done to the speakers, or the subjects under review, in this brief notice. Bro. Hewitt, of Boston, Mr. Pray, Dr. Young, and Prof. Brittan followed each other in succession. Bro. Hewitt spoke of the different classes of minds to be satisfied ; of the importance of the different phases of manifestation which seem fitted to meet this diversity of mind, and of the harmonious results to be anticipated in the end. Bro. Pray spoke of the immediate providence of God in all things—affirming that there is, and can be, no such thing as an accident. He illustrated the point by several incidents, and among them gave a beautiful relation concerning some birds now in his possession. He saw in some part of the city, one day, some singularly handsome birds offered for sale, and regretted that it was not convenient for him to obtain them. Very soon after, a member of his family dreamed that two very beautiful birds, similar in appearance to those he had seen, and almost famished for water

came into the house and took refuge in the canary bird's cage. Mr. Pray knew nothing of this dream, though others of his family did, while they knew nothing of his having seen a peculiar kind of bird, and feeling a desire to possess a pair, when the dream was suddenly fulfilled. A pair of beautiful, bright, parti-colored birds were discovered in the canary's cage, all wet with a bath they had just given themselves in the canary's tub. The resemblance to those seen in the dream was said to be perfect. The cage hung in the window, and the only place of entrance for the little strangers was on the inside, through a very small and accidental orifice, hardly large enough to admit them.

The latter part of the evening was particularly given to discussion, and the points mooted were of great interest. Bro. Hewitt had said that though all kinds of manifestation were useful and necessary, interior development was the important object—the end to be sought—and, indeed, so soon as the mind could reach the necessary plane, those manifestations which come to the spirit within, would be found most satisfactory of all. Dr. Young thought that whatever came otherwise than through the external senses was of no use—could not be deemed reliable to the recipient, or made available to others. Prof. Brittan felt the full importance of the external senses, and of external manifestations, as means of knowledge and growth, but thought the inner senses possessed a higher, wider, and nobler range on which we must rely for the highest spiritual development. He illustrated this point in several ways, and particularly by reference to the Saviour, whose wisdom on all subjects could not have been obtained through the external senses to any considerable extent.

J. R. O.

A DARK AND DISTANT DEDUCTION.

UNDER the caption of "Frederika Bremer a Mormoness in Sentiment," the Dixon (Ill.) *Telegraph* publishes the subjoined extract from her writings, and thereupon contends "that she sympathizes with the Latter Day Saints" in their notions of polygamy. This distant and desperate conclusion does not appear to us to depend on the premises from which the Western editor professes to reason, but, probably, on his own utter misapprehension of the import of Miss Bremer's language, which we will here introduce :

I now take the opportunity of making a confession which I have often had upon my lips, but have hesitated to make it from the fear of drawing upon myself the hatred of every married woman. But now I will run the risk—so now for it—some time or other people must unburden their hearts. I confess, then, that I never find a man more captivating than when he is a married man. A man is never so handsome, never so perfect, in my eyes, as when he is a husband and the father of a family, supporting in his manly arms wife and children; and the whole domestic circle, on his entrance into this state, close around him and constitute a part of his home and world. He is not merely ennobled by his position, but he is actually beautified by it; then he appears to me as the crown of creation—and it is only such a man as this that is dangerous to me, and with whom I am inclined to fall in love. But, then, propriety forbids it. And Moses, and all the European legislators declare it to be sinful, and married women consider it a sacred duty to stone me. Nevertheless, I can not prevent the thing. It is so, and can not be otherwise; and my only hope of appeasing those who are excited against me is in my future confession that no love affects me so pleasantly, the contemplation of no happiness makes me so happy, as that between married people. It is amazing to myself, because it seems to

me that I, living unmarried or matchless, have but little to do. But it is so and always was so.

Miss Bremer is by no means the only lady who has a preference for married men. We could instance several interesting examples. Indeed, every true and enlightened woman must feel that the exercise of the home affections tends to balance and perfect the whole character. The proper mental, moral, and social equilibrium is scarcely to be found among single men, for the obvious reason that some of the most essential attributes of human nature require for their proper development the existence of the conjugal and paternal relations. The chief scribe at Dixon is probably an old bachelor, and does not feel particularly complimented by Miss Bremer's preference; hence this most ungenerous and illogical conclusion, by which he at once assaults the fair fame of the gifted authoress, and profanes the memory of John Locke. We should no more think of inferring the same, respecting Miss Bremer, from any thing in the preceding extract, than we should conclude from the Dixon editor's remarks that he was a man of ordinary discrimination.—ED.

THE RUSSIAN PRIESTHOOD.—The following fact, says the *Paris Pays*, will give an idea of the state of degradation into which the Muscovite clergy has fallen :

"A Russian gentleman relates that when passing through a village one day, he saw a number of peasants assembled, and stopped to inquire the cause. "Oh," replied one of them, "it is only the priest whom we are going to lock up in the barn." "And why do you do that?" "Because it is Saturday. The priest is a drunkard, and we always lock him up on Saturday, in order that he may be in condition to perform divine service on Sunday. On the Monday he is free to drink as he likes for the other days of the week."

MATTERS AND THINGS OVER THE WATER.

Progress of Spiritualism in England—Louis Napoleon and Prof. Anderson—Mr. Townshend and Major Lake's Investigations—Distinguished Families Interested—The Yorkshire Media—Circles in London—The "Zoist" Caving In—Mrs. Hayden—Beggary Character of the Opposition—Prospect of a Public Spiritual Journal in London—Major Raine's Investigations.

For the following interesting communication we are indebted to a distinguished English friend, who, as may be inferred from his letter, has once before placed us under a similar obligation. We venture to hope that our esteemed correspondent will have occasion to write more frequently hereafter. We shall keep his suggestion—expressed near the close of his epistle—in mind, and although our columns are constantly crowded, we may be able, ere long, to find space for at least a synopsis of Major Raine's investigation of the Spirit-manifestations. In the mean time we may remind our readers that the whole may be found in the *Sacred Circle*, published at this office.—Ed.

LONDON, Aug. 11, 1854.

EDITOR TELEGRAPH :

Sir—In a former letter of mine, I proposed to keep you advised from time to time of the progress which Spiritualism is making here. Other pressing engagements and absence have hitherto prevented me.

There is no doubt whatever that the phenomena of Spiritualism are quietly working their way with men who have wit enough to believe in the evidence of their own senses. Perhaps the causes which contribute more than any thing else to this result, are the singular mistakes of relation into which the whole genus of fraud detectors unconsciously fall. A signal example of one of this class was made the other day by order of the Emperor of the French. A wandering juggler had boasted, that during the exile and poverty of Louis Napoleon,

he, the juggler, had lent the Prince money, and intimating, I think, that it was still due to him. This, combined with an electro-magnetic battery for producing "spiritual rappings," caused a good deal of sympathy and notoriety. But what a crusher to our sympathy and damper to our reliance was an article in the *Times* the other day, inserted by order of the Emperor, denying in the most explicit terms all knowledge of, acquaintance with, or indebtedness to—Professor Anderson!

Belonging to the same moral family, but of a lower intellectual order, is the following apparently useless and transparent statement extracted from the 42d No. of the *Zoist*: "The Rev. Mr. T. (Townshend) went with Major — (Lake). He took no pains, and all was correct. The major paused with care on each letter, and all was wrong." Mr. Townshend, in his work entitled "*Mesmerism Proved True*," in speaking of this same *séance*, says, "My cousin, Major Lake, who was with me, on the contrary, when *his* friend was called up, dotted along the alphabet with military precision, and in strict marching order; from which tactics resulted this fact, that the ghost did not know his own name, though he declared the manner of his death with sufficient truth by spelling out the single word "*shot*."* In the account published by the *Zoist*, *all* was wrong. In Mr. Townshend's account, *all* but the name was right, and even that he does not say was wrong. There is a world of difference between the two relations, and people very naturally ask why two writers, personal friends and correspond-

* In justice to Mr. Townshend for a work bearing such unexpected and valuable evidence on this *one* point, I must finish the quotation of the sentence after the word "*shot*" — "a piece of correctness which Major Lake perversely attributed to his own bronzed aspect and formidable whiskers." One would think that Major Lake would have rather suggested the idea of drowning than shooting, but I suppose Mrs. Hayden got at the fact by a species of *képhalonomaney*.

ents, can not relate the same simple occurrences without flatly contradicting each other. Inquiry is thus promoted, and *truth* gains by it.

In many families of distinction, and with people justly celebrated for their talents and acquirements, these phenomena are studied with intense interest. In Yorkshire there are several media of excellent powers, and in London two or three (not professional), who are constantly the center of a numerous circle of deeply interested friends. The time is not far distant when a universal belief in the existence of these phenomena will be entertained, and alas! for him and them, the time is not far distant when the great (I deal not with the small fry)—when the great London detector will stand forth confessed—an ass. Even the poor *Zoist*, the other day, to the inextinguishable laughter of all its few readers, faltered out at the eleventh hour an acknowledgment of the possibility of abnormal noises being heard in a sick room!

There are many people of my acquaintance who would gladly increase their theoretical knowledge by personal experience, but are prevented from the circumstance of there being no professional mediums here. The return of Mrs. Hayden to America was rather unfortunate, both for herself and for her friends. For herself, because it gave occasion to those little, irritable, obstinate wasps to say that they had driven her off by their venomous stings. To her friends, because many of them, by association with her, had begun to partake of the powers with which she was so signally endowed, and which, not being then firmly established in them, have gradually faded away.

It is almost too much to hope, after the foul-mouthed and emphatically blackguard manner in which she was treated here, that this lady will ever return. Her friends, however, desire it as much as her enemies dread it. Now that we have had

time for cool consideration and for a close examination of the various evidence, the verdict of common sense with the community at large must be given against the possibility of any mechanical mode of making the raps. Two or three materialists, it is true, carry on a feeble war of "shoes"—big toes and little toes—but they publish their opinions in works alone read by mesmerists, who, *as a class*, are the very people who know all these statements about detection to be, in the face of the facts, the most ridiculous trash and unscrupulous conjecture that ever disgraced the pages of a journal, now ranking as the worst informed, the coarsest, and most personal in London.*

In a short time it is highly probable that the increasing friends of truth will be able to support a weekly paper devoted to all the phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, table-moving, and rappings. It will not for the present advocate any theory, but will be more used as a means of laying before the public all well-substantiated statements. It will necessarily supersede the *Zoist*, as it will not only be more ably edited, but appear oftener at a cheaper rate. This is the want of the day; all our journals are lamentably ignorant, and oh, how bigoted! It would confer a great benefit both to your paper and readers, if you would transfer the leading points of Major Raines' examination to your columns, with some observations,

*I must give the "old gentleman" his due. The virtue of impartiality is still to be found in these pages. He treats all petticoats alike. As a crimson shawl and a mad bull, a red rag and a turkey-cock, so he dashes convulsively at every female form. He had just gained a *gallant* and *manly* victory over Mrs. Crowe, in which he no doubt behaved himself to the perfect satisfaction of all the friends he *now* possesses, when still thirsting for fame, he achieves another trophy by insulting the sorrow of a mother for a lost child. The simple weight of Professor De Morgan's name, as an advocate of the truth of mesmerism, has done more for its establishment with the public at large, than the exertions of a score of doctors for as many years.

founded on facts, of the possibility of distant clairvoyants communicating with a circle through the rappings.

The friends of Mrs. Hayden desire to be presented to her in the kindest manner, and long to see her back to the utter confusion of doctors, detectives, and dunces.

SINGULAR CASE OF SUPPOSED DEATH.

ONE of the most singular events ever heard of in our city, says the *Baltimore American* of the 4th inst., transpired during the latter part of the last week in the vicinity of Centre Market. As far as we could learn, it appears that on Friday last, an aged Hebrew woman, the mother of Mr. S. Kann, after a protracted illness, died to all appearances, at the residence of her son in Harrison Street. As usual the body was laid out and otherwise prepared for the service of the grave. A watch was kept during the night according to usual custom, the grave was prepared, the coffin procured, and friends and relatives the next day assembled to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the dead. She had been pronounced dead by the attending physician, the body was placed in the coffin, and preparations were made to screw down the lid, when one of the members of the family, while bending over the lifeless form, exclaimed with a shriek that the dead had come to life.

All present immediately gathered around the coffin, and in a moment after the enshrouded corpse-like form rose from her narrow bed, and embraced her children and relatives with all the fervor of renewed life and affection. To all appearances she became convalescent, to the joy of all present, and subsequently, we are informed, partook of food with a healthful zest and appetite. She remained in this condition until the approach of night, when she tottered to the bed, and in a few moments breathed her last. In a hope that the last indication of death was like the former, only a spell or trance, strong efforts were made for her restoration, but all in vain, and every one was impelled, at last, to the sorrowful conclusion that the grim monster had claimed her for his own beyond the power of earthly restoration.

INTERVIEW WITH SCIENTIFIC SPIRITS.

August 15, 1854.

MR. BRITTAN :

Dear Sir—At a circle which I attended last evening, where I endeavored to get answers to the following questions, the Spirits stated that if I would consult a medium residing at about nine miles from where I then was, she would be able to answer my questions more fully, and that the Spirit would be assisted by Swedenborg and Newton. To-day I met the medium named, and received the following replies to my questions. As they may prove as interesting to your readers as they have to me, I send them for publication. These replies are received through a writing medium, and some of the replies were commenced to be written before I had finished reading the questions to which they were intended as an answer. The handwriting frequently changed, and closely resembles the different hands received from the same Spirits on former occasions.

QUESTION No. 1.—May I in these questions assume the words vital principle as representing the Divine Spirit as it resides in ultimates, and in matter?

ANSWER.—You have not a definite idea of vital principle, for this is the result of the action of spirit on the human or animal organism. The Spirit of Nature, which we call by the name of God, we know of only as being an attribute of combinations, but do not yet discern its simples—the Spirit resident in matter. We only know of it by the motions among the particles, and the systems of organism in matter.

QUESTION No. 2.—Am I to view the simples, so called by chemists, as the primitive divisions of matter as to constituents, and not as to state of division?

ANSWER.—No: You may only consider the chemical simples as material simples, but even these are combinations.

The Spirit is still more minute in its subdivision, and more ethereal than any of these simples, and is only resident as inert simples in them. No chemical test may analyze to the fullest extent, because they but combine with new material, and disorganize matter grossly. In this way you have as yet only attained, by the analyses of chemistry, a more proximate analysis, but not by any means an ultimate one.

[Here I said: I do not see that the above contradicts the simples being really simples apart from spirit.]

We must not consider that as simple which is composite, nor do we understand the distinction between material and spirit accurately. We know that oxygen enters into new subdivisions in its appropriation in the animal functions, still by the chemists to be recognized in its more material combination as pure oxygen, therefore we say it may be called a material simple, as being a simple when subjected only to the comparative analysis.

[The medium then wrote the following paragraph, and stated that while writing it she felt less under Spirit-influence than previously. The handwriting also was quite different.]

By comparative analysis we mean, that it was only known to be pure because that is the state in which it proves itself to have close affinity with other substances, or that it is left by other affinities separating it from its combinations.

QUESTION No. 3.—Do the primitives exist in a diffused state throughout space, or only in certain rarer media?

ANSWER.—The primitives of material combinations exist wherever those materials which are of them, are to be found.

[I then asked, Do they not exist elsewhere? In other words, Does the above mean that primitives do not exist except in a combined or organized form as observable by man? to which it was answered:]

We know of the primitives only in their perceptible com-

binations. Howbeit, all combinations of spiritual primitives are not observable by man.

QUESTION No. 4.—By what direction of travel are those media enabled to coalesce, or compress, or collect the ultimates forming matter?

ANSWER.—We may not tell, because we do not know definitely.

[Here the handwriting changed.]

By all the means in our power we analyze Nature's laws, but there are some which are as yet to us mysterious. We are not yet in full sympathy with these laws of combinations. We may also tell you in this place why we were unable to comprehend spiritual things by the mind, as well as the more philosophical things, which you remarked before were understandable by all. The reason strictly is, that we call everything of which we have exact proof, philosophical, and all which we desire to know, but may not by any means ascertain, spiritual. These last truths are revealed to the higher perception of some minds in the primitive form of knowledge as mere idea, but are called inspiration, because they precede the knowledge of truth, and are true. They must be seen to be true before they are admitted as a Divine inspiration.

QUESTION No. 5.—Has motion an ultimate, as man is the ultimate of Nature?

ANSWER.—Yes; motion is the particular property of Spirit, and assumes form or direction on each combination by its own nature. It has not a separate existence as media.

QUESTION No. 6.—Can you procure the assistance of Newton or Swedenborg, or both, in answering these questions?

ANSWER BY NEWTON.—Newton again. Do you not remember me? Afterward Swedenborg.

QUESTION No. 7.—Will the adoption of the terms positive and nega-

tive, as expressive of greater or less progression relatively, be good terms to avoid confusion in framing my questions?

ANSWER.—You may assume the names of positive or negative if you like to use them to express the relative quantities of matter, or of the principles, by the ordinary acceptance. I think, however, that they are rather confused in their suggestions as I find them in the mind, by which I am enabled to speak with you.

Signed, SWEDENBORG.

QUESTION No. 8.—Is the Spirit resident in man a consequence of the growth or coalescence of the Spirit existing in the ultimates originally, or is a Spirit added during some or all the stages of progression in Nature until it is developed in man?

ANSWER.—We must consider the Spirit of man to be the result of the combination of the Spirit which is in his organism; we may not tell what portion of his material man the Spirit is the occupant, but of his—

[Here the medium was strangely affected, and ceased writing for a moment. The handwriting changed again, and wrote as follows:]

You are not qualified yet to see those things by which you can be in the sympathetic knowledge of the Spirit answering this and some other questions.

[I here asked: Is that addressed to the medium or to me?]

ANSWER.—Yes, to the medium, not to you; for you can look at the face of the laws of Nature, but the medium must see the body.

[This paragraph was not signed with a name. The handwriting changed again, and it was written:]

It will be well for you to desist for some time yet before answering such questions. Your own mind is active always in your sympathy with Spirit, and it must coöperate with them, and not until you have sufficient perception (which you will

attain) will we be entitled to influence you to disclose such truth; they will then be reliable to others.

B. FRANKLIN.

QUESTION No. 9.—Why is it that a peculiar state of feeling or sympathy is required to comprehend the biblical truths and those of Spiritualism, while the truths of science generally may be understood in any ordinary state of feeling?

ANSWER.—Because the truths of science are principles deduced from well-proved facts, and the mind recognizes them as possible by the method of thought, reasoning from known demonstrations to a general and connecting principle. But the truths of spirit must be known to be true only by the sympathetic perception of the spirit, and are not discernible unless when the mind is in the state to perceive them. They are then as understandable as the more material laws, but not so demonstrable, because the facts are not equally observable by the animal senses.

QUESTION No. 10.—Has any thing been added to creation, the ultimates of which did not exist from all time?

ANSWER.—The elements existing at the creation of the universe we know not of, but all the elements constituting the vital forces of man were then existing, for by divine man God made the world. There are no forms in being on the earth which are not now inferior to man, and all that is of the present organism of the world may be comprehended in perfect man. You ask if aught has been added since the creation? We answer, we know nothing of the creation of the universe, and have answered with respect to the world. PHOENIX.

A VOICE FROM ELDORADO.

THE following letter will be perused with pleasure. We will thank our correspondent to write again, and as frequently as occasion may offer.—ED.

SACRAMENTO, July 29, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

I am a subscriber for the TELEGRAPH, and receive its numbers regularly. In reading its columns I find communications from almost every State in the Union, but none whatever from California. Now, do not suppose for one moment that we have no mediums here, or that we are beyond the reach of spiritual influence. We have rapping, writing, and speaking mediums, but none who are fully developed. We have had demonstrations that were truly wonderful. Communications have been received, through a writing medium, in the Chinese language, coming from the departed Spirit of a Chinaman, and which the medium, as well as every other person in the room, were unable to translate. The communication was handed, the next day, to a Chinaman, who read it without difficulty. The translation read: "I am Quow-Ching—was killed and robbed on the Placerville Road, July 9th, 1853—Irishman."

I could relate several special manifestations and truthful communications given by Spirits to myself, which can not be referred to my own mind or the mind of the medium. But as I am not writing to convince others of the truth of Spiritualism, I will simply state that the effect of such manifestations is to make undoubting Spiritualists of all who receive them. I am naturally skeptical and unbelieving, and therefore from the first determined not to deceive myself or be deceived and

duped by others. I can account for many of the manifestations that I have witnessed only by supposing them spiritual. Dods' "theory" does not explain them. We have one circle who have dispensed with the usual mode of communicating with their friends in the Atlantic States by mail, but who, aided by the Spirits, send and receive all their communications through mediums. They find no difficulty in corresponding in this silent though *impressive* manner. I can see no reason why we should not invoke the aid of Spirits in establishing a spiritual telegraph, which would supersede the necessity of the magnetic telegraph now used, and be less expensive. That it can be done by well-developed mediums is beyond question.

To our little circle here, who have been corresponding in this manner, how consoling the thought that, though far away from many of those we hold dearer than life—though the eternal snow-capped ridges of the Sierras and the rugged and almost insurmountable ranges of the Rocky Mountains loom in awful grandeur between them and us—yet by the aid of Spirits our thoughts and kindly feelings can wing their heavenly flight unharmed, high o'er their lofty peaks, and swift as an arrow, and light as if borne on the wings of a zephyr, they speed far over the sandy deserts to find a home in the heart that loves! There is a communion of fond hearts, and though oceans roll between, yet often a breath, a sigh, or a "God bless you," is borne upon the wings of heavenly messengers to gladden the heart of the distant though kindred Spirit.

Yours, truly,

J. H. L.

THOSE two celebrated divines and scholars, Drs. South and Sherlock, were disputing on some religious subject, when the latter accused his opponent of using wit in the controversy. "Well," said South, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit, what would you have done?"

TEARS WEPT AT THE GRAVE OF FLORENCE.

WE have received two poems from Dr. Chivers, who is already widely known in literary circles as a natural poet and an accomplished artist. The productions of his pen uniformly exhibit a strong power of imagination, profound erudition, and an accurate perception and appreciation of harmony. In the following exquisite utterance, the poet's living inspiration, and the father's deathless love, are revealed with artistic effect and irresistible pathos.—ED.

BY T. M. CHIVERS, M.D.

O lachrymarum fons!—GRAY'S "*Poemata*."

I.

Oh, Florence dear! when thou wert here,
All things were bright to me;
Since thou art gone—left thus alone—
No sun nor moon I see!
For all things bright went with the light
I only found in thee!
Yes, my fair child! my undefiled!
Since thou wert from me driven,
A white-winged dove sails now above,
To lead my soul to Heaven!

II.

The songs of birds, all gentle words,
Fell sweetly on mine ear;
The flowers of Spring, each joyful thing,
Seemed fair when thou wert here.
Each day was bright, but brought no night,
Because my child was near.

Thy dove-winged barque, launched in the dark,
 By tempests rudely driven,
 On Death's dark sea, sails now from me,
 To reach the port of Heaven !

III.

No voice can say, no words portray—
 No sense can fail to feel—
 What grief appears wept in these tears—
 Tears can alone reveal !
 My voice doth weep from my soul's deep,
 Tears that no time can heal !
 Like some bright star, seen, though afar,
 Through the wild tempest driven—
 Thy milk-white barque sails through the dark,
 Safe in the port of Heaven !

IV.

Like some sick child, with grief grown mild,
 Here will I, with like guest,
 With wild-bird wail, through Death's dark vale,
 Cry my sad soul to rest !
 Again, again sweep through my brain
 Wild memories of the blest !
 A white-winged dove sails now above,
 Out of this lone ark driven—
 My soul's bright star, seen now afar—
 Lost PLEIAD found in Heaven.

OAK GROVE, GA., Oct. 28, 1842.

SPIRITUAL INTIMATION OF DEATH.—Mr. Zaccheus Goldsmith, of Southold, L. I. (now deceased), was one day engaged, with another man, chopping wood within a few rods of the shore of Long Island Sound. There was a bluff between them and the water which prevented them from seeing the latter unless they first ascended the eminence. While engaged in their work they both distinctly heard, in the direction of the water, the sound of oars, as if a person were approaching the shore in

a boat. Anon they heard the sound of a human voice, and a moment after they as distinctly heard the boat strike the shore. These sounds being equally distinct to both of them, they both stepped to the top of the bluff to ascertain who was approaching, one observing at the same time that the Yankees from Connecticut were probably about making them a visit. From their elevated position on the bluff they could see the Sound shore for miles either way, and not a boat nor a human being was anywhere to be seen! They were unable to conceive how the strange sounds so distinctly heard could have originated, or why they should have occurred. Mr. Goldsmith afterward ascertained that his father had that day ventured alone in a boat upon the Sound, a few miles east of that place, and was subsequently found drowned, clinging to one of the oars, while the boat had drifted ashore. He regarded the preternatural sounds heard by him and his companion as a monition of the death of his father. We have this narration from a highly intelligent member of Mr. Goldsmith's family.

VISION CONCERNING MONEY-DIGGING.—Being on a recent lecturing tour, the writer formed an acquaintance with a gentleman whose experience in certain phases of spiritual manifestations had apparently not been very extensive, and who had been told, by some Spirit, of a certain deposit of money in the ground, and where, by taking the bearings from certain land-marks, he might search for and find it. As those land-marks had, by the lapse of time, been in a great measure obliterated, our friend wanted further directions as to locality, and inquired of us as to the best medium or clairvoyant to indicate the spot. We endeavored to persuade him that money deposited in the earth, whose owners afterward leave this sphere of being, thereby becomes the property of the human race, and that all search for it by individuals, therefore, is disorderly, and would almost certainly result in failure; but our argument seemed to have little impression until the following vision was granted: As we were quietly sitting with closed eyes, not expecting or even thinking of a spiritual monition concerning the subject of the gentleman's inquiries, we spiritually saw a fresh excavation in the earth, which we were conscious was made in searching for the money, and the skeleton of a very large bird was sitting upon the side of it and looking down into the hole. The skeleton seemed to be that of a large eagle, but his eyes and beak much resembled those of some of the ancient fossil sau-

rians. After looking earnestly down into the pit for a moment, and discovering nothing there but the fresh earth, he, as it were voluntarily, sank down into it and disappeared. The following analysis and interpretation immediately occurred : The eagle, being a bird of *lofty flight*, represented *ambition* ; the saurian eyes and beak represented *greediness* ; the fact that the form was but a fleshless skeleton represented the *deadness* of the particular object of the ambition and greediness, or its destitution of real good ; and the form hiding itself in the pit which it had digged, represented the certain failure of our friend's proposed enterprise, and the fact that he would afterward be desirous to *bury* the proceeding in secrecy and oblivion, and thus escape the ridicule of the world and the reproaches of his own dearly-bought wisdom. We frankly related the vision and the interpretation just as it occurred, and we think our friend was induced by it to entirely abandon his money-digging project, thanking the kind spiritual influence which thus timely interfered to rescue him from some severe experiences and disappointments ; and if this relation has a similar effect upon any other person disposed to follow the illusive directions of low Spirits and clairvoyants in searching for hidden treasures, our object will not be entirely lost.

A WRAITH.—Mr. Miller, a son of the Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I., relates to us that a few years ago, while at sea, between the Azores Islands and the island of St. Helena, he one day, after having been in conversation with some of the passengers, on religious subjects suddenly fell into a trance and saw his wife stand before him, with a smiling countenance, gazing upon him. After looking upon him for some time she floated over the side of the vessel and disappeared. He then returned to outer consciousness and found his companions chafing his body, thinking that he had fainted, or had been in a fit. Mr. Miller had not previously been a believer in monitions of this kind, but he told his companions of his vision, and remarked that his wife, whom he had left at home, was dead, and that he should never see her again in this world. The precise hour and moment of this occurrence was noted, and when he arrived at home he ascertained that at that very moment his wife was "struck with death," and that at that moment she had been writing some verses to him respecting her expected departure !

DREAMS.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

"I have traveled back but newly
From *this* ultimate dim Thule."

DREAMS are not the shadows dim
Of our thoughts when waking,
But soft ripples of life's sea
Upon darkness breaking.

Oftentimes their light reveals
Grim and ghostly vision;
Oftentimes they show to us,
Far-off fields Elysian.

Angels wander on those shores
With a beacon warning,
Unto faint, despairing souls
Heralding the morning.

In that light, life's dark beyond
Seemeth ever clearer,
And along its shores we see
Angel-watchmen nearer.

Music, without earthly echo
O'er that darkness rolls,
Rousing, from their dreamless sleeps,
Earth-entranced souls.

Waking to that inner life
From whose bright ideal,
Working, patient, prayerful strife
Bringeth forth the real.

TRIUMPHS OF THE CAUSE IN MARYLAND.

For a considerable period I have been an attentive reader of the TELEGRAPH, and have, with much pleasure, perused the very many interesting accounts of the progress of Spiritualism coming in from nearly every quarter of the Union. I have, however, seen none from this section of my own State. Do not imagine from this that the invisible visitants from the Spirit-land have, on their missions of mercy, entirely forgotten us. We have of late received numerous and satisfactory proofs of their presence in our midst. In this village and the vicinity the manifestations have excited the greatest curiosity and amazement among the *mere animal* portion of the population, and the deepest interest among those who are more spiritually developed.

There are quite a number of media in the county for tipping and rapping. In my own immediate neighborhood is a lady who, as a medium, is as powerfully developed as any of whom I have yet read or received any account. Not only for physical manifestations, but as a writing medium, she is hardly to be surpassed. She is also a seeing medium, and holds daily communion with the Spirits of departed friends. She has, moreover, performed several remarkable cures by manipulations. The Spirits have recently declared their intentions to develop her fully as a speaking medium. She is an educated and accomplished lady of the very highest respectability, but is retiring in her disposition, and has hitherto avoided observation as much as possible.

The gentlemen "who wear the black gown" generally impute these things to their old friend—the devil. Well, he has done for me in a few months what the pulpit has failed to accomplish during more than one third of a century. From my early college days I have been what the persons would denominate an *infidel*, enveloped in doubt and skepticism, and knowing not what to believe. This devil, as they term him, has taken the trouble to convince me of the truth of the gospel of Christ, and caused me to see more beauties in *genuine* Christianity than the sectarian or bigot ever dreamed of.

To the general course of the clergy I know of at least one honorable

exception. It is that of a minister of the Methodist Church, who is also a member of the medical profession. His son became developed as a medium for rapping and tipping. This first attracted his attention to the subject. He visited the lady alluded to above, and was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt. After the most extraordinary physical manifestations, he received communications from his father, with the chirographical evidence of his identity. Finally he saw the dying words of his parent, addressed to him very many years ago, and known to no one but himself, written out. That aged man walked the floor and wept like a child. He now hesitates not to proclaim his belief in defiance of all opposition. Would that we had many more such noble examples of independence and love of truth among members of his profession.

Permit a stranger to offer his most fervent wishes for your success in the good cause, and to subscribe himself,

Most truly, yours,

GEORGE YELLOTT.

BEL-AIR, HARFORD Co., MD., Aug. 14, 1854.

ANOTHER PREMONITORY VISION AND WRAITH.—Mr. Miller, whose curious account of the apparition of his distant wife at the hour of her death we give in a separate paragraph, also relates to us the following: He says that while lying, one night, in his berth aboard of a vessel at anchor, he heard the sound of footsteps upon the deck. Knowing that the sounds could not proceed from any of the crew, who were either in their berths or absent on shore, he arose to ascertain who was there. On ascending to the deck he distinctly saw his brother, whom he knew to be absent at sea, standing before him with an oiled dress on, such as he had never seen him wear before, and with a gun lashed across his back. He at first thought that his brother had, in proper person, come aboard of the vessel, but on speaking to him he was surprised to receive no answer. He turned his face to one side for some purpose, and when he looked for his brother again he was not to be seen! *Eight days* from that time the vessel with which his brother had sailed was cast away, and all on board perished, and when the body of the brother was subsequently found, it was clothed in the oiled dress with a gun lashed across the back, exactly as the visionist had seen him!

The father of my informant (Rev. Thomas Miller, of Southold, L. I.),

told me that on the very night when his son was cast away, his voice was distinctly heard and recognized under the window at home, calling to his mother! Facts of this kind, so numerous and so well authenticated, certainly throw some light upon the laws of spiritual existence, and give some distinct intimations as to the soul's estate at the moment of its departure from the physical tenement.

POWERFUL LIFTINGS WITHOUT CONTACT.—Mr. Joseph H. Goldsmith, of Southold, L. I., an esteemed personal friend of the writer, and for whose veracity we can most authoritatively vouch, informs us that he and several of his personal friends, among whom was a Spirit-medium, recently surrounded a small table and held the points of their fingers several inches above it, while no one was touching it, when the table rose in the air and remained suspended apparently on nothingness while he counted one hundred and thirty-three, and then it fell to the floor. A girl about thirteen years of age was then placed upon the table and the experiment again tried. Their fingers were placed over the table, without contact, as before, when table, girl, and all rose and remained suspended some fifteen or twenty seconds, and then gently descended. As in similar cases, the force which suspended the table purported to be Spirit-agency, making use, for that purpose, of the ethereal emanations of the medium and the circle. Here is another case for Dr. Dods.

CURIOUS SPIRITUAL ANTICS.—The *Spiritual Era* of July 6th contains an editorial article detailing some curious manifestations which the editor has witnessed. For instance, a table is spread in the usual manner for a meal, by a young girl who is a highly developed medium. Soon apparently a living thing about the size of a kitten is seen to be moving about under the table-cloth, and after a while, as the spectators grow familiar with the phenomenon, a small delicate hand, seeming to belong to a child about four years old, is observed to protrude suddenly from beneath the cloth, and is as suddenly withdrawn. After this operation has been repeated several times, the manifestation changes, and a good sized foot, with perhaps a boot upon it, is suddenly thrust out from beneath the cloth, and is withdrawn under it again. At other times the family are in the habit of placing a Bible under the table, as they are seated round it, when the Spirits will open it at the passage which they desire them to read.

ON THE DEATH OF HATTIE E. KING.

Thou canst never be forgotten
In the home thy smile made bright ;
We miss thy prattling bird-like voice,
And thy little footstep bright—
And oh, the agony of grief
With which our hearts are wild,
May never find relief on earth—
Our lost and angel-child.

They said thou wert too beautiful,
Too prematurely wise,
That on thy glorious brow was set
The signet of the skies ;
And early was the doom fulfilled,
And all our proud hopes riven,
But the sweet star gone down on life,
Shines purer now in heaven.

Thou art gone home, thy little form has faded
In all its beauty from the earth away,
And thy young brow, with scarce a sorrow shaded,
Beams purer still 'neath heaven's celestial ray.

Thou art gone home, on angel pinions wending
Thy starry way among the realms above ;
Thy gentle tones, with seraph voices blending,
Singing the anthems of redeeming love.

Thou art gone home, gone home, ah ! never more
May time or change a shadow cast on thee ;
Thine is the glory of that unknown shore,
Thine the blest joy of immortality.

S. A. E.

NEW SHAKSPERIAN TRAGEDY.

WE some time ago alluded to a forthcoming Tragedy, purporting to have been impressed through mortal mediums by the Spirit of William Shakspeare, or by a circle of dramatically disposed Spirits, of whom Shakspeare's was predominant. We also stated the fact that the MSS. had been read by one of the aforesaid mediums to a critical audience of editors, managers, and actors at the Green-room of a leading theater of this city, which reading produced a profound impression of the superior merits of the Tragedy, even in the minds of those who were not disposed to favor the claims of Spiritualism. Since our paragraph appeared, we have been permitted to read the Tragedy, in printed proof-sheets, the work having been stereotyped for publication and private circulation (player's copies) in England, where, as well as in this country, a copyright has been secured.

The title of the Tragedy is "The Hermit of Malta," it being founded on the story of Bernardo del Carpio, and cotemporary incidents in Spanish history. Its length is about the same as that of Hamlet, four thousand lines, and it was written within three weeks. The persons concerned as "Mediums" in its production are Isaac C. Pray—a name familiar to the readers of the TELEGRAPH—known to the literary and editorial profession; and the author, in years past, of several clever dramas; and Michael John Curran, a grand-nephew of the celebrated orator Curran. Through the latter the plot and stage directions were impressed, and through the former the subject-matter of the Tragedy.

After a careful reading of this remarkable production, we have come to the conclusion that, whatever its claims to Shaksperian origin—and those must be chiefly settled by the intrinsic merits of the drama—"The Hermit of Malta" is worthy of a high rank perforce of its fine plot, effective characters, beautiful sentiments and language, and high spiritual tone. In this latter respect, as in points of plot, it bears a resemblance to the Tragedy of Hamlet. It is highly effective as a reading play, and any one familiar with the stage can understand how much more so it will be when surrounded by those accessories of scenery, costume, and action, so necessary to give the greatest eclat even to Shakspeare's

plays. We shall not now express an opinion as to the intrinsic Shaksperianism of "The Hermit of Malta," but we know well the characters of Messrs. Pray and Curran, and are entirely satisfied that there is no collusion between them to deceive the public, and, in fact, that they are morally incapable of any such deception. The Tragedy they have written was undoubtedly impressed on their minds by superior intelligences, and we have not the smallest doubt that they were unconscious of what they were to write until the most positive direction was given to their minds.

There is much that is curious, and corroborative of the peculiar claims of the Tragedy, that we do not feel at liberty to state at present, as the Tragedy may soon be produced at one of our Broadway theaters, where, and within a few weeks thereafter, it is to have its peculiar claims—so the mediums are impressed—verified in England; where it is to be shown that Shakspeare (living) wrote three acts of a similar Tragedy, which was surreptitiously destroyed because of its assault on Ecclesiasticism, and its spirituality—two marked features of "The Hermit of Malta." One curious and interesting fact in connection is the assurance given by the "Spirit-authors" of this Tragedy, that more dramas will similarly appear until, within two or three years, the number will reach that of Shakspeare's plays. Four or five more, we believe, are under way at this moment, one of which, relating to the foundation of Rome, we have seen.

The prevailing tenor of "The Hermit of Malta" is the exaltation of spiritual over material forces, and the same Spirit, in so far as we have learned, pervades, or is to pervade, the succeeding dramas; the design of the Spirit-authors manifestly being to clothe the stage with a higher and holier spirit than has heretofore possessed it. Certainly all well-wishers of humanity will be deeply interested in the perfect development and success of so noble a design. We await the stage-production of "The Hermit of Malta" with no little impatience—as we are sure many of our readers will when they have read the following brief extracts taken almost at random from the Tragedy, and many of which are much shorn of beauty and strength by displacement from their connections, and by the reader's ignorance of the plot.

"Heaven builds no cages for the birds of air,
Whose wings beat at its gates, saluting them
With matin songs, whose swift vibrations shake
The lofty roof of prayerful day."

"I climb,
To learn the hidden secrets of the hour
To see—that glistens like a shore
Of silver, shining 'gainst a sea of ink—
Black as the past, and gloomy as its grave!
Speak out, thou rock, as though the thunder struck
Thine all-remorseless ribs, and spilt thee up
To show the fragments of the mighty truth."

"Be patient!
Patience, rewarder of the faithful heart,
That like a warder tends at every gate."

"Thy cells contain the narrative I ask—
Or give it up, or else the power that sweeps
In threatening tones, to have thee grant its prayer—
Shall swell to fury so tempestuously
That every pillar of the house shall fall,
And its foundation swirl upon the sand."

"Night rose at morning—morn shall come at night;
And Heaven that guides the sparrow guides the right."

"Foul ye are,
And black conspirators, who seem to wear
A saintly raiment on the heart—within
Are hypocrites and tombs of sin."

"For who made chance and fashioned accident?
A world's absurdity, to mock itself;
For every thing must hinge upon its mate."

"No humble hands there are
In sight of Heaven—or humble instruments!"

"He who gives a cup of water holds
His own heart up, to drink in blessings."

"My ears have caught
The sound, as does the nest its absent mate,
And the spread flower the bee, that seek its food."

"Man can not judge of ill or benefits—
He sees the rind external of the fruit,
But knows not what's within."

"Humility is the round to sovereignty—
Who keeps to that upon the scale, mounts fast."

"Man never had a fancy, save a fact
Was couched within the bottom of the well;
He looks through water, as it twists the shapes
Of things beneath—but let him dive, they're *there*!"

"What letter 's this that throws its pallor up,
To whiten thus thy cheeks with ashy fear?"

"O, woman, woman, how thy heart can plot,
And counterplot, and smile amidst thy ruin!
Strange riddle! Nature's paradox unsolved—
Insolvable!"

"Yet men thus strive—
Do battle with each other, till the grave
Gapes in the passage, swallowing all conceit,
Design of enterprise, renown, ambition!"

"Tis not alone the trained soldier holds
The crown above the shock of circumstance—
The hardy peasant is surety secure!
Beyond the reach of courts he judges deeds,
And is the truest arbiter."

"Means follow purposes, and deeds designs!
Imagination is reality,
If thoughts evoke the acts which were but thoughts."

PLATO.—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand in anger to correct a servant, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied: "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time, he said to one of his slaves: "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked: "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend, observing his studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar? "As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WORLDS,

WHAT WE REALLY KNOW.

BY CHARLES H. CRAIG, M. D.

"They say that heavens are domes
Outrolling from the vastness of the mind."

THE thing, of all others, that I am surest of, is, that *I am*. By consciousness I *know* that *I am*; that I feel; that I think; that I am happy and unhappy. Of this fact we are all surest. Self is thus the center of each one's being and universe; afterward, by consciousness, intuition, or pure reason, we know that every effect has a cause; that there is a right and a wrong, the one of which should be, *ought* to be avoided and left undone, the other of which *ought* to be loved and done. I can not stop to detail all the intuitive axioms that underlie all our modes of revealing ourselves in feeling, thought, and action; but say at once, that by the intuitive perception that nothing can be without a cause for it, we next, after knowing that we ourselves are, know that a Great First Cause is—that God is; and then by degrees we learn to know that he alone really is, and that we and all things merely are in him, and thus *appear* to be; we learn that he is the inmost of ourself—the inmost of all things. We learn to know that he is infinite perfection of love, of wisdom and of power. We learn to know that there can be but *one Infinite*, and that the Infinite must include all beings and things, and that all beings and things live or exist merely in the Infinite. He is in all—and all "live, move, and have their being in him."* We equally know, too, that the

* What becomes of the devil in the light of this truth, or of absolute evil?

universe of matter and mind no more includes, and is the all of the Infinite, than the soul, the mind of man, is limited merely to and wholly included in the various organs and atoms of the body. We know that, far beyond the reach and limits of the body, the mind comprehends histories of men and nations long passed away, sciences of plants, animals, geologies, solar systems, galaxies, nebulae, universes. All these really exist and revolve within the mind of man, which goes even further, and comprehends something of the Infinite Maker of all. The mind has in it something of the Infinite, inasmuch as it is absolutely impossible to imagine a limit beyond which it can not go. As far, then, as the soul outsteps the body, so in its infinite proportion does the soul of the universe outstep and excel that limit. We learn thus to know that the whole infinite universe of matter and mind, in spheres and intelligences, is but a thought of God, infinitely above and beyond which he is.

"All matter is God's tongue—
Out from its motion, God's thoughts are sung,
And the realms of space are the octave bars,
And the music-notes are the suns and stars."

"God is in all things, yet over all,
Else were creation a corpse and a pall.
God is o'er all, or there is no God;
God is in all, else is all a clod."

The thing that we are surest of is, that we are; next, that there is something *not we*—something outside of and separate from us, which something we seem to see, and hear, and touch, and taste, and smell. Thus we learn to know that we are, and that there is a world outside of and separate from us. Some, after a while, get to be only sure of this external, outside world, and get to doubt of that very thing or being that cognizes or takes any notice of the external; get to doubt of

the existence of the very thing that doubts. They get to believe in the reality of dollars, and houses, and lands, and to doubt quite seriously of the real existence and worth of the only thing that can notice and value the other. They can not see reason to believe in the soul, in the world within them, while they see and believe in only a world of matter outside them. Others, with Berkley, stop short at the first dictate of consciousness and believe in their own existence, and ignore the world of matter all around them, as it flows in upon them through the five ivory-gates of sensation in wonderful tides of colors, shapes, melodies, flavors, and perfumes, forgetful of the second dictate of consciousness, namely, that for every effect there must be a sufficient cause; hence that there must be something outside of us which causes, and thus *corresponds* to this world of sensation within us which we perceive.

Most persons really think they know something or even all about this world outside of us, because they seem to see it, and hear it, and touch, and taste, and smell it. My object in writing this article is to *demonstrate* that we *absolutely know nothing* at all about it—about the external world of matter—except that it is there outside of us, and is the unknown cause of our sensations; that it sustains to the world of sensation within us merely the relation of cause to effect, and that that relation is positively all that we know of it.

Minds accustomed to reflection are aware that all sensations are *within us*; and to them the mere reflection that all we know of the external world is, that it is capable of exciting within us certain sensations, and, therefore, there must be an external world to cause these sensations, is sufficient to demonstrate my theorem.

But the mass of persons can not comprehend this; and very few indeed, even of thinkers, thoroughly comprehend the truth on this subject. To make myself thoroughly understood, I

purpose to illustrate my thought by a few examples, and, if these be really understood, all can easily transfer the same ideas to all cases, and see clearly that we know absolutely nothing of the world of matter external to us, excepting that it must be there, and that it *corresponds* merely to the world of sensation it has excited within us.

Before we go on we must have clear and philosophical ideas of the relation that cause bears to effect.

1. A cause is some phenomenon that invariably is observed to precede another phenomenon. The first thing or occurrence is then called the cause of the second, which is called the effect of the first. This really comprises all our knowledge of the relation between cause and effect. Why the effect invariably follows the cause (conditions being the same) no one knows. The wisest can only say that God is the unknown tie that binds effects to their causes; that that is the mode of his being, of his manifesting himself as law and order in his universe; that God is the cause why effects follow their causes.

2. A cause is not the same thing as the effect. I strike you with a stick. Many effects follow from this blow. One is a physical injury and pain; another is a wound to your spirit, and anger or grief. All will see that the blow is one thing, the physical and spiritual wound, the pain and anger, are very different things. They are no more the same than the father and child are the same. See this clearly, and bear it in mind as a torch to light our pathway as we go on.

3. A cause is a *totally different, and distinct, and other* thing from its effect. This is seen in the above, and follows from it. Here are three similar little white powders; as things you can hardly distinguish between them; yet, similar as they are, they will produce three effects, each totally different from its cause and from each other. One is a grain of tartar emetic;

another, a grain of morphia; the third, of strychnia. The first little white powder causes nausea and vomiting. What totally different things from that little white powder! The second causes deep and profound stupor and sleep. How different, how totally unlike the powder of morphia! The third causes horrible spasms, in seeing which you see something totally unlike the powder of strychnia!

4. You never can tell any thing at all of a cause from seeing an effect, except the mere, naked fact that it bears to it the relation of cause; that it must have caused it, or preceded it as its cause. We have seen above how totally unlike effects are from causes; that they have nothing at all in common. They are unlike in essence, form, and in all conceivable modes of comparing them. When you see the nausea and vomiting, you do not see the grain of tartar emetic. You would think any one demented, when looking upon the vomiting, should he assert he saw the grain of tartar emetic, and, if asked to tell you what he knew of it, how it looked, etc., should he go on to say it was a horrible sensation in the stomach, a retching and throwing up from the stomach of all its contents, you would say at once he was mistaken; that he was describing the effect and not the cause, as the cause was a totally different thing from that, and unlike it in every respect. When you see heavy, deep sleep, that is one thing to see; when you see its cause, the grain of morphia, that is another and totally different thing. So with strychnia; you may see that, and again you may see the spasms it has caused, or you may see one and not see or know aught about the other. If, seeing the spasms, you should imagine you were seeing the strychnia which caused them, and should go on describing the grimaces of the features, the sudden and violent muscular contractions distorting every limb, etc., all would know you were seeing the effect, but not the cause. Understand clearly, that when

you see the spasms you do *not* see the strychnia ; that when you see a child you do *not* thereby see its *parent*. They are two totally distinct things, and must be kept always distinct. Understand clearly, thus, that you may behold an effect and yet not thereby see the cause. Understand this clearly, or my whole light will be but thick darkness to thee. You may know all about the physical nature, chemical constitution, color, weight, taste, form of crystals, etc., of these three powders, and yet thereby you would obtain no knowledge of their effects, vomiting, sleep, and spasms ; and so, also, you may know all about the phenomena of vomiting, sleep, and convulsions, studied merely by themselves, and thereby gain absolutely no true knowledge of the tartar emetic, morphia, and strychnia, their physical appearance, nature, color, weight, taste, etc.

To apply these conclusions now to our subject.

1. As I sit in my chamber here writing, I am conscious of certain sounds that, by previous experience, I refer to a neighbor across the street playing upon the violin. Let us stop and analyze this, and see what I know and what I don't know. I am conscious of sound, and that something has caused that sensation in me. "Nothing can act but where it is." Yet my musical neighbor across the street acts upon me here in my room. I am the *subject* in which exists the sensation of sound. The string of my neighbor's violin is the *object* that causes this sensation in me. Yet "nothing can act but where it is." How is this ? There is the string of the violin across the street, and here am I some hundred feet of space distant therefrom. Clearly there must be some medium between us two, present to both ; and that medium in this case is the atmosphere of air. People commonly suppose there is sound first in the violin string, then in the air, and then in us. Let us see what is really the scientific truth in this matter. The sensation of sound, being a sensation, is entirely a spiritual thing—entirely

an effect produced within our spirit-world of sensation by a certain number of vibrations in the air outside of us, and those vibrations are in their turn caused by the vibrations of my neighbor's violin-string. Let us separate and distinguish between these phenomena as we do between the child and parent, or the morphia and the sleep. There is no sound in the string—not the slightest; but merely a certain number of vibrations or swingings back and forth each second. That is all. That string vibrating is not sound. Then there is no sound in the undulations of air. There is merely undulation, waving to and fro of air; that is entirely all. But in us, in the interior spiritual world within us, as spirits, and not as matter, is the sensation we call sound, and nowhere else. Within us is the sound; next, as a cause to this effect, is the air waving to and fro so many thousand times each second (counted by the wonderful little instrument properly named the "Syren"), and, next beyond the air, is the vibrating string of catgut. There is no sound in that string. A vibrating string is not sound. There is no sound in the air. Air waving back and forth is a very different and distinct thing from a sound. The sound is only in my mind—is a sensation of spirit. Take away mind, therefore, and there would positively be no such thing as sound, but mere waves of air and vibrating of strings. There is no ticking of my clock up there when I am gone out. It is positively true that if there were no interior world of mind in existence there would positively be no sounds. All sounds, melodies, and harmonies, then, have no real and true existence, except in the interior world of mind, which, in itself, is the great organ-instrument of the universe, ever played upon by the Master-spirit of harmony that is over all, yet in all. Outside are mere vibrations and swingings to and fro of air and other things. The world of music and melody really exists nowhere but within the human spirit. Destroy this interior

spirit-world and truly the silence of death pervades the universe. Vibrations of strings and undulations of air falling upon the granite rock or the leafy tree can cause no sensation of sound therein. The universe is mute outside of the spirit world within us.

By the ear, then, we merely know there is something outside of us that causes and thus corresponds to sounds, melodies, and harmonies. But it, the ear by *itself*, teaches us nothing whatever of these exterior vibrations of air and strings that cause these sounds. That is all that the ear demonstrates to us of a world outside of us. Give us hearing, and let us have no other senses, and all will then clearly perceive we should and could absolutely know *nothing* of the vibrations of the string or of the air. They would be all entirely unknown to us. The world of sounds, melodies, and harmonies, let me repeat, exists nowhere but *within us*, in the world of spirit-sensation; and the undulation of air and string outside is no more sound, and no more like it, than the little white powder of strychnia is like and the same thing as spasms.

2. I look up through my open window this beautiful night, and up there, in the blue, starry distance, I see the moon. Still up beyond that, far even beyond conception, are the silent, bright stars. Here am I in my chamber, and up there is that little, bright spot in the blue, and it acts upon me here. I see it. "Nothing can act but where it is." Well, am I there, or does the star pay me a friendly visit here in my room, in my brain, even? Or is there a medium that is here where I am in my room, in my brain, and there with the star, even with the dimmest speck in Herschell's or Rosse's telescope, and so it telegraphs its presence to me through the infinite depths? What does science declare? In my mind is the sensation of light more or less dim or bright. That is one sure fact. Outside of me, science needs and must have an all-pervading ocean,

or universe, I might better name it, of inconceivable subtle ether. This ether undulates as much more easily and rapidly than the ocean of air as it exceeds the air in tenuity. And these ethereal undulations are caused by whatever things can thus be rendered visible to us. This ether and the star we know nothing whatever about, except as external causes of the sensation of light within us. The star there causes, in some entirely unknown manner, undulations in this ether; and this ether, by its undulations, is supposed to cause the effect within us in the spirit-sensation, called light, color, shape, and form. Is there light in that star, in the sun, even? Think a moment. Scientific men say (they know nothing about it, but this is their supposition) that there is a certain unknown arrangement of atoms in the star, sun, or other visible thing. I should prefer to say a certain inconceivable motion of its atoms. In either case there is obviously no light, or color, or shape in atomic arrangement or motion. Next, caused by this atomic arrangement or motion, is an inconceivably rapid undulation or waving to and fro of this all-pervading ethereal medium. Well, these ethereal undulations are ethereal undulations. They are not light, and color, and form. But they *cause* in *us*, in the world within us of spirit-sensation, all *light*, all *colors*, all *forms*, which thus exist nowhere outside of us, but only *within the mind*. Within the mind alone is the delicate and beautiful form and color of the rose and the violet, the glory of the sunset and the brightness of the noonday sun, and the darkness of cloudy midnight. Outside of us, of this spirit-realm of the mind, are merely totally unknown ethereal undulations and atomic arrangement or motion; and these undulations and atomic arrangements or motions are not light, color, and form, and no more resemble them than tartar emetic is vomiting, or any thing like it. Science can even go so far as to calculate and tell you how many millions of millions of times this subtle

ether undulates to and fro every second to cause in you the sensation of red, how many to cause the sensation in you of blue, of purple, of green, or of violet. It can also truly tell you how many millions of millions of these little waves swing within the boundaries of a single inch to cause in you the sensation of red, or of blue, or of green, just as science tells you how many thousand undulations of air each second produce in you the sensation of A in music; how many thousand cause B and C, and so through the whole scale of musical sounds. These ethereal undulations are no more the red color than the aerial undulations are the musical tone of A, or than the morphia is the sleep, or the strychnia is the spasms. The one is the cause of the other. That is absolutely all the eye enables us to know of the material world outside of us. As the world of sounds, melodies, and harmonies, then, has no real existence but in the mind, in the realm of spirit-sensation within us, so is it also true that the glorious, most wonderful world of light and shadow, of color and form, exists nowhere but in the mind—nowhere but in the realm of spirit-sensation within us. And outside of us there is no light or darkness; no hue of color; no beauty of form. The glory of the sun, the silver brightness of the moon, the gorgeous beauty of form and color in the sunset clouds, the tints of the autumn-forest, of the waving leaf, of bird and flower; all light and shade, all colors and forms, all the beauty that bathes and broods over the universe, as we see it, exist nowhere but in the mind, in the spirit-world of sensation. Like sounds, melodies, and harmonies, they are properties, not of matter outside of us, but states of us as spirits. As the spirit is the lyre of the universe, so is it likewise the painter and the painting of the universe. Say, rather, that God paints through and upon the spirit of man the whole picture-panorama he seems to see outside and apart from himself.

3. So with the touch. I seem to touch this table. Science demonstrates that we can not physically touch, actually come in contact with any thing. Really we touch not matter, but only the resistance of the hidden matter to closer contact. I have the sensation of resistance. Something entirely unknown, had we merely the sense of touch, stops my finger. It can not go on. I have thereby the sensation in me of impenetrability, of solidity, of extension, of roughness, smoothness, etc. But these sensations are all within me. Without is an altogether unknown something of which I only know one thing—it causes within me these sensations of solidity, impenetrability, extension, etc., which are, therefore, not properties of matter, but conditions or states of the spiritual "me." They exist nowhere but in my mind—in the spirit-realm of sensation. Outside of this spirit-world of me is an altogether unknown something that stands in the same relation to these sensations as tartar emetic does to vomiting. You are struck with a stick. No one commits such a mistake as to attach the pain it causes to the stick as a property thereof. The stick is one thing, the pain it causes another and totally different thing. The pain you know has no existence outside of you, of your spirit-sensation. The same stick strikes a stone, and there is no pain. The undulations of air, put in motion by the violin-string, fall upon the rock and there is no sound. The undulations of the ether, put in motion by the sun, fall anywhere but upon a spirit, and there is no light.

4. I apply the strawberry, the lemon, or a particle of quinia to my tongue. I at once seem to taste the flavor of the first, the acidity of the second, and the bitterness of the third. All these sensations exist alone in me, in my spirit-world of sensation. Outside of me, supposing I have no other sense than taste, is an altogether unknown something, of which I merely know this one thing, that it causes within me acidity, bitter-

ness, etc. The acidity is no more in the lemon or a property of it, nor the bitterness in the quinia or a property of it, than pain is in the stick, or stupor in the morphia. Within the "sensing" spirit alone is the world of flavors.

5. So when I seem to smell the rose, the perfume is nowhere but in my own mind, in my own spirit-world of sensation. Let smell be my only sense, and when I perceive the odor, all I should know of the rose would be that there is an altogether unknown something outside of me which causes within me the effect called odor. In the sensation of spirit alone exist all perfumes, all sweet odors of rose and honeysuckle, of sweet-brier and magnolia. The wondrous, divine spirit-world of man is thus not only the world-lyre upon which are ever trembling the melodies and harmonies of the world; not only the picture-panorama of lights, tints, and shapes in which the universe glows. It alone perfumes the rose and all sweet flowers. God's name is thus not only Jehovah, the essence and life and being of all things, but the Artist. He is, by and through man his child and receptacle, the musician, and melody, and harmony; he is the painter and beauty that broods over and bathes all things; he is perfume and all sweet odors. Were there no mind, no interior world of spirit-sensation, there would be absolutely no such things in existence as odors, flavors, solidity, extension, impenetrability, light, shadow, color, shapes, sound, melody, and harmony. All these are states or conditions only of the spirit, and exist alone in the interior world of spirit-sensation. Thus it is absolutely true that we know nothing at all of the external world of matter, of its essences, forms, etc., except the mere fact of its existence apart from us, as an altogether unknown, untouched, unseen, unheard, untasted, unsmelt, unimaginable, and inconceivable hidden essence, or somewhat that causes within us as sentient spirits the infinite phantasmagoria of magic colors, forms, sounds,

flavors, odors, etc., which we perceive within us, but which, by a law of our being, we involuntarily project and seem to perceive without us—

“All living things that are,
Form outward shadows of a pure ideal,
Fashioned from heaven within man's inner thought.
Man is himself the actual and real
And Nature but a picture-world outwrought
To image forth in space the tones and numbers
Of loves and wisdoms that within him lie.
The worlds and spheres are but the ante-chambers,
But man the temple of Divinity.”

In soberest truth, we only know there is an external world as a necessary cause for the existence of the phenomenal world of sensation within us. This external, material world, as we call it, is altogether invisible, unheard, unfelt, untasted, and unsmelt. In this sphere of effects we can know no more of it than we could, from witnessing the act of vomiting, know of the color, form, essence, or appearance of tartar emetic. We should simply know there must of necessity be some cause for the phenomena we were witnessing, but from these effects we could never obtain any correct knowledge of the physical nature, essence, form, color, taste, etc., of the tartar emetic. When we pass into the world of causes we may then, and not until then, form as truthful ideas of causes as we now do of the phenomenal world of effects in which we now exist, and which exists only within us. *This world of causes is not so remote, then, as most suppose.*

The sensation we call heat exists in the same manner alone within us as spirits. It is a state of spirit-sensation. Outside of us is supposed an altogether unknown substance which causes the effect we feel. Chemists name this unknown but real thing caloric, which is a mere cloak to hide our utter, en-

tire learned ignorance of the cause of heat. Do I mean to say that the tree standing out there in the moonlight, which I have touched and felt of with my hands, which I see now with my eyes with a shape and color, and waving its leaves in the wind, as I can hear them rustling now with my ears, the perfume from whose white blossoms was so sweet to me last May, do I mean to say there is nothing there as I perceive it? There is something there, but nothing *really* is as I *perceive* it. That is what I mean to say. There is an essential something (you may call it matter, atomic repulsion, or what you please) that I seem to touch, but which never can be touched or felt. There is an unknown essence, or being, or substance, or atomic repulsion there that causes and thus corresponds to the sensation within me, which thus *represents* that untouched, unfelt matter. There is a true and real form, as every essence can only be and exist in and by a form; and thus the essence or matter of the tree is there in some real form, which causes and thus corresponds to the shape in me, but which form is as unlike the shape in my mind which I see as the form of morphia is unlike the form or appearance of deep stupor. The tree's true form is unknown—is not visible in the shape it appears to have in my mind. The color it appears to have is in my mind alone, and not in the leaves, bark, etc., of the invisible tree. It may have a true and real color, as it has a real essence and form, but of that color I can form no idea from the color that appears in my mind as the effect. They are as unlike as strychnia and the convulsions it causes. So with the perfume and motion. Something unknown, unfindable, must be there corresponding to and causing the sensation and idea in my mind, but no more like the apparent perfume and motion than a blow is like the pain it causes. It is absolutely true that the tree which I see, and hear, and touch, and smell, is alone in my interior world of spirit-sensation, and no-

where else; and it is also equally true that there must be outside of me an altogether unknown tree, whose real essence has never been touched or felt, whose real form is invisible, whose real color is unseen, and of which, altogether, we know nothing, but that it is there and causes the tree within me.

These thoughts give us more truthful conceptions of ourselves. All things without, of which we have any idea, have their correspondents and representatives within us. God, universes, systems, histories, sciences, philosophies, religions, oceans, mountains, rivers, trees, flowers, crystals, beauty, music, heat, and light, all we know of all these, all we know of all things, exist alone as we see them, in the microcosm within our Spirit. There is, indeed, within the human soul more vast, more glorious, more divine, more comprehensive realms than aught outside of us. In fresher light, with deeper joy, we perceive how that we are the children of the Divine and Infinite Spirit in whom are all things and all things in him. "He in us and we in him." We see which world we know most of, and which we have most reason to believe in and esteem. Within this vast, unfathomable, phenomenal universe of the Spirit what mysteries! what glories! what beauty! what heights! what depths! But without is thick darkness; a merely unknown world of causes into which we have not entered, and into which we can not penetrate, unless, perhaps, through the gate of death.

As "nothing can act but where it is," we see how true it is that sensation is the medium between the inmost "me" and the external world, and seems to stand between the two, between the internal and the external. Sensation must be to the spirit-form what the surface of skin or touch is to the physical man. Vast as this sensational universe is, yet it is but the merest surface to the thrice-mysterious depths and glories of the universes of thought, and deeper still and thrice-sublime, of

love. Eternal life will hardly suffice to explore these heavens within us—to teach us ourselves.

The external appears in and to each according to the nature and the perceiving organs of each individual. Change the internal, perceiving nature, and you change the whole universe to him. Change the eye or ear and you equally change all things. Hence, as no two individuals have the same, identical, percipient natures or organs, so no two individuals in the "wide, wide world" can by any possibility see the same world; and the external appears very differently at different times to the same person. The external, remember, is merely the internal projected and imaged outside of us, and hence must vary and change as we do. Let the mind be joyous, and nature smiles and is clothed in light, and makes sweetest harmonies to us. Let sorrow cast the shadow of its dark wing over us, and heaven and earth catch the brooding gloom. As we are, so to us is nature; so is heaven; so is God. *I must see them, and all things, as I am, and not as you are.* Let us, then, ever agree to differ harmoniously, and by our very friendly difference produce an otherwise impossible harmony, while we admit that God alone, as the inmost of all things, sees and knows all as they really are.

As with the external eye we perceive nature, with a more internal and spiritual one we perceive beauty, wisdom, and truth; with a more spiritual ear alone we hear harmony; and with a more spiritual, more interior touch, we feel goodness and love. The ox sees an external world as so much green and altogether satisfying pasturage for him. So the human soul, buried in sensual materiality, sees so many acres of land good for lumber, for potatoes, to fill his stomach and his purse. Not much more than the ox has he yet opened the interior spiritual senses to perceive the beauty, the wisdom, the love, the perfection in the landscape and the world around him. The ox hears sounds,

but no harmonies. There is to it an interior world of sensation corresponding to its mere animal appetites and desires, but no deeper world of nobler desires and appetites within that mere surface. Within man is not alone the superficial world of forms, colors, sounds, perfumes, etc., but a deeper, more divine universe, where dwell beauty, harmony, love, truth, all that we name divine, and God is the inmost world of all. The spiritual Greeks called the Maker "Poietes," or Poet, as we translate it; as his divine work, or book, or poem, they named Cosmos, or "the Beautiful." With them God was not the "Jehovah," the "I Am," of rude Israelites, but the Universe-poet, and what a poem he is ever weaving and singing! He is the builder, the architect, and what temples of spirit and matter he builds! He is the artist-heart of this Cosmos. He builds suns and microscopic insects with equal love and perfection. With the same hands he forms milky-ways of suns, and beds of modest violets. He molds the leaves and petals of the rose, the forget-me-not, and apple-blossom, with what graceful and delicate lines and shapes of loveliness! And see how he has painted them and sprinkled them with his fragrant perfumes! How lavish of his beauty in wings of insects, in plumes of birds, and in the fading sunset clouds! Yes, God is indeed the poet, and painter, and builder, and singer; and every thing which we can know or imagine good and lovely, and to be desired, is but a welling up from the deep of God within us. He is truly love. He is indeed beauty and harmony. Think of all that is lovely and worthy of the longing desire of the human heart, and that is a little shadow of the Infinite Reality of which all things are but feeblest shadows which hide and yet reveal him. Our highest aspirations after him, our noblest conceptions of him, are ever, also, but a reflection of him mirrored within ourselves. How noble, then, is man, made in his image and likeness!

My friend ! as you sit by your window at the calm, sweet evening hour, and through the eye streams in upon you the soft landscape of mingling, harmonious lights, and shades, and colors, of dusky hill and glimmering river, of earth melting into the blue heaven, and in the west such a sea of glories ; as through the charmed ear flow in such tides of softened, commingled sound of laughing children, waving and rustling leaves, the evening-song of the robin or whip-poor-will, and the far distant boat-horn from the canal ; as, dear spirit-friend, yet for a little while clogged and cumbered with your clayey prison-walls, you sit, while the whole, wonderful, mysterious ocean of beauty and peace pours in upon you ; all you seem to see, and hear, and feel, so beautiful, so divine in earth and heaven, truly exists nowhere but in that all-comprehending universe within yourself. Not one particle is outside of you. The most distant nebula that feebly glimmers through Rosse's telescope circles in that world within you. You comprehend it, and all else that you know or feebly imagine. Of what a kingdom you are master ! Nay ! kingdom is but a sorry word. What a God's universe you are ! Know and respect thyself ! Know and respect thy brother ! Know, too, that thou art but a mere receptacle of the Divine, and rejoice that thou canst always look to him for all needs. For thou dost and canst not perceive thy needs so much as thy Father delights wisely to supply them. He never creates a need without its supply. Love thy Father. Trust in him. Thou canst not help loving and trusting him if thou knowest him aright. Look for him in the violet at thy feet, in all things, but chiefly in the human soul as his chiefest, divinest work and poem, and do thy work rejoicing and making melody in your heart."

"There's an Infinite Mind that all mind inspires ;
There's an Infinite Heart that man's bosom fires ;

There's an Infinite Breath from the Infinite Soul
Inflowing through all and beyond control.
There's an Infinite Sphere in which all things lie;
It encircles all skies—'tis the parent sky.
There's an Infinite Presence everywhere,
And it beats like a pulse in each globe of air.
There's an Infinite Will of an Infinite Cause,
And it twines throughout Nature's harmonic laws."

GEORGETOWN, D. C., Aug. 12, 1854.

DANGER AND PRAYER.

THE *American Sentinel*, published in this city, has the following under the editorial head :

THE CHOLERA AND THE "SPIRITS."—The cholera has commenced its ravages again this summer, and still, as ever, baffles the skill of our physicians. Can't the "Spirit-rappers" get the "Spirits to tell us the nature of the disease, and knock out a recipe for its cure? Now the "Spirits" might do some good if they ever intend to. We would suggest to the "rappers" the prayer of "Old Ira," who was in imminent danger of being drowned, "Oh, Lord! if eber you gwine to help Old Ira, now's de time!"

Old Ira evidently very much resembled many other people; his devotion was born of his fear, and his prayers were fervent in proportion to the magnitude of the threatened evil. The saints of this description are not all "drowned" yet. All who have been led to seek refuge in the Church for fear the "evil one" would catch them, or with a view of escaping endless perdition, have been influenced by the same motive. Even the editor of the *Sentinel* appears to be devotional after a similar manner. Now that the cholera has come he suggests prayer.

S. B. B.

THE TRIBUNE'S ASSAULTS.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

IN the New York *Tribune* of the 1st instant an article appeared on the leading editorial page which evidently was not written by Mr. Greeley, but by one who has heretofore earned an unenviable reputation by giving publicity in that journal to many weak and ridiculous things, bearing such titles as "Ghost Literature," "Ghost Seers," "Ghostly Intelligence," etc. The above titles appear to comprise about all the appropriate ones which the writer's vocabulary of contemptuous epithets affords. Hence, the present effort is *untitled*. But it may be convenient, on the whole, when a man has a false, mean, or libelous thing to say or do, to resort to such a covert manner as shall leave others the least possible opportunity to point out and characterize such perverted creations of the mind and heart. This the writer in the *Tribune* has done; he even boasts in the same connection that the authorship of these articles can not be ascertained. From this it plainly appears that he has not the manliness to stand out by himself, but shrinks from the responsibility of his own act. He is like one who runs in among his compeers and then hurls poisoned arrows into a crowd, expecting to escape a just retribution merely because no one can identify the assailant.

But the invisible and irresponsible author of "Ghost Literature," etc., in his last unscrupulous attack on the Spirits, exposes nothing so clearly as he does his own extreme nervous irritability, the strength of his prejudice and resentment, and, withal, his inexcusable ignorance of the whole subject on which

he presumes to enlighten others. It should be observed that the article before us mainly relates to the *New Era* and the "New Motor;" we may therefore appropriately leave our editorial friend at the East to dispose of its main features in his own way. There is, however, one remark so general and sweeping that we can not permit it to pass unnoticed in this connection. The writer, while referring to "the doctrines of free sexual affinities," makes the following reckless statement:

"It is quite commonly taught by the Spirits that the union of man and woman ought not only be based on spiritual compatibility, but that as the inner attraction varies, the outward relations should also be made to change, thus securing as frequent, if not as religiously motivated, a change of partners as obtains among the Oneida Perfectionists."

The *Tribune* is accustomed to characterize all such oblique statements, respecting its own principles and practices, as *falsehood*. We should be glad to use a milder term, though the circumstances fail to suggest one more appropriate to the occasion. We confidently assert, that every Spiritualist, and, indeed, every man who has spent *three hours* in the investigation knows, absolutely, that the views expressed in the above extract ARE NOT "*commonly taught by the Spirits*" at all, and, moreover, we assure the writer, whoever he may be, that no man can continue to publish such foolish, absurd, and libelous statements and preserve a decent reputation for good feeling and ordinary veracity. The truth as "*commonly taught by Spirits*" is utterly at war with his gross assumptions. They generally inculcate the idea that "the inner attraction" by which the conjugal relation *among them* is determined *does not vary*, in itself, and that it requires no such changes in "the outward relations" of individuals as this writer asserts. The purpose of the article under review can not well be mistaken. The author obviously designed to represent that a large class of Spiritualists are so extremely flexible in their morals that they

are disposed to follow wherever fancy, caprice, or lust may lead the way, in the formation of such temporary sexual unions as are, to use his own language, "congenial to the merely sensual man." Not satisfied with slandering mortals in this way, he asserts that such practices are sanctioned and "commonly taught by the Spirits;" while in the United States alone there are, perhaps, half a million witnesses ready to testify that this statement and the truth are as opposite as the poles.

We have doubtless devoted quite as much time to the investigation of spiritual subjects as any editor of a secular paper in this city, and we have never happened to meet with one spirit who inculcated, or even approved the ideas which the *Tribune's* man with the mask so distinctly ascribes to Spirits. Has our uncourteous accuser forgotten that the *Herald* and other journals, some time since, charged him and his associates with advocating ideas which tended to licentiousness? If we may trust our memory, it was about the time when the journal, of whose principles he is supposed to be a representative, entered with much enthusiasm into the philosophy of *Association* as taught by Charles Fourier. Coupled with a dim recollection of those days, we have a vivid impression, that the experience of the principal writer on "Ghost Literature," unpleasant as it probably was, did not make him candid and respectful toward others, nor have the Spirits of the other world been able to correct his manners.

The author of the nameless article under review evidently knows nothing whatever of Spiritualism. It may be doubtful whether he is qualified by nature or education to comprehend its philosophy, but he might at least obtain some knowledge respecting such facts as are open to universal observation. Until he has fairly reached the introduction to the new revelations, the writer in the *Tribune* should neither presume to set himself up as a teacher, nor venture to dispute the contents of

the great volume, which to him is a sealed book. The very subject, which he only treats with bitter scorn and coarse mockery, is to thousands fraught with the purest joy and the highest incentives to a pure life of great and honorable endeavor. It is the spring of the loftiest aspirations, and the source of the divinest consolation, to many crushed and desponding hearts. And yet this vain scribe, grown proud, arrogant, and irascible in his unbelief, profanely scoffs at the best proofs of his own immortality, dips his sacrilegious pen in gall and wormwood, and at last writes himself down as a public defamer alike of men and angels.

SAVED FROM A DESTROYER BY SPIRITS.—We are informed by one who knows, that the following occurrences lately took place in Boston: A mother died leaving an orphan and unprotected daughter at the susceptible age of sixteen. Some time after the mother's death the daughter formed an acquaintance with a wealthy young man of fascinating manners, but who is a sensualist. By his arts and blandishments, as he met her from time to time, her unsuspecting nature was evidently being wrought upon, when, being in the presence of a medium, a Spirit purporting to be that of her departed mother addressed her a warning, and cautioned her, for her own safety, to discontinue her meetings with the individual referred to. From skepticism or some other cause, however, she paid but little attention to the warning, and from the potency of the young lecher's arts, she gradually so far lost her personal decision as to be on the very brink of ruin. One evening after the fascinating magnetism of the serpent had taken its deepest effect upon her, she was sitting alone with the young rake in a room of the house where she resided, when a sudden and tremendous crash at the door of the room brought the family to the spot. They found the door literally burst from both lock and hinges! The girl's kind Spirit-mother had been watching the progress of affairs, and had interposed in this extraordinary way in behalf of her unprotected child, just in time to prevent her purity and her happiness for life from being ruthlessly snatched from her.

A SISTER SPIRIT'S PRAYER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO H. —.

BY MELINDA A. BALL.

SPIRIT of the great Eternal
Thou of light and life primeval !
Hear our prayer !
Look upon our darling brother,
We commend him, gracious Father,
To thy care.

Let a gleam of light from heaven
Be unto his bosom given ;
Let its rays,
O'er his darkened vision stealing,
Some bright Spirit-scene revealing
To his gaze,

Teach him that he is immortal ;
And, that when he bursts the portal
Of the tomb,
Angel bands shall greet his vision,
To dispel with scenes elysian
All its gloom.

We have watched him all untiring,
Oft repulsed, yet ne'er despairing
Of our ground ;
Strove to save through every danger,
Warned, entreated, when in error
He was found—

All unseen around have hovered,
When dark storms above him lowered,
And have wept

O'er his soul—with sorrow seething—
In the night-watch, comfort breathing
While he slept;

And, when maddened into frenzy,
O'er him plunge, with heightened fury,
Waves of grief,
Till his soul in anguish tossing,
Lethè in the wine-cup quaffing
Sought relief;

Could he but have heard the warning
Which above the din was sounding
In his heart,
Begging him to flee temptation,
And from God-endowed possession
Ne'er to part—

Had he heard the angel-voices
And have seen the angel-faces
Near him there—
When all earthly chords were riven
Had he felt the ties of Heaven,
Heard the prayer

That from hearts of love was gushing,
Seen the home for him preparing
In the skies;
Heard the joyous shout of welcome
That receives each weary pilgrim
When he dies;

He would not have sold his birthright
While its worth in Heaven's own sunlight
Had been seen;
And caused hearts, with anguish bleeding
To see signs of promise fading
Like a dream.

Yet there's hope, the Day is dawning—
Through dark clouds of error, breaking,
Beams the light ;
Father ! Father ! save our brother,
Must we see his noble nature,
In its might,

To the god of Bacchus bowing,
And, like orb of glory, sinking
Into night !
Oh, reveal the death-drops falling
From the Upas o'er him bending,
To his sight !

Let him stand in moral freedom,
For the right a noble champion
May he prove ;
Purify, exalt each passion,
Make him in his every action
Speak thy love.

With a boundless, deathless yearning,
And a love that knows no changing,
Once again
From the heart's deep fountain, Father !
Pray we for our erring brother—
Thrice amen !

Troy, N. Y., July, 1854.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and its slumberers sleep without a monument. All graveyards in other lands show symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor ; but in that ocean cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are all alike undistinguished. The waves roll over all—the same requiem song by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm beats and the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trump when the sea will give up its dead.

SPIRITUALISM A CURE FOR INSANITY.

THE INSANE.—It appears from the statistical returns of the several Insane Asylums in the United States, that there are not exceeding one fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census, now under treatment in those institutions.—*Exchange.*

One principle reason—perhaps *the* principal one—why there were four times as many insane people in the several retreats one year ago as at present, may be found in the fact that hundreds of persons in process of development as media were at that time packed off by their friends (?) to the madhouse. The few instances in which the believers in Spiritualism were *really insane*, they were evidently made so, with rare exceptions, by the stupid opposition or malignant persecution of others. We said at that time, that the madmen were chiefly among those who blindly opposed the Spirits, and eagerly pursued their feeble instruments; we exposed the gross error and downright cruelty of their course, and rebuked the Press for its pertinacity in reiterating the charge that the media and the believers were all “monomaniacs.” But they had, for the most part, neither the time to examine for themselves, nor the patience to reason with us. At length, however, the excited elements have settled down into a profound calm, the opposition having fairly exhausted itself by the violence of its own paroxysms. At last it is sufficiently manifest, we trust, that very many *opposers of Spiritualism* who were never sent to the Lunatic Asylums ought to have been, inasmuch as they were characterized by a far more desperate madness than was ever exhibited by those believers who were thus confined.

We ask the press, and the opposition generally, to notice

this significant fact: *During the past year the number of Spiritualists has probably been doubled at least, and yet, according to your own showing, the number of inmates of "the several Insane Asylums in the United States" does "not exceed one fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census."* At length, by accident, the truth is out; and it does not precisely accord with the gross assumption that, one year ago, was repeated by seven out of every ten of the religious and secular journals of this country, *viz.*, that "Spiritualism tends to insanity." No, gentlemen, but according to your own showing, *while the Spiritualists have doubled their numbers in the United States, the number of the insane has been immensely reduced.* At this rate, Spiritualism will soon convert and rationalize the world. Now if any editor who abused the subject and its friends last year, has since been converted or confounded, he may—if he has sufficient magnanimity, and can afford to be just—just copy this article. Oh, persecuting scribes! if you have not repented, it is time you had; if you have repented, make haste and show it by your works.

S. B. B.

THE CAUSE IN BOSTON.—We learn from the *New Era* that the committee appointed some weeks ago to take measures for the more effectual organization of Sunday meetings, in Boston, have recently made an unexpectedly favorable report. "They had found a deep interest in Spiritualism, and a willingness to contribute liberally for its furtherance, in quarters where it was little anticipated. Among those interested are some of the wealthiest and most substantial business men of the city," and it was confidently anticipated that a sum would be raised sufficient to enable the Spiritualist fraternity "to procure a large and commodious hall, and employ a public teacher of high and commanding abilities." We learn through a private channel that they have secured, for one year, the MELORON, one of the most spacious and eligible public lecture rooms on Washington Street.

SHOCKING SPIRITUAL DETAILS.—Speaking of the power which Spirits possess and sometimes exercise, to *shock* and *prostrate* persons who intrude upon localities which they have taken possession of, Mr. Fishbough, at the Spiritual Conference, related the following cases:

FIRST CASE.—The first occurred nearly two hundred years ago, and is recorded by Rev. Joseph Glanvil, chaplain to the king of England, who had it from one of the parties concerned. A Dutch lieutenant, walking arm in arm with a Mr. Broom, in the streets of the town of Woodbridge, England, said, "Yonder comes a ghost." He said the ghost was opposite such a house, and that he walked looking upward to the side of the street, swinging one arm with a glove in his hand. Presently he said the apparition was near them, and that they must give way and let it pass, or they might experience unpleasant consequences. His incredulous companion, however, forcibly held him directly in the way where he alleged the ghost was passing, when he experienced a shock or force which flung him violently into the middle of the street, where, with his hand badly bruised and his knee-pan broken, he lay for some time like a dead man. By the application of the proper restoratives, however, he was finally brought to his senses, and was conveyed home. Just as this affair terminated, the town-bell rung announcing a death, and on inquiry it was ascertained that a certain tailor had just died, who had the peculiarity of walking, swinging his arm with a glove in his hand, and looking up at the side of the street, just as the Dutchman (a stranger in the place) had described the apparition.

SECOND CASE.—The house of a clergyman of the narrator's acquaintance, then in Maine, was haunted with mysterious noises, and the furniture, bedclothes, etc., would often be moved in an unaccountable manner. Another clergyman, a relative of the first, was sojourning in the family, and repeatedly witnessed, and was sometimes annoyed with, these manifestations, but said nothing until one time as he was bringing a pail of water from the spring, and when within a few yards of the house, he was suddenly smitten by an invisible force, and with the quickness of lightning prostrated headlong upon the ground. As there was no visible or conceivable *earthly* cause for this occurrence, he mentioned to the other clergyman what had happened, but found him little disposed to converse on the subject. The owner of that house was afterward obliged to sell it at a sacrifice, and remove from the place to get rid of the annoyance of his unseen visitors. These facts may be relied upon,

but we are not authorized to mention the names of the parties concerned.

THIRD CASE.—The narrator had, when a boy, been told of a neighbor who on a dark night was driving a team at a place which was reputed to be haunted, when his horses suddenly stopped in the road, and refused to be urged forward. He went before them and saw a black mass, of indefinite shape, stretched across the road. He drew his cartwhip, intending to strike it with all his might; but as he did this he was suddenly knocked down as by an electric stroke, and when he recovered himself and looked again for the mysterious barrier of blackness, it had vanished, and his horses then willingly passed forward.

FIRE PREVENTED AND LIFE SAVED BY SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION.—As decisive a case of spiritual impression as has come to our knowledge for some time, is related in the August number of the *Phrenological Journal* by Mr. Zadock Hubbell, of Mount Kisko, Westchester Co., N. Y. It is to the effect that on the morning of the first of May last, he awoke between the hours of one and two, with an irresistible impression on his mind that he must rise and go forthwith to the Harlem Railroad dépôt at New Castle, which was about half a mile distant. It was at the time raining in torrents, and was very dark, and he could not conceive the object of his strange impulse. He was, however, involuntarily impelled to hasten his preparation, and to depart without delay; and as he was proceeding along the road, he found himself, without any voluntary effort on his part, running at the top of his speed. Arriving at the dépôt he found that all was silent and dark, and nothing seemed to require his interference, or to suggest any explanation of the strange impulse which had brought him there. He stopped not, however, until he arrived at the rear basement of the house of J. S. Hall, Esq. Here he saw a light through the windows, which could not be seen from the front of the house, as there were no windows in front. On a closer examination the basement proved to be on fire, and he had just time to arouse the family and extinguish the flames, and thus save their lives. The fire had originated from a barrel of quicklime which had become wet from the water running into the basement during the heavy rain, and could not, of course, have been exteriorly anticipated by the impressionist or any earthly power.

ABOUT THE AVERAGE STANDARD.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE Editor of the *Independent* pays a very doubtful compliment to the saints in the following brief but significant paragraph :

"The great railroad robber in this city, whose name is likely to characterize that species of crime, we believe made no profession of godliness, but was esteemed in business as an honorable and upright man. His Boston compeer in infamy is a member of a prominent church in that city. It is not true, however, as our Boston correspondent represented, that he has been an active church member. His voice has not been heard in the prayer-meeting, and he has been known often to neglect that meeting for railroad conferences. Of his reported benevolence, too, it is enough to say, that his only subscription of \$1,000 to the American Board remains unpaid. Still his Christian character was unimpeached ; as fair, perhaps, as the average character of church members."

We are not unconscious of the fact, that some men manage for a while to keep up a respectable *reputation* before the world, while, at the same time, their very hearts are pregnant with unborn robberies ; but it can scarcely, in truth, be said of such men, that *their characters are fair*. But our cotemporary honestly observes, speaking of a certain Boston church member, "that his only subscription of \$1,000" to a public charity *was never paid* ; and, notwithstanding he is the compeer of the greatest public robber of modern times, yet that "*his Christian character was . . . as fair, perhaps, as the average character of church members.*" This is certainly complimenting the Christians "over the left" in a most direct and forcible

manner, and if what the *Independent* intimates is half true, the "house of prayer" has again become "a den of thieves." It is quite possible, however, that our Evangelical neighbor did not mean all that his language implies.

QUERY. If Robert Schuyler's "compeer in infamy" presents the average standard of moral and Christian rectitude in the churches, pray what must be the maximum development of honesty and Christian disinterestedness among the brethren? If there are any Christians of this particular description more eminent than the examples referred to, we hope they will locate at such a "magnificent distance" from this city, that the aroma of their sanctity may never reach us.

SPIRITUALISM PROOF AGAINST MICE.—Moses W. Newcomb, of Clay, N. Y., is a subscriber for several newspapers, and among the rest for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and the *New Era*. As these papers have been read by his family they have been thrown into a certain box behind a sofa, which serves also as a comfortable habitation for mice. On a recent examination by Mrs. Newcomb, she found that those meddling little varmints had completely cut to pieces nearly all the papers except the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and *New Era*, and that not one of either of these latter had been touched! We glean this fact from the *New Era*, to which it is communicated by Mr. Orris Barnes. It is certainly a singular affair, but we are not exactly willing to leave Spiritualism to stand or fall only upon its basis. We are, however, of the opinion that the little quadrupeds did not display much *taste* in passing over such delicious morsels to nibble at such coarse political dry bones as the *Albany Atlas*, which was one of the suffering papers.

DREAM FULFILLED.—The wife of the present writer dreamed lately that a neighbor was lying prostrate and languishing, as if some severe calamity had befallen him. A few evenings ago he was brought home severely injured by a fall from a scaffold, and now lies in precisely the condition in which the dreamer saw him.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. K. DURFEE, of Carbondale, Pa., writes that a friend of his, being on a journey, and a hundred miles distant, was impressed that a communication to him had been rapped out through a Miss E. Rickards, of Carbondale, and requested him (Mr. D.) to go and inquire if such were the case. Our correspondent accordingly repaired to the house of the medium, and found his friend's impression fully verified, and that a communication adapted to his case had been rapped out for him some few days previously. Mr. D. sends us the communication, with others given through the same medium, and which we omit as they are mainly of personal interest. Spiritualism appears to have obtained a permanent footing in Carbondale.

A. KELLY PEASE, of Lowell, Mass., writes us concerning the state of Spiritualism in that city. He says they have five or six well-developed mediums possessing different "gifts." Among these he mentions a Mr. Pike, through whom some faith-compelling tests have been given in the way of diagnosing and prescribing for disease. He is also a speaking medium, and Spirits purporting to be of different nations, and to have lived on the earth in different ages, use his vocal organs for utterance in their various languages, with which he himself is totally unacquainted. They have a sufficient number of circles, and intend, when the weather is cooler, to have public lectures. So the cause in that city of spindles seems to be in an advanced and advancing state.

MARRIAGE AND FREE LOVE.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

RESPECTING the nature of marriage, two general opinions prevail among civilized nations. The first regards marriage merely, or at least *mainly*, as a legal sexual union of two persons who publicly promise to live together for the term of their natural lives in the most intimate relation as prescribed by the civil government. In this sense it is at most a civil contract, sanctioned, determined, and enforced by the authorities of the State in their legislative and executive capacities. To this end the statute expressly directs *how* persons may be legally married, and in what particular manner the marriage contract may be lawfully *annulled*. Moreover, in all this the State only regards the fitness of the parties to the contract in so far as their anatomical and other external relations are concerned, having no reference, in any case, to their moral and spiritual attractions or repulsions. This is evident from the fact that marriage may be abrogated whenever certain physical defects are proved to exist in either party, but never on the ground of spiritual incompatibility. That this union of the sexes, as determined by law is—in the absence of a more spiritual connection—a mere earthly and sensual institution, is further manifest in its limitation to the brief period of mortal life. Nor is this all. While the laws of England and other enlightened countries declare that a marriage, otherwise legally consummated, may be rendered void by a previously existing marriage, by organic defects, functional incapacity, or by the want of a mutual recognition of conjugal rights and privi-

leges, it nevertheless insists that such a marriage is *strictly valid* until it is formally declared otherwise by a decision of the court. Accordingly, such a contract—unlawful in its very inception—even when its consummation involves a ruthless violation of the highest moral sentiments and sanctions, is *good*, in the legal sense of the term, and no less binding on the parties until the court having jurisdiction in the premises decides that it is good for nothing. Thus with no legal decision to the contrary, the most unnatural, degrading, and immoral alliances must be preserved inviolable. A union prompted on the one part by the vilest passion, and on the other by misplaced confidence, and consummated in unmitigated deception and villainy is, for the time being, a valid marriage, and until the next session of the court.

We offer the preceding observations, not because we are opposed to all legislative action designed to regulate the external relations and intercourse of the sexes, but to show that the laws and customs of the civilized world make marriage *a merely civil contract*, entered into agreeably to the suggestion of political economists and the prescribed forms of law, and deriving its highest sanctions from the decisions of human tribunals. And in what respect is the idea of the Church superior to this? It pretends to invest the institution with a high religious importance and a Divine authority, but it evidently has no distinct conception of the spiritual nature of the relation. True, it talks of "what God hath joined together," but, at the same time, it marries people after the State fashion, and expressly stipulates that the contract is limited to the period of their existence *in the flesh*. By this course the Church virtually assumes either that there is no future life, or, admitting the existence hereafter, that marriage is wholly physical, earthly, and sensual. By the plain terms of the contract, it *dissolves* all marriage alliances on the occurrence of the death of either

party, and by so doing it emphatically denies the spiritual and immortal nature of the union. Thus it appears that only *the bodies* of men and women are married according to the present customs and laws of Church and State. The writer can not resist the conviction that if the conjugal affection legitimately belongs to human nature, and especially if it has aught to do with our spiritual being, marriage as established by law and sanctioned by religion is a somewhat questionable recognition of this most sacred of all human relations.

Very different from the foregoing description is the spiritual idea, which, we are constrained to say, is as yet neither widely entertained nor clearly defined. However, a general definition will suffice for our present purpose. To constitute a true spiritual marriage two congenial souls must be irresistibly attracted and perfectly conjoined, not merely by the function of a priest, magistrate, or legislator, but by the *spiritual, natural law of affinity*. In proportion as this union is consummated, the two become one in feeling and thought. A spiritual cohesive power binds them together so that they can not be separated or divorced. The marriage that is truly spiritual must also be everlasting, because the spirit itself is immortal in all the primordial elements, essential attributes, and divine activities of its nature. It is only, therefore, when two beings are thus constituted and united by the Supreme Author of all, that they are in a true sense "joined together" by him, or spiritually married. If one such union exists on earth—one that did not originate in sensual appetites and corporeal fires—that one, at least, need not, and, indeed, can not, perish with the flesh. Our spiritual relations and attractions are obviously not merely for time, but *forever*. Hence, those who are wedded in soul—if there be any such—can be separated no more. No man can put them asunder; Heaven will not reverse its own decrees; nor can the conscious spirit fly from its counterpart. A spiritual co-

hesion, more subtle, powerful, and lasting than that which binds the elements of all worlds together, is the indissoluble bond of their immortal union.

Such, in brief, are the two prevalent ideas respecting marriage as we conceive them to exist in the minds of their respective advocates, and it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the latter is chiefly entertained by Spiritualists. It is not true, therefore, as was affirmed in a late number of the *New York Tribune*, that Spiritualism is at all favorable to a free-and-easy system of commerce between the sexes. Of all the systems in the world this, in its essential nature, is the least obnoxious to the charge of "securing a frequent change of partners." The very idea of a spiritual, conjugal union as already defined, and as it is probably accepted by a large majority of modern Spiritualists, utterly precludes the notion of any such system of exchange; it is severe in its limitations, restricting the individual, in the genuine exercise of this affection, to a union with a single soul.

It is not of course pretended that all who profess to entertain the spiritual idea, practically conform to these views. It is even possible that certain misguided and unscrupulous believers in spiritual manifestations may also claim to be spiritually minded, in an elevated and true sense, that they may thereby secure the confidence of the simple and opportunities to gratify their carnal desires. But it was precisely so as far back as the age of the Apostles, and St. Paul found it necessary to exhort the Galatians not to use their *Christian* "liberty for an occasion to the flesh." (Chap. v. 13.) If, then, some Spiritualists act in a manner unworthy of their high calling, and thus pervert the principles of a great and holy cause to doubtful or dishonorable ends, they certainly will not be the first to deny and betray their Christ. If this reflection does nothing to mitigate the evil of the present time,

it may at least suggest the proper distinction between the truth and its unworthy disciples.

An article by Rev. Adin Ballou, which recently appeared in the *Practical Christian*, contains some remarks on Free Love among Spiritualists, which may be calculated to place the movement in rather a questionable light before the public. From several expressions, made, perhaps, without proper deliberation, those who are so disposed may feel at liberty to conclude that Spiritualism *itself* authorizes and encourages the evils our brother so deeply deplotes. We are satisfied that no man writes with a more fervent desire to do good than A. B., and it is because he is known to have a sincere reverence for the truth, that others may, on the present occasion, attach an undue importance or improper significance to his language. So far, therefore, as it is implied that free love, in a sensual or otherwise objectionable sense, characterizes Spiritualism, or that it is a necessary or natural result of the present movement, *we desire to express in this public manner our unqualified dissent, and to enter our protest against the practice of carelessly confounding principles with men.* We most emphatically insist that *the spiritual idea, when properly understood, sanctions nothing of the kind*, and we are certainly surprised that so careful and conscientious an observer as Adin Ballou should disregard the most important distinctions in treating a subject, on which he, some time since, wrote so feelingly and so well. If men do wrong, let them be faithfully and fearlessly reprov'd; but let no friend of the cause give an occasion for the inference that Spiritualism sanctions evils which are at war with every principle of its philosophy.

It avails nothing as an apology for thus obliterating all proper distinctions to say that a portion of the manifestations are uninteresting and unprofitable. The New Testament proves that they were so in the first century of the Christian

era, when what were called 'dumb and unclean spirits,' judging from the records of the Evangelists, were by far the most numerous. It is granted that some men still inculcate false ideas and immoral practices, and that some Spirits continue to lead men astray. But this, surely, is not a peculiar development of the modern spiritual movement; for, Jesus and the Apostles being witnesses, there were "false prophets" and "seducing spirits" in the primitive Church, whose influence led some men to discard the truth. Should similar causes produce like results in our own day, we at least shall not be greatly disappointed. Indeed, while we most cordially approve of the greater portion of the article under review, and earnestly commend its inculcations, we will not disguise the fact that it served to admonish us that should "iniquity abound" in the future "the love of many may wax cold." (Matt. xxiv. 12.)

If there is at the East, as seems to be vaguely implied, a kind of free love that teaches men and women to violate the most sacred human obligations, especially if it prompts them to dishonor themselves, and each other; to pollute and poison the springs of social and domestic life and peace, we certainly have no sympathy with that kind of freedom or that species of love. Such a use of the words, even, involves

"A base
Abandonment of reason,"

and is little less than the essence of all falsehood and the foulest treason against Heaven. Least of all, can we entertain the idea that such notions sustain the remotest relation to the principles of that divine philosophy which teaches us to subject the passions to the reason and the senses to the soul.

But it will be said that our idea of what constitutes a true spiritual union warrants the supposition that a large number of marriages, even among the most enlightened and refined

nations, are very far from conforming to our description ; that many persons are improperly mated, and as a consequence dissatisfied and miserable. What, it may be demanded, shall be done with these ? Our answer to this question may be embodied in few words. If they can not *possibly* agree to live together, they should do the next best thing, which may be to separate by mutual consent. If the dissatisfaction results from inadequate causes, or is mainly on one side, let the disaffected party make the best of "a bad bargain." If he has formed an external alliance on the sensuous plain, and agreeably to the specific provisions of the civil law, let him, like an honest man, respect the obligation thus voluntarily assumed. He surely has no right to plead the subsequent discovery of a natural or spiritual law as an excuse for violating a civil contract, more particularly in a case which most intimately concerns his honor. Inasmuch as the original proposition, in all our marriage alliances, is presumed to proceed from the man, he, especially, should conform in the strictest manner to the terms of the engagement. If he has the least magnanimity he will neither be disposed to take advantage of the weak, nor to wait for the strong arm of the law to define the nature and extent of his duties. If any man, under such circumstances and in the name of REFORM, attempts to disturb the family relations of himself or others, he deserves to be regarded with the strongest suspicion, and his deed should be frowned upon by all generous and honorable men. The world can never be reformed by those who thus abandon the weak and helpless, disregard their most solemn promises, and darken the soul and its immortal destiny by the guilt of perjury.

A BEAUTIFUL IMAGE.—A deaf and dumb person being asked to give his idea of forgiveness, took a pencil and wrote, "It is the sweetness which flowers yield when trampled upon."

"THE SKYLOGICAL STATE."

THOSE who know little or nothing respecting the facts and principles of psychological and theosophical science often make amusing blunders in their allusions to such subjects. An example of this kind, which fairly rivals Mrs. Partington in her best moods, came under our observation some time since. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mettler were on a visit at the home of the writer, in Connecticut. Rumor had been busy in celebrating the deeds of Mrs. M. throughout the neighborhood, and one of her thousand tongues had whispered great things in the ear of a young countryman who lived several miles from the village. By degrees his curiosity was excited, until it quite subdued his skepticism, and he resolved to dine, for once in his life, on a miracle, provided it did not "cost too much."

One morning, about nine o'clock, the door-bell rang in an emphatic manner. The writer, being in the front room at the time, opened the door. A young man of rustic dress and manners advanced, and with an inquisitive but solemn air inquired :

"Mister, is the *claireform* lady in?"

Perceiving that the young rustic had confounded *chloroform* and *clear-seeing*, we replied with as much gravity as we could command, "You refer to Mrs. Mettler, the *clairvoyant*, do you not?"

"O, yes, that's the one, I 'spose."

Mrs. Mettler was called, and after exchanging a few words with her visitor, and making known her usual terms for an

examination and prescription, this modern Solomon, with a complacent and solemn manner and expression, thus continued his inquiries :

"Wall, marm, I 'spose you 'zamine, *subscribe* for 'em, and put 'em in the *skylogical* state, all for the same price, don't ye?"

Mrs. M. was about to reply in a grave and civil way, when, having a care for our sides, we departed with slight precipitation.

One of our material counselors—a sort of Job's comforter—insists that the countryman was quite right, and that if any one is skeptical respecting the existence of such a state, he has only to slip down once and hit his head in the occipital region to verify the fact by his own experience. If the first trial does not succeed, the experiment may be repeated. When the subject begins to "*see stars*," it is said that he is fairly in the *skylogical* state.

S. B. B.

SINGULAR PREDICTION AS TO CUBA SEVENTY YEARS AGO.—The Attorney-General of the United States (Caleb Cushing), who is a student of history, in arguing the Aragon land case in the Supreme Court, remarked, that the Count of Aranda, who in 1788 was the plenipotentiary from Spain, and as such signed the treaty of peace between the United States and England, wrote on the same night a letter to his sovereign giving an account of what had been done, and adding :

"I have just affixed my name to the treaty with deep grief, for I foresee infinite trouble to Spain from the existence of a *North American Republic*. *East Republica Federal hanacipa pigmea; dia vendra cuando ilegara a ser gigante y aun coloso*"—this Republic has been ushered into the world a pigmy, but the day will come when it will have grown into gigantic proportions and be a colossus.

He then stated that "the United States would move down to the Gulf of Mexico, that they would take Florida and New Spain (Mexico), and at last the island of Cuba."

SUICIDE FROM LOVE.

Not long since, a private in the U. S. army was found near Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, dead from a pistol shot, evidently directed by his own hand, as the discharged weapon lay on his breast. The deceased was a German, named Laforce, and though a soldier in the ranks, where intellectual development of the higher poetic, sentimental order might well be unexpected, he left behind him two communications, which, while they explain the cause which precipitated him to death, are as remarkable for classic grace and sententious power as any utterances we remember ever to have read. The subjoined are the two communications, the first being addressed to a young and very beautiful lady—to whom the suicide had lost his heart :

"When God created man, he endowed him with faculties which, when used rightly, entitle him to a better lot than mine.

"He said, 'It is not well that man should be alone, I will make a companion for him.' I have found that companion, and feel that sensation which made Adam know that he could not live without the being who wounded his heart.

"And the Almighty, all-bountiful God, gave her to him, that he might be happy on earth. This is my case.

"Seeing a certain lady, and struck by her extraordinary beauty, I feel that she could make me happy—but, alas! she does not love me.

"You will ask, perhaps, who the lady is! It is Miss E—— F——, who makes me melancholy and miserable, and who hurries me on to death. I do not blame her. I blame myself for it.

"I found death in her blue eyes, where I hoped to find eternal happiness.

"It would be useless to say more about it. You can not imagine the

despair which drives me to a death so sudden. Therefore, farewell, Mrs. — and family; farewell forever.

"Find a faithful lover, dear Eliza! My spirit will be with you, will watch over you, and guard you in time of danger. Farewell! one and all. Despair hurries me to death.

"Perhaps this deadly weapon will explode at the very moment you read these lines: Farewell * * *. My last sign, and my watchword in the other world, will be "Eliza." There we will meet again, if not as angels, we will meet *elsewhere*, even as devils."

(Signed)

THOMAS LAFORCE.

The other paper was subsequently found in the knapsack of the deceased, of which the following is a translation:

"A BROKEN HEART'S COMPLAINT."

"Death and life! Anguish and joy! Torment and pleasure! Love and contempt! Heaven and Hell—forever before my eyes!

"Where is the fountain whose waters will quench these flames!

"Where the spring to heal the heart wounded with the stings of love, despair, and pain! A model she is of beauty—charms without equal—the flower of her sex; a rose of the garden of the Hesperides; she who enchants me.

"Yes! her arms are a magic wand—her eye is a ray of fire, and my doom was that of destruction, from the moment when I sought happiness from the charms of those eyes.

"What can I say of this maiden among mortals, this goddess among heathens!

"The tender smile of Cytherea, the auburn locks and the soft, blue eyes of the majestic Pallas, the royal shape and bearing of the huntress Diana, and the rosy cheeks of her whom Oberon chose for his spouse—of such she is the counterpart.

"Had not the cunning god of love given his heart to Psyche, this mold of beauty never would have escaped his eyes. I can appreciate your situation, when with fear and hope offering your sacrifice to Venus. Oh! great Telemachus! you were taken by the hands of this cruel goddess from the charming Eucharis, and the still mourning Calypso, and laid in the lap of old Penelope.

"But notwithstanding, your lot was enviable; new and lovely charms and pleasures awaited you.

"But I—poor miserable wretch! what do I see before me! A precipice which makes my heart shudder! To love, and not be loved again! to love and to adore, and to be forced to darken the days of her I love with early cares, without visible means to meet the common necessities of life!

"Oh misery! Soon will despair overpower me.

"Sorrow will overtake me, and a handful of sand will soon cover the remains of one whose early death was caused by *love*.

"His spirit will live in higher spheres, and look down sweetly on her who was so dear to him. It will guard and protect her, and surely she will not refuse him her blessing. Peace be with his ashes."

(Signed)

THOMAS LAFORCE.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 29.—The first part of the evening was mainly occupied by Dr. Young, Mr. Fishbough, Mr. Levy, and Uriah Clark in discussions growing out of a *reported* case in which the Spirit of a woman recently deceased was said to have appeared at her former earthly residence, and to have struck or shocked a man senseless who attempted to approach her. Without pretending to credit the story, Mr. FISHBOUGH related three cases somewhat similar, and which shall be given in a separate paragraph. Dr. YOUNG mentioned an apparition of a Spirit-man and a dog which had lately been described by a medium, and was recognized by an inquirer who had known him in the flesh. Mr. FISHBOUGH responded to a call for an explanation of the apparition of dogs, horses, etc., as seeming forms of spiritual existence. He spoke at some length in favor of the theory, that life, whether belonging to the human, the animal, or the vegetable kingdom, is absolutely indestructible, and that therefore all things, in certain modified conditions, must necessarily exist, and can be seen, in the Spirit-world, that exist in this world. Dr. HALLOCK mentioned a curious fact in his experience, relating to projection, by the will, of the forms of animals, etc., to the vision of clairvoyants. Dr. H. also related some strong test cases by which an inveterate skeptic had recently been convinced. Dr. YOUNG made some general remarks on what had already been said. URIAH CLARK spoke of the demands of spiritual inquirers, and of the uses of Spiritualism, and instanced cases of good which it had already done. Two or three of these cases strongly demonstrated a tendency of Spirit-

ualism to level aristocracy, and to elevate and equalize human conditions. Dr. GRAY said he had once asked Spirits whether there was any aristocracy in the Spirit-world? They answered, "We have some pitiable instances of aristocracy here." After a pause they added: "Perhaps we should not have said 'pitiable,' because it is soon outgrown." The rest of the evening was occupied mostly in a discussion between Dr. GRAY and Mr. FISHBOUGH as to whether Spirits, in their normal state as Spirits in the Spirit-world, could see the material things of this world—Dr. G. taking the affirmative, and Mr. F. the negative.

CASE OF SPIRITUAL SYMPATHY.—Nothing so firmly convinces a person of the reality of spiritual things as a little experience for himself in those powers and faculties which are said to characterize Spirits. By this means he knows that as to his interior nature he is himself a Spirit, not necessarily dependent upon the fleshy organism for the exercise of his interior powers, and thence he may perceive *how* other Spirits may and do exist and act, even in a disembodied state. The writer of this (whose name may be ascertained by those who will inquire), has for several years had the faculty of feeling and knowing what is the general state of his family when absent from them. An instance may illustrate: Recently the writer's wife and children spent a couple of weeks in the country, a hundred miles distant, while the writer himself remained at home. When we next saw them we said to the mother, "Mary E. has once been sick at the stomach, and L. was not very well shortly after you arrived at your place of destination. With these exceptions you have all been well, and have enjoyed yourselves much." We learned from the mother that this was precisely so, with the exception that the indisposition of L., which happened, as we saw (or rather felt), *shortly after their arrival*, was rather more severe than our sympathetic impression indicated. There was no *guessing* or imagining about this, but we actually felt it, as a Spirit; and we see and know from this how we shall preserve the same faculty, in greater intensity, when our outer organism is thrown off. Faith in spiritual things is therefore, to us, almost absolute, unmistakable, experimental *knowledge*, though this fact may be no guide to others, except as it may induce them to seek and find a similar line of inner experiences.

PHILADELPHIA AND THE SOUTH.

FROM OUR LOCAL CORRESPONDENT.

CONFERENCE AT FRANKLIN HALL.—At the last public meeting of the Conference under the charge of the Harmonial Association, Mr. Hood made some remarks to show that the idea of the Resurrection did not originate with Jesus of Nazareth, and that the idea of immortality existed long prior to the Augustine age. He thought immortality was not taught in the New Testament at all. Some of the Pagan writers declare that the Christian ideas of immortality were stolen from their mysteries. He thought all the religion of the Jews was of a material and temporal nature.

A GENTLEMAN read a very interesting letter from Cicero to his friend Scipio, giving his ideas of immortality, which accorded with modern spiritual manifestations. Strangely enough, this letter was published in the *Christian Advocate and Journal*—a paper which condemns all modern Spiritualists in most unmeasured terms.

Mr. West also thought that the idea of immortality did not originate in Christianity. It was one of the oldest doctrines in existence. It was taught long prior to Moses. The Scripture informs us that it was known in Syria long before that time. The speaker then read a number of quotations from the Old Testament, showing the similarity of occurrences there recorded with manifestations of the present day.

There was a good deal of discussion about the spirituality of different kinds of manifestations. It was thought by some that fifty per cent. of the speaking-medium manifestations were not spiritual, being only a kind of self-psychology, and giving evidence of no intelligence beyond the mind of the medium. On the contrary, it was disputed that any such thing as self-psychology existed, or, if it did exist, there had been no explanation of what was meant by it, or what it really was.

PEOPLE'S CONFERENCE, SUNDAY, AUG. 6.—The Harmonial Association having suspended their meetings until September, the people who had been in the habit of attending resolved to continue the meetings in-

dependent of any organization, and thus far they have been very interesting. At the Conference this day a short paragraph was read from the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH giving an account of a most extraordinary manifestation of the power of Spirits to make tangible demonstrations. The particular case consisted in a man being dragged about the room by retaining his hold upon the wrist of a Spirit-hand and arm that had been presented to him. The gentleman who read the extract asked if there was any one present who had ever experienced any thing of the kind, and, if so, how they accounted for such manifestations.

Mr. PARRIS made a statement of a case in his own experience which had similar features to the one just read. The hand and arm of an infant first appeared, which he grasped, and afterward the hand and arm of an adult female, which he also took in his own, and when he pressed this latter hand it returned the pressure. (The particulars of this case were related some weeks ago.) He did not pretend to account for these occurrences. He only knew the facts. In his case there was no attempt on the part of the Spirit-forms to withdraw their hands, and he finally released his hold voluntarily, and then heard the words, "How long do you think you will live?" He also referred to the remarkable cases of the appearance of persons in the flesh to others at a distance. He related a case in point which occurred to him twenty-four years ago. He was in a Southern city and was reclining on a bed, looking out of the window, when, to all appearance, a form rose up from the middle of the floor of his room, which was the perfect counterpart of his mother. She walked to the bed, took a seat by his side, gave a long, deep sigh and disappeared. When the form arose from the floor he was not thinking of home, but of quite a different subject. He related the occurrence to the family, who advised him to write home, and expressed their fears that he would find that his mother departed for the Spirit-world at about the time she appeared before him. He wrote, and received for answer that his mother was never in better health; but at the hour he saw her wraith was thinking very intently of him. He thought these appearances more difficult to account for than any thing connected with Spiritualism.

Dr. FOSTER spoke on the subject of unreliable communications. He thought many of them arose from familiar or sympathetic Spirits, who attended the media and would respond to their feelings and wishes. He related some instances to sustain this view, and also some answers from Spirits corroborating the theory. He then read from a book, wherein he had recorded some of the communications given to him.

After Dr. Foster, a GENTLEMAN spoke on the law of progressive development. He remarked that: "It has been said that the past is a mirror in which the future is reflected; but this is not strictly true. There is a law of progressive development which forbids that events in the world's history shall ever be repeated. But there is an analogy between the general course of events in any one period and any other, which enables us to predict with some certainty what will be the future effects of any new discovery.

"When America was discovered, greedy adventurers hastened here in search of the precious metals and stones. Thousands of lives were wasted in the vain search. The fertile soil, the magnificent rivers, the forests of timber, and mountains of coal and iron were all disregarded. The adventurers thought not of the future of the country; they thought only of enriching themselves speedily.

"And many who now investigate Spiritualism do so with the vain expectation of being told by Spirits where to find a pot of gold, or how to make a profitable speculation in trade, or cure a dyspepsia or gout caused by gluttony. Like the gold and diamond adventurers, their selfishness looks for some immediate, personal benefit. When a few Puritans and Quakers and Huguenots were driven from Europe to find homes in the wilds of America, those who drove them away as outcasts from society little dreamed that they were planting the seed of the greatest nation that ever lived upon the earth. And those who to-day despise the investigators of Spiritualism have no conception of the great results that must ensue to our race from these investigations. Even those who came here to find a permanent home for themselves and descendants had but very vague ideas about the future of this country, and the influence it was destined to exert upon the whole world. And so of Spiritualists who investigate this subject in the fullest faith of its importance, and with the purest desires that it may bless the world—they can not now comprehend the grand part it is to play in the development of the race. Let us not despond, therefore, if our immediate anticipations are not realized, but work on, doing that which is appointed to us, and relying upon the universal law of development to accomplish all the designs of the Creator.

NOT SPIRITUALISM.—A young man, residing at Rennet Square, Philadelphia, of very remarkable inventive genius, recently constructed a machine for folding newspapers. He took it to New York for examination

and trial, and there found one very similar to his own. His own machine was not as perfect in its operations as he had expected to see it, and he returned to Philadelphia quite disheartened at the result of his labor, put up at a friend's house, and in the morning attempted to leap from a third-story window and destroy himself, but was fortunately saved by a friend in the room. He has since manifested signs of insanity, as on the day previous to the suicidal attempt. From childhood he has manifested an unusual degree of mechanical skill, and has almost constantly studied on some new invention, until his mind has become unbalanced. If he had studied and investigated Spiritualism, and read the TELEGRAPH as steadily as he has the *Scientific American*, we might have had a proposition to suppress all spiritual publications and circles, as we have had on various occasions.

THE KNEE-PAN THEORY IN PARIS.—A medical friend just returned from Paris informs us that he attended a lecture at the Academy of Sciences, in that city, on Anatomy, a few weeks since. After the lecturer had closed, another Solon took the stand and exhibited several bones and limbs to illustrate his discovery of the cause of all the Spirit-rappings, which was the knee-joint. He elaborated his theory and made it quite satisfactory to many, especially when it was found that he could make slight rappings with his own knee. After he concluded, an American gentleman present astonished some of the wise Frenchmen by telling them that the knee-pan theory was quite stale in America. Our friend informed us that the joint theory seemed to be quite satisfactory to most of the scientific gentlemen present. Whether the presence of Dr. Flint, one of the Buffalo University trio, who is now residing in Paris, has had any influence in spreading his darling theory, we have no means of knowing; but it is amusing to witness the folly of "scientific" men on subjects which they fear to investigate.

MR. HENRY WURTZ, of Newark, N. J., the State Mineralogist, discovered a few days since, in the quarries of Mr. Alyea, near Newark, a substance which on analysis proves to be a new mineral. It was found in thin flakes between the layers of sandstone, and having an extraordinary resemblance in many respects to white paper, he has given it the name of "Papyrolyte."

A BLESSING IN SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

BY FRANCES C. MOTTE.

Ever with me, ever near me,
Day by day my heart runs o'er
With the thought though God has claimed thee
Thou art with me evermore.

While the bell of even chimeth
That another day is gone,
And I feel thy presence near me
As I meet the coming dawn—

Where my daily duty calls me,
If I tread a boisterous way,
Finding while the current deepens,
Many hearts to say me nay—

It is sweet to know beside me
Is a guardian-angel still,
Bending e'er my little vessel
By an effort of the will.

Oh, how precious are these tokens
And I turn, O God, to thee,
Who hast lightened thus my burdens—
Another of the joys that be.

Author of the great relation
That in mercy thou hast given,
Shedding light to cheer the mourner
From the very gates of heaven.

Making calm the wounded spirit,
Crushed beneath its heavy load,
Radiant now thy glory beaming,
Lighteth up some drear abode

Easing where disease hath stricken,
Bearing on the wings of air,
Ever to the fainting spirit
Solace for disease and care ;

Drawing all around, about them,
As the spirit soars away,
Rays from out the inner portal—
Opening of diviner day.

Be the truth for aye extended
To the weary and oppressed,
Comfort where disease hath stricken,
Make a place within each breast—

Scattering seed in hedge and highway,
By the river and the shore,
Resting not till earth acknowledge
Spirit-bands forever more.

PHENOMENA OF THE BRAIN.—Dr. Wigan, in a treatise on the "Duality of the Mind," makes the following remarks :

"One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the corpus callosum, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all the functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind. It can not think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach ; once there it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—*Genesee Whig.*

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

THE following description of a day among the sylvan Spirits is from the pen of a young lady in Williamsburg, who has natural powers of description which merit careful cultivation.—Ed.

The proposition of a day in the woods came like a breeze from the "better country." It seemed as though we could there so readily, like the mountains and mighty tree-tops, reach upward till the material should be lost with the immortal. Seized with this sudden inspiration, a little circle of us, Spiritualists, set off in the cool of the morning one day last week, with cold dinners in our baskets and glowing thoughts in our hearts, for a day in the country. After leaving the stage a little this side of Newtown, L. I., we hastened from the dusty road into a grass-grown path leading to our destination, springing over fences and running through the woods, almost as elastically and as happily as though our spirits were released from their prison-house. Rest came when we had reached the grove that skirted the hill-top. Serenely we lay beneath the cool shadows listening to the music of the singing trees. Gazing with still joy into the Spirit-eyes that we felt gleaming softly upon us from the bending branches, bright wild flowers, and slender vines that hung in rich festoons around us, our hearts were filled as with sunlight from those unearthly glances, and we thought how thankful we should be that gone forever were those sad, sad days we had sometimes passed in the woods—days when we had wandered among the unweeded graves in the burial-places of far West, when the rustling leaves and the low, mournful sound of insects settling upon the silent graves, the only answer to the Where! oh, where! of our

souls. Thus the white marble signals stood like stiffened shrouds pointing with fearful solemnity to that reef on which we too should be wrecked. How knew we then the soul had reached its promised rest? How knew we that it wandered not darkling through space? How knew we even that its light had not gone out forever? How vainly then we urged these questions, and listened in solemn silence, but found no answer! Thank God, no wooded dell, however somber and solitary to the sensuous observer, can again awaken that quenched agony.

We read the *Tribune* of that day, as we lay beneath the Spirit-peopled foliage—read with hearts glowing with joy that we *did* believe in “Ghosts,” and “Ghost seers”—read and prayed for a higher life; that pure, elevated thoughts and deeds should be the constant service and life of every believer in Spiritualism. That nobler love—more Christ-like than the selfish, earthly exhibition of that divine essence, attributed to a portion of us by the *Tribune*—might to the most sensual be the result of Spirit-intercourse; a love which could enfold *all* in its expansive arms, which could cause the most chilling nature to glow with rosy beauty—the most discordant mind to blend in unison. There would be no breaking of ties if we ourselves were harmonious, for then should we be like the sweet voice Mrs. Child tells of—singing on—singing on in wondrous melody amid the discord, until by-and-by all harsh, grating tones softened, and one harmonious chorus be the result. It surely becomes us who have so glorious a faith to live as though we did believe that heaven is opened to our view. And when we wish to do things contrary to those principles which we and the world have ever received as good, beautiful, and manly, let us not call to aid Spirits who are in the love of such, lest they bring an evil report of the goodly land to dying men.

In the course of the afternoon we had a very beautiful and appropriate manifestation through Dr. M——. The Spirit of an Indian took possession of him. Having first traversed the grove with the agility of a deer, to express to us that thus as a medicine-man he had searched for roots, he decorated himself with leafy boughs, and arranging the company in Indian file, marched off at our head with one of the pale-faced maidens. Over fences and rugged ground he lead us to the extent of a full quarter of mile, never swerving to the right nor left, until we reached an elevated piece of land, when he paused and commenced seating us on the grass, placing us at regular intervals apart, thus forming an extensive circle. We had time to look around us now for the first since our rapid walk, and the prospect called forth a general exclamation as to this realization of the well-known power of the Indian to select the most charming spots for their encampments. We named it Council Bluff. The ground on which he had seated us sloped up gradually, terminating in an abrupt eminence, forming a sort of valley or hollow below us, graced with a few scattering trees. Far to the north and west the ground, swelling and sinking like the rolling prairies of the West, gave fine effect to the scene.

Having taken his stand in our midst, the red chieftain (for he was chief as well as medicine-man) told us in broken English that the Great Spirit had sent him there to bid us welcome to his ancient home. He then went around the circle distributing to each leaves, bread, and water, pouring water on the ground between every two persons, because he said a chief sat there, though to us invisible. All around us also he said were red men, thousands upon thousands, filling the hollows—encompassing the land right and left. When again we met there would be many thousands more, for as yet they could not believe that the Indian could meet peaceably on their hunt-

ing-ground the pale-faces who had so ruthlessly driven them away.

After performing these ceremonies of peace, he took his stand on the rocky point overlooking the valley, and told us how there for many moons, when in the form, he had addressed his tribe. From thence he had sent forth his warriors to battle. On the spot we occupied had his council sat—while in the hollow below the young braves of the nation gathered in dusky multitudes, and the air quivered with their yells of defiance as he bade them scalp the white man—to plant deep the tomahawk—speed sure the arrow—tear them up root and branch—these wicked invaders! But now they had come from much fairer hunting-grounds than these to proffer the hand of friendship to the white man. For the Great Spirit had made it all brotherly between them.

As evening gathered we returned home—body and spirit refreshed by a day in the woods.

S. H.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE MEDIUM.—We are informed, on authority which appears to be reliable, that there is in the vicinity of Kinderhook, N. Y., a little negro boy who in his normal state can neither read nor write, but who is characterized by remarkable powers of mediumship. Among the phenomena said to be exhibited through him while under Spirit-influence, are these: His hand will involuntarily grasp a pen or pencil, and with it he will solve the most difficult mathematical problem that may be propounded to him. If the questioner asks him to write any particular text in the Bible, the chapter and verse being given, he will proceed, without opening the Bible, to write the text indicated, and then will go on and write with great rapidity a beautiful sermon thereon. Other wonders, of a nature similar to these, have been performed through the boy, as we have been told.

"It is a great deal better for human beings to have their wills; then, if misfortunes befall them, they have only themselves to blame."

A SPIRIT-MOTHER'S REQUEST.

NEW YORK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TELEGRAPH :

Sir—Thinking the following narrative of facts may be of service to the cause of Spiritualism, and interesting to your readers, not from their *novelty*, but reality, I take the pen to record them.

Some month or two past I was at Philadelphia in company with Mr. Molton, of this city, and while sitting together I proposed we should have a talk with the Spirits. He assented, and we were seated at the table. After sitting a moment the table became quite lively, and the usual question was proposed in turn, whether a friend desired to communicate? The affirmative was given to my question, and, on inquiring the name, ANN THORPE was given. The middle name was then asked for, and the name WOOD was given. On the maiden name being inquired for, the Spirit having said in this world she was a wife, FOWKE was spelled out.

I must here say this was the name of a former friend, of whose death I had lately heard, but knew no particulars as to the exact time of her death, excepting that it had occurred recently.

It was then stated the death had taken place five weeks previously; but this answer was obtained by a series of tests. I then inquired what was the object of the visit? when I learned by the tipping that it was concerning her children. She had left two, a boy and a girl, and the object of her present solicitude was the boy.

Finding the tipplings through the table in spelling the words

was a tedious mode, I inquired whether her desires could not be conveyed to me by impression, and the answer be received through the table as to the truthfulness of the impression? The answer received was, Yes. I then learned, each impression being confirmed by the table, as follows: That she had died five weeks before in London, owing to an operation which she had been obliged to undergo in consequence of injuries she had received during a late confinement; and that a day or two (the exact time was stated) after the operation, she had died; and that a few days before her death she had seen her father, with whom she had conversed; and that she had spoken of me in her last moments, and had thought more; and that when dying she had endeavored to tell her sister, who was with her, how much she desired she should take care of her boy. She had not been so anxious about the girl, whom her mother had taken since her death and sent to school in the town where the mother dwelt in England. That the object of her visit to me was to write to the sister and beg her to take the boy and bring him up, as she feared if left with his father he would be allowed to run wild and do as he liked. Much more followed in the shape of tests, all of which I afterward recorded in a letter. I desired the tests, not for my satisfaction, but to show the lady to whom I was to write that I was not unnecessarily interfering, and that in truth I had received a message from the departed. Many of the things I wrote of, indeed all, excepting the fact of the death, I had no means of knowing, and Mr. Molton knew nothing at all of the matter.

As requested, accordingly I wrote; an extract from the answer I received is as follows:

"The subjects of your letter are beyond the comprehension of such an ignorant person as myself, and too delusive for me to dare to indulge in contemplation. For ages, for thousands of years past, you as well as I know that witches and wizards have been for some reasons considered

too vile to live. I am sorry to say that *table-talking* here, among those from whom better is expected, has been too much indulged in, and almost might be called spiritual meetings—which your own free mind condemns. I fear I might be urged, under temptation, to indulge even as Saul did when a prospect of once more (before the time) beholding those so very dear to us who have so long been hidden from our sight. Still I believe and know my better judgment would condemn me. Superstitious I am, therefore the more needful for me to be guarded. In dreams I believe the mind's wishes and desires are sometimes manifested, through what agency I do not say. Nor can I say I *disbelieve* in spiritual visitants; to be sensible of the presence of such, I hope to be preserved, unless it was dear little Jemmy (a child the correspondent had lost), and even this, too, would unnerve me. That which you wrote to me respecting our dear ANN *did not at all* astonish me. I expected it in the first letter. *It was all truth.* I showed it to Tom (the earthly husband of the spiritual visitant), but he disbelieved it all; however, he has since written and asked me to take WILLIE (the child in question)."

I send you the facts as they stand, without comment. I think them sufficiently significant.

Yours,

S. B

D. S. KIMBALL, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., writes us that some weeks ago his eldest brother, who resided at Watertown, took sick, and after a short illness passed into the world of Spirits. Our correspondent, on the day of the funeral, arrived at the house of the family while the latter were at dinner, and he seated himself at the table in the place left vacant by the death of his brother. He had not long been seated before the chair began to shake, communicating the motion to his own body, and which was so marked as to be observable by those who were seated near him. As he could not account for the motion otherwise, he considered it as made by Spirit-power as an indication of his brother's invisible presence. On the same

evening a medium's hand was moved and wrote a consolatory communication as from a Spirit-daughter of the deceased, stating among other things that the father was present, and would communicate at some future time, but could not then, as every thing was yet so strange to him in that new state of existence. Our friend sends us several other communications which he had received at different times, and among other things states that in one instance he sealed up eight, and in another instance six, interrogatories, in such a way that they could not be read by a person in the flesh without breaking the seal, and on submitting them to Spirits through a medium, answers appropriate and correct were returned to him.

SPIRITUALISM TESTED.

TO MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

If this meets your approbation will you please insert it?

A gentleman of this city brought a sealed envelop to Mr. T. B. Henry, rapping, tipping, and clairvoyant medium, saying there were two questions in it, written by another gentleman, the contents of which he was ignorant; he remarked that the writer defied any Medium or Spirit to get a clue to it. A circle was formed, and Mr. Henry interrogated the Spirits regarding the contents. The alphabet was called for, and it spelled out, What is the origin of Mythology and your opinion concerning it? The question was asked if the Spirits would give their opinion. The answer was, When the writer corrects his orthography. It was then asked if the Spirit would correct it, and it spelled, Mythology. The letter was taken back to the writer unopened, and it was found that the word Mythology was wrong, having left out the letter t. It also gave the correct name of the writer, and the day and date on which it had been written.

At another sitting, Mr. Henry, medium, a young lady, residing in the family where the circle was being held, asked the Spirit purport-

ing to be her mother, how long it would be before she would leave the city for the South. It rapped out four days. She made answer that the Spirit was mistaken, as she did not think of going until the 1st of June. This communication was received on the 10th of May. At the expiration of the third day, she received a letter requiring her immediate departure. On the fourth day she left on her predicted journey. That Spirits do predict future events, it can be no longer doubted.

M. E. D.

INTERVIEW WITH ISAAC T. HOPPER.

MR. EDITOR :

A few evenings since, as a gentleman who had shared to some extent in the open vision of the latter day was sitting with his wife at his own house, the lady requested him to look at the Spirit of a deceased person she had in her mind. After an abstracted pause of a minute or two the gentleman replied as follows :

"I see before me the figure of a man. He is of medium size, square built, and stands leaning a little forward. His right arm is raised—he was a speaker, or might have been a speaker. He was a man of great energy of character. His head is large, particularly in profile—that is, from the nose over the top to the base of the brain. It is thick through the center and back, but flattened a little on the sides forward of the ears. He was a man of great benevolence, and still it was not benevolence so much after all. That organ, though broad and good, is not high. It was the humanitarian feeling which has its organ in the back part of the head—love for the Human Race—and this formed the prominent characteristic of the man."

The lady brought the Life of Mr. Hopper, by Mrs. Child ;

and turning to the likeness of the celebrated Friend, at the beginning of the book, asked the husband if he recognized the individual he had been describing. He replied that he did; though no thought of Friend Hopper was in his mind at the time.

A moment after the gentleman remarked that he felt Mr. Hopper's influence strongly, and would see if he could get in full *rapport* with him. Very shortly he added, that the Friend was endeavoring to impress him, and that he found himself able to understand him. In obedience to the wishes of the Spirit, he furnished himself with pencil and paper, and took down the following communication:

"My country, O my country! I mourn over her desolation and abnegation of justice and righteousness. The curse of God is over her, and the avenging arm is only stayed in mercy to give her time to repent and mend her ways. The well-grounded hopes and expectations of those who founded this commonwealth of freemen—or what was intended to be freemen—and the hopes and expectations of the common humanity of the world, have been blasted by the reign of selfishness and avarice, and the lust of power which has possessed, as with a demon, the political leaders of the land. I see no escape from the toils they have set, save by the convulsions which will shake (I hope not shatter) the Government from its center to its circumference. My hope is in God the Lord. Hope ye in him, calmly and confidently, for he is a great General, and knoweth well how to marshal his armies, and bring light out of darkness, and victory out of apparent defeat. My sympathies are with all those who labor for the right, and to lighten the burdens of the oppressed; and on this platform, as well as love to our common Lord, I meet you both, and take you cordially by the hand. Farewell!"

J. R. O.

A THOUGHT FOR LOVERS OF GOLD.—The superintendent of the Massachusetts Insane Hospital says, that in all the cases of insanity that have come under his notice, produced by the fear of coming to want, the patients have been rich men. In no case has the man of humble means been visited by this form of insanity.

AN OMINOUS AND CONVINCING DREAM.

FRIEND BRITTAN :

I send you what I consider an uncommon *dream*, related to me a short time since, by a gentleman of our town, with whom I was operating to relieve of a most painful rheumatic and scrofulous enlargement of his left arm, just above the elbow, which had troubled him more or less for years, and which I succeeded in removing with magnetic and spiritual manipulations, together with the application of an article, the idea of which we obtained from a table.

It was as follows :

A brother of his to whom he was much attached, was, years previous to this, subject to epileptic *fits*, and at this time he had an uncommonly severe return of them which seemed to indicate that his stay on this earth was short. On the sixth night of faithful attendance on him, without any apparent desire for sleep up to that time, he fell into a drowse for a few minutes, and while in that state dreamed that a certain man in the town with whom he was slightly acquainted, rode up to him on a horse, and asked him why he did not *train*? (He at that time belonged to a horse company.) He replied to him by saying that he could not on account of his brother being very sick with epileptic fits. "Fits," said he, "why don't you cure them?" "I would be much pleased to, if I knew how; we have tried every thing that we have heard of without any success so far." "I can tell you," said he, "what will cure him; do you get some Virginia snake-root and make a tea from it, and give him to drink of it freely, and he will never have any more fits."

He then awoke, and as his mind seemed to be more thoroughly impressed than usual in such cases, he in the morning mentioned it to his brother and mother. His brother immediately requested him—if there was such an article—to get some that he might try it.

The mother said, "*Poh, nonsense*—it's nothing but a dream;" but his brother insisted so hard, that he went (not knowing *himself* at that time that there was such an article in the world) to the only apothecary

there was in the town at the time, and asked him if there *was* such an article. The doctor told him there was. He then, without telling him wherefore, inquired of its nature and properties, and on finding that it could do no harm, if no good, concluded to make the experiment, and accordingly asked the doctor if he *had* any of it. He said he thought he had, and after looking awhile found a small quantity. He took it home—made a tea from it, and gave it to his brother, and from the time the said brother took the first draught of the tea made from the Virginia snake-root up to the present, he has not had one single fit.

He said that he had never told it out of the family before for fear of being called *superstitious*.

Will Dr. Dods have the goodness to give the philosophy of the above from his involuntary system. As ever thine, C. B. T.

St. CATHARINES, August 1st, 1854.

A SPIRITUAL PRODIGY 200 YEARS AGO.—The curious old work on apparitions and other spiritual wonders, by REV. JOSEPH GLANVIL, published in 1682, contains, among many other things of like nature, the following memorable relation: Mr. John Bourne, counselor-at-law, of Durley, about a mile from Bridgewater, in Ireland, was left by one John Mallet, at his decease, the principal trustee for his children in minority. Said John Bourne was taken sick, and by his physician, Dr. Raymond, was given over as incurable. He had not spoken for twenty-four hours, when, in the narrator's own language, "Said Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle sitting by his bedside, the Doctor opened the curtains at the bed's feet to give him air; when, on a sudden, to the horror and amazement of Dr. Raymond, the great iron chest by the window at the bed's feet, with three locks to it (in which were all the writings and evidences of the said Mr. Mallet's estate), began to open, first one lock, then another, then the third. Afterward the lid of the said iron chest lifted up itself and stood wide open. Then the patient, Mr. Bourne, who had not spoken in twenty-four hours, lifted himself up also, and looking upon the chest cried, 'You say true; you say true; you are in the right; I'll be with you by-and-by.' So the patient lay down and spake no more. Then the chest fell again of itself, and locked itself, one lock after another, as the three locks opened; and they tried to knock it open and

could not; and Mr. Bourne died within an hour after." This account was received from the lips of Dr. Raymond and Mrs. Carlisle themselves, the eye and ear witnesses of the occurrence, and we suppose it may be as fully relied on as if the events had taken place but yesterday in our midst. Two hundred years ago learned clergymen, such as Glanvil, Dr. Henry More, and others, were anxious to collect and record such facts as these as unanswerable arguments against infidelity, but now clergymen avoid, ignore, and denounce them as leading to infidelity!

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—In relation to the sad death of a child which was run over by the cars at Salem on Thursday evening, the Newburyport *Herald* says:

The child being unknown, as the report spread abroad, hundreds rushed to the spot, mothers and fathers inquiring whether it was theirs; and many, like the woman in New York who was asked why she risked her life for an unknown child, did not fail to remember that it was *some* mother's child, if it was not hers. Most singular of all, however, was this: Nehemiah Brown, Esq., who is a coroner, was in the crowd, and seeing that the child was dead, said he would go home to obtain a blank for the holding of an inquest. As he was attending to that, the impression came upon his mind that he might be more closely interested in the accident; and on reaching the house, inquired where an adopted child of that age, named Adams, might be. He was informed that she had been sent upon an errand into the neighborhood of the depôt. He quickly returned, and at once recognized the child as his. She was a beautiful, bright girl, that he had adopted from one of the Boston institutions, whose last thought, like the thought of us all, went back to the mother that bore us.

PRENTICE, of the *Louisville Journal*, gets off the following on J. G. Saxe:

"Whoever the wit of wine would drink,
Oft Saxe's flagon smacks on;
Whenever the Anglo-Saxons think,
They think New England Saxe on;
But though with wine and sparkling zest,
His racy words are quaffed at,
I'm sorry the truth must be confess'd,
Whatever he writes is laughed at."

EXTRAORDINARY PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

ONE of the most mysterious phases of the Spiritual phenomena of all ages is illustrated, in an apparently authentic manner, by the facts narrated in the accompanying letter from a gentleman in Toronto. It appears that Mr. E. V. Wilson fell asleep at his desk on the 19th day of last May, and, as it appeared to him, was transported forty miles, so suddenly that he seems to have taken no note of his journey. Very unexpectedly he found himself in Hamilton, engaged in the transaction of business, etc. All this might, perhaps, be included in the category of ordinary dreaming but for the single fact that *Mr. Wilson was seen at that precise time by at least two individuals in Hamilton*, who heard and answered his questions, and by whom—notwithstanding he was wholly unknown to them—he was subsequently identified. By what mysterious process Mr. W. thus visibly appeared to and conversed with persons so far from his corporeal presence, we can not absolutely determine, though we may submit several hypotheses, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

But before introducing the letter of our correspondent, it may be well to remark that many well-authenticated examples of similar phenomena have heretofore been recorded, and that others essentially the same are now of frequent occurrence. "The Night Side of Nature" contains a number of striking facts of this class, several of which we will briefly refer to in this connection. Mrs. Crowe relates the experience of Mr. H——, an artist and a gentleman of scientific attainments. It

occurred "on the evening of the 12th March, 1792." H—— had spent the evening in reading in the "Philosophical Transactions," and was about to retire for the night, with his mind engrossed with a mathematical problem, when his uncle, Mr. R——, suddenly appeared to him *in a strait-jacket*. Some time after he learned that at that very hour R—— had attempted to commit suicide, and that a strait-jacket had actually been put on him.

One Becker, a professor at Rostock, while engaged in a theological controversy with some friends, had occasion to go to his library to obtain a book, with a view of settling some controverted point. On entering the library, he saw himself seated at the table in the chair he was accustomed to occupy. The mysterious figure appeared to be reading in a book, and, on approaching, he perceived that it was pointing with one finger of the right hand to these words: "Make ready thy house, for thou must die!" It is further stated, that having taken leave of his friends, he expired at six o'clock on the evening of the following day.

We believe it is Stilling who relates a similar fact, on the authority of F——, who was at that time sheriff of Frankfort. F—— had just sent his secretary away on some business, but the latter soon after returned to the apartment and seized a volume of Linnæus. His master, surprised at his unexpected reëpppearance, demanded the cause of his speedy return, whereupon the book fell to the floor and the figure vanished. When the secretary returned at evening, he stated that he had been engaged in a warm discussion of some botanical question with a friend whom he met on the way, and that he had very much wanted to refer to his Linnæus.

Jung Stilling gives an interesting account of a man of singular and retired habits, who, about the year 1740, lived in the vicinity of Philadelphia, in the United States. This man

was reputed to possess a knowledge of the most mysterious things, and to be capable of discovering the profoundest secrets. Among the extraordinary illustrations of his powers, the following appears to have been fully credited by Stilling :

"The wife of a ship-captain, whose husband was on a visit to Europe and Africa, and from whom she had been long without tidings, overwhelmed with anxiety for his safety, was induced to address herself to this person. Having listened to her story, he begged her to excuse him for a while, when he would bring her the intelligence she required. He then passed into an inner room, and she sat herself down to wait ; but his absence continuing longer than she expected, she became impatient, thinking he had forgotten her ; and so, softly approaching the door, she peeped through some aperture, and, to her surprise, beheld him lying on a sofa, as motionless as if he was dead. She, of course, did not think it advisable to disturb him, but waited his return, when he told her that her husband had not been able to write to her for such and such reasons ; but that he was then in a coffee-house in London, and would very shortly be home again. Accordingly, he arrived, and as the lady learned from him that the causes of his unusual silence had been precisely those alleged by the man, she felt extremely desirous of ascertaining the truth of the rest of the information ; and in this she was gratified ; for he no sooner set his eyes on the magician, than he said that he had seen him before, on a certain day, in a coffee-house in London ; and that he had told him that his wife was extremely uneasy about him ; and that he, the captain, had thereon mentioned how he had been prevented writing, adding that he was on the eve of embarking for America. He had then lost sight of the stranger among the throng, and knew nothing more about him."

It is also confidently asserted of a Mr. Stewart, a Spirit-medium, who spends much of his time in New York, that he has repeatedly appeared to his friends in this city, when it was well known that he was in Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington. On one occasion at least it is said that he passed a whole evening here ; while a number of respectable gentlemen, who were in his company at the time, affirmed,

and do still affirm, that he must have been in the city of Washington.

Some four years since, the present writer had a remarkable personal experience of this nature. I had been spending a day or two in Ansonia, a manufacturing village situated in the valley of the Naugatuck, some fifteen miles from Bridgeport. The mysterious phenomenon occurred early one morning while I was at the residence of W. G. Creamer, Esq., whose hospitality on that occasion will long be remembered. The sun had just risen, and I was about to leave my sleeping apartment, when—after having my attention directed for a moment to the opposite side of the room—I suddenly turned toward the door, which was closed, and saw, to my great surprise, the late Joseph T. Bailey, of Philadelphia. He was standing about three feet from the door, and looking earnestly in my face addressed me, when the following brief dialogue ensued:

MR. BAILEY.—I shall call on you to-morrow.

S. B. B.—What is to be done to-morrow?

MR. BAILEY (*speaking with increased emphasis*).—Remember! I shall call on you to-morrow.

S. B. B.—Friend, will you explain the object of this strange interview, and tell me what is to occur on the morrow?

[Here the figure moved as though it was about to depart by the door.]

S. B. B.—Stay, friend! Explain the object of this mysterious visit.

My friend made no direct reply, but commenced speaking in a low tone. I listened, and discovered that he was talking of a mutual friend, Mr. ——. Much that he said was inaudible, but I distinctly heard his last words, which were these: "A dark cloud has settled down over the earthly destiny of that man."

The figure vanished as the last words were uttered, and I

was left to muse alone on this strange experience. By a most singular train of circumstances the writer met Mr. Bailey the next day, in a car on the New York and New Haven Railroad. He had been in Boston the preceding day or two, and was there at the time of his appearance in Ansonia. Mr. Bailey spoke with much feeling respecting the misfortunes of the friend above referred to ; and strange as it may appear, his last words when about to take leave of the writer were—" *A dark cloud has settled down over the earthly destiny of that man.*"

These are obviously not mere illusions, but *actual facts* ; and it should be observed that there are many others equally extraordinary which we have not now the space to notice. We will, therefore, only add to the examples here cited the recent experience of our correspondent, as detailed in the following letter :

TORONTO, August 26th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR :

Is the following case of double-appearance worthy of a place in the TELEGRAPH? On Friday, the 19th of May last, I was at my desk writing ; all at once I fell asleep, and leaned my head down on the desk, and remained thus for half or three-quarters of an hour. While in this situation, I thought I was in the city of Hamilton, forty miles west of Toronto, and that I called on several parties in Hamilton, collecting money (as I thought). After I had finished the business transactions, I concluded that I would call on a friend who has taken a deep interest in Spiritual Manifestations. At once I thought I was at her house and rang the bell, when a servant came to the door and informed me that Mrs. D——s was out, and would not be in for an hour. I called for a drink of water, which the servant gave me, and I left my compliments for her mistress, and started, as I thought, for Toronto. A few days after, a lady residing at my house in this city, received a communication from Mrs. D——s, of Hamilton, from which I make the following extract :

"Tell Mr. Wilson that he is a fine fellow, and the next time that he calls at my house to leave his address, and not cause me to run to all

the hotels in town, and then not find him. Mr. W. called at my house on Friday, asked for a drink of water, left his name and compliments. I think he might have spent the night with us, knowing the interest that I take in spiritual manifestations. I shall give him a good scolding the next time I see him; and then our friends were so disappointed in his not stopping over night with us."

When Mrs. J—— (the lady that informed me of the above) gave me this statement, I laughed at her, and observed that Mrs. D——s and her friends must be mistaken or crazy, as I had not been in Hamilton for a month, and that I was asleep at my desk in my shop at the particular time mentioned by Mrs. D——s. Mrs. J—— replied that there must be some mistake somewhere, as Mrs. D——s was a lady that could be relied upon. I, laughing, observed that it must be my spirit. I then requested Mrs. J—— to write to Mrs. D——s that I would be at Hamilton in a few days, that several other persons would accompany me, and that we would call at her house; also that it was my wish that she should not mention to her domestics that she expected me or any company from Toronto, and that when we came, to direct her servants to see if either of the parties in the parlor was Mr. W——, who called on the 19th.

On the 29th of May, I, in company with several others, went to Hamilton. We called first at Mrs. D——s' house; were met at the door by the lady *herself*, and ushered into the parlor. I said at once to her, Call your servants, and see if they will remember me. Mrs. D——s directed the servants to go and see if either of the gentlemen in the parlor was the one that called from Toronto. Two of the servants identified me as the person who called on the 19th, and gave my name as Mr. Wilson. I never saw either of the servants in my life before. Every word of the above is true, and can be supported by the most reliable testimony. There are many other things taking place at my house in this city equally strong as the above. Will you touch this matter in some of your future editorials, giving your readers your views on this subject.

Yours, in truth,

E. V. WILSON.

There are few more difficult questions in this department of spiritual science than the one which relates to the proper solution of these mysteries. Speculative minds may be able to start many different hypotheses, but we shall only suggest such as have the merit of distinguished authority or plausibility. Sir

David Brewster supposed that all such appearances were projected from the brain on the retina, and hence were wholly *subjective*. If it were so, these images would necessarily bear a likeness to the thoughts occupying the mind and exercising the brain at the time of their occurrence. But the form of one's uncle in a strait-jacket sustains no possible relation to a mathematical problem. When Becker, in the heat of a theological discussion, went to his library for a book, he evidently did not think of meeting himself; much less that he should be admonished of his approaching dissolution. When the sheriff of Frankfort was sitting quietly in his room with the impression on his mind that his secretary would be absent until evening, the action of his brain certainly could not have produced the sensuous impression of his presence. The sea-captain, in the coffee-house in London, had no reason to expect that he would see an unknown man who was at that time in the United States. Admitting this hypothesis, the friends of Mr. Stewart could never see him in New York so long as they felt assured that he was not in the city. Nor could Mrs. D——s' servants, in Hamilton, who probably never heard of Mr. Wilson, evolve his image from their brains, rendering his form, features, expression, and voice with such surprising fidelity that the real man was instantly recognized, when, ten days after, they were brought into his presence. Indeed, every one of these facts is a separate and complete refutation of Sir David Brewster's theory. And this is about all that the accepted philosophies have done toward a solution of these mysteries. Abercrombie, in his interesting treatise on the intellectual faculties, entertains a similar notion; and all material philosophers, who have written on the phenomena of mind, have adopted, with slight modifications, the theory of spectral illusions. Such men are eminently Sadducean in their bold and unqualified denial of all spiritual facts and beings.

Again, it is maintained by some, that the person who thus mysteriously appears to others at a distance from the scene of his bodily presence must be, mentally or spiritually, *en rapport* with them at the time, and that by the action of his mind they are psychologically impressed; in other words, the nerves of special sensation are presumed to be acted on *from within*, and by another mind, in such a manner as to reflect the same images at the sensorium that the objects themselves would produce, if perceived externally. This idea is rapidly assuming the place of the ordinary spectral illusion theory, and therefore merits a passing notice. It is certainly far more consistent with the facts, and with the principles of a rational, spiritual philosophy; nevertheless, there are unanswerable objections to this view of the subject, several of which may be briefly stated.

1. There is no evidence in the majority of cases that the person who really appears to be where—corporeally at least—he is not, has his mind fixed on those who see him, in such a manner as to influence in any possible degree the mental or physical functions. Take the case before us. If our correspondent was thinking of any one at Hamilton, it was surely Mrs. D——s, and not her servants, of whom he had no knowledge or concern.

2. It does not appear from the facts themselves, that those who see the images of absent persons are especially susceptible of psychological impressions, or, indeed, that they can be influenced at all in this manner.

3. It should be observed that, whenever impressions are communicated and received in the manner already described, *the subject perceives only such images as are before the mind of the operator, and NOT THE PERSON of the operator himself.* This, to say the least, is very generally the case. Our own experiments in this department number thousands, and in no

single instance in which we have attempted to impress any mind at a distance, has our form been rendered visible to the waking subject. On the contrary, in the cases herein referred to, the supposed *authors* of the impressions alone were visible, and not the forms of the objects which occupied their minds at the time. From all this we may justly conclude that this psychological hypothesis will not enable us to account for the facts in a satisfactory manner, and we must therefore seek a more rational explanation.

The next hypothesis we are called to consider, refers the phenomena in question to the influence of some guardian spirit, or other superior intelligence, who is supposed to act on the visionary agreeably to existing psychological laws, producing by his volition all the visions and impressions to which the latter is subject. This is by far the most probable theory yet noticed, and a careful analysis of the facts would doubtless show that in many cases it is the true one.

Another, and the only remaining hypothesis that requires our attention, maintains that the spirit, in certain undefined physical and psychical conditions, *actually leaves the body*, and visits distant persons and places. There is certainly very much in the facts themselves to commend this hypothesis to our serious attention. It should be carefully observed, that in most cases where the forms of persons appear at a distance from their bodies, they are found to have been in some other than a normal waking state at the time. Hence sleep, catalepsy, trances induced by the magnetic action of men or spirits, powerful excitements, delirium, and the near approach of death, are among the principal agents and conditions which usually accompany the mysterious manifestations we have attempted to illustrate. The fact that these singular phenomena are most likely to occur under the circumstances just named, so far as it affords any evidence on this point, most

certainly supports the last-mentioned hypothesis. For sleep is a partial death—a temporary separation incomplete, to be sure—of the spirit from the body, in which the latter withdraws, in a greater or less degree, from the sphere of its external relations. In some sense the same is true of all the other mental states and physical conditions specified in this article. So long as they continue, the subject appears to occupy a kind of intermediate state between the realms of mortal and immortal existence, and the soul thus, in a measure disenthralled, occasionally performs some of the functions of its spiritual and eternal life. This view of the subject is further confirmed by the fact, that rappings and other physical phenomena have occasionally been produced by what purported to be the spirit of some medium—not present when the exhibition occurred—who was subsequently ascertained to have been in a profound trance at the time.

A MODERN MIRACLE.—The following was related to us by a young man, a school-teacher in this city, in whose word we have entire confidence, though we are not authorized to disclose his name or the names of the other parties involved. Our informant's father had been troubled with cancer in one of his cheeks. It was gradually growing worse, threatening the future and fatal result which generally attends that loathsome disease, when his father, being a devout Catholic, was impressed that Bishop —, by laying his hands on it and praying and making upon it the sign of the cross, could cure it. He accordingly applied to the bishop who performed the ceremonies, in whose efficacy the man was impressed to have such entire faith. The next morning my informant's mother, as was her custom, took off the bandage to dress the sore, when to her great surprise she found that the cancer had dried up and almost disappeared, while upon the cheek where the bishop had touched it, was left a distinct mark of a cross! So deep was this feeling of surprise upon the mother's mind, that it took effect upon the embryo of an unborn son, and when the latter was ushered "into this breathing world," some three or four months afterward, it had on its cheek the distinct impression of a cross.

PROFESSOR HARE AND THE SPIRITS.

THE interest of the Spiritual Conference at this office on Tuesday evening of last week was intensified by the presence and speech of Professor Hare. It is certainly a brilliant evidence of the value and power of the new spiritual unfolding that it has won to its advocacy this veteran of science, and one who is known to be habitually so wary and cautious in his researches for truth on all subjects which claim his attention. The value of this acquisition to the ranks of Spiritualism appears the greater when it is considered that the Professor commenced the investigation of the new phenomena with a settled skepticism as to the reality of their claims, having previously adopted the theory of Faraday in their explanation, and having, indeed, but little if any faith in spiritual existences. With these views and feelings he would of course commence the investigation of this subject with no other than a disposition to resolve its phenomena to their natural or material causes, if such they could be shown to possess; and under his keen scrutiny and torturing experiments it can scarcely be supposed that any lurking secrets of their mundane origin would have escaped detection and exposure. The Spirits, however, drove him from the closely-contested ground inch by inch, and finally obliged him, in honesty, to acknowledge their real existence and agency in producing the phenomena observed. This fact alone should put to the blush that superficial sciolism which confidently pronounces the whole matter a humbug, or attributes it to some undiscovered law of physical being, without having spent the first hour in the observance of its facts.

The Professor related his course of experiment and investigation in a simple, matter-of-fact style, and was listened to with deep interest throughout. The first phenomenon observed that was not provided for in Faraday's exegesis, was the simple knockings, and which the Professor found himself unable to explain. He thence proceeded to apply the *experimentum crucis* to the table-movings by means of apparatus consisting of a disk with alphabet and revolving index, so disposed that the medium could not see the letters to which the index pointed—also of an arrangement of billiard balls under a board on the table, on which the hands of the medium were made to rest, the whole being so exceedingly mobile as to indicate the slightest pressure exerted by the medium. Of these experiments our readers have already had some account, and we need only here say, they proved that intelligible and appropriate sentences were spelled out without the knowledge of the medium that *any thing* was being spelled, and that the table would move without the slightest pressure from the hands.

A board was afterward poised on a fulcrum, and its heavier end was supported on a spring-balance which precisely indicated its weight. The hands of the boy-medium, less than 12 years old, were made to rest on the other end, so that any force that could possibly be exerted would only tend to *lighten* the end hanging upon the scale. It was found, however, that the end thus suspended, would, by request, be made *heavier* by several pounds.

On one occasion the hands of the medium were placed in a basin of water on the table without touching the bottom or sides of it. The table still moved, just as it did when he placed his hands on its solid surface. Of course he could in this case have exerted no pressure unless he had some means of first rendering the water *solid*.

At one time a succession of numerals was written by the

involuntary motion of the medium's hand. No one understood their import until they were directed by the purported Spirits to associate them with the letters of the alphabet which they indicated. They did so, and the result was an intelligible and appropriate communication. On another occasion, Latin was translated into English, when the medium was ignorant of the former language.

These and similar tests which the Professor mentioned, had constrained him to admit a spiritual agency in the affair, and he acknowledges that it has greatly increased his happiness. He had now arrived at the age of seventy-three, and he looked forward with satisfaction to the period of his second birth, of the prospect of which he had by these manifestations obtained the first substantial assurance.

REVIEW OF DR. DODS' THEORY.

WE published some days since W. S. Courtney's keen and masterly review of Dr. Dods' "Involuntary Theory of the Manifestations." We have not the space for any extended remarks at this time, but will briefly say that Brother Courtney walks in among the Doctor's "notions" only to knock them all over with as much ease as a strong man would upset the contents of a toy-shop. A well-manned battering-ram in a china store could not be more destructive. The Reviewer states the Doctor's theory with great clearness and fairness only to subject it to the fearful ordeal of his analysis, before which it melts away like the "dissolving views" and is—is NOT.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

SAMUEL BANG, of Philadelphia, sends us a case of a remarkable Spirit-cure performed through the mediumship of Mr. Vanduzee. The account was furnished through the hand of another medium by the purported invisible physician himself, and its material portion is as follows :

A lady was on a visit to Trenton, in the State of New Jersey, from the town of Bordentown, in the same State, when her little son, aged about four years, fell down a flight of stairs, some twenty feet, to the bottom, the fall causing a very severe concussion of the brain. Brother Vanduzee being at Bordentown, I detained him there until she came home. I then sent the medium, through whom I give this, to his place of business. The medium found him when a few doors from the place ; brought him to the house of the parents of the child ; operated upon him ; and in one hour the boy was as well as before the fall.

MRS. N. STUMP, of Claiborne Co., Mississippi, writes us of the following singular circumstance : When a girl of ten years, and residing with her father in Tennessee, about fifteen miles from Nashville, she one day amused herself by digging into a mound of earth which she supposed had been thrown up by a tree root. She had not dug long before she found a human skull with a hole in the top of it, which might have been made by an Indian's battle-axe. She informed her father of the discovery, and the latter proceeded to make further researches in the mound, where he found sixteen human skulls, all bearing apparently the impression of the same axe. That night our correspondent went out to the "place of skulls," and, as she was gazing on the spot, saw something like a ball of fire about the size of a man's head rise from the ground and float to and

fro in the air. She then called an old negro man who professed the ability to talk with Spirits, and through him she was told that she would one day know how the skulls came in the rising ground. Our correspondent afterward became acquainted with and married her present husband, who told her that his father killed sixteen Indians with an axe, and buried them in the rising ground, in the State of Tennessee, indicating the very place where she had made the singular discovery above referred to. Since that Mrs. S. has had an interview with a rapping medium, through whom she was told that the ball of fire which she had seen was the Spirit of Mr. Stump, and that he had killed the Indians in self-defense, they having besieged his dwelling.

JACOB GILLETT, of Birmingham, Oakland Co., Michigan, writes us seconding the request of a previous correspondent (J. G. Atwood), for some information on the philosophy of Spirit-healing. Our correspondent is himself a healing medium, and argues the present possibility of a repetition of the miracles and other wonderful works performed by Jesus and his apostles, from the nature of man, the power and goodness of God, etc. He says he has himself, in a number of instances, been used to accomplish cures which he would once have deemed miraculous, but which now appear to him in perfect accordance with the laws of nature.

W. B. S——, of Sparta, Crawford Co., Pa., writes concerning two women who were born and brought up in that place, and who, becoming mediums, have been lecturing under Spirit-influence occasionally during the last year. The Spirits who have principally spoken through them purport to be those of two noted preachers, and they use the mediums mainly to expound the Bible. A Spirit claiming to be John

Calvin has spoken through one of them, and has used her to denounce the doctrine which he taught while on earth, and which he now characterizes as "damnable."

ANOTHER REMARKABLE SPIRIT-CURE.—Mr. Alexander Thompson, of Noblesville, Ind., who called at this office a few days ago, stated to us that Mr. W. W. Connor, of that town, had a son who was subject to fits. Being a widower, Mr. Connor placed his boy under the charge of his (the father's) sister at Farmington, Ind., and made preparations to leave home on a journey. Before he departed, however, he felt prompted to go once more and see his son. Arriving at his sister's house he found that the boy's disease had become so aggravated as to place his life in extreme peril, and the probability is, that had he not received assistance he would have died within a few days. Profoundly afflicted on finding his son in this situation, Mr. Connor retired into solitude and prayed that the boy's life might be spared, and that he himself might be directed in the application of some suitable remedy. As he was praying, a powerful spiritual influence came upon him. About the same time he found a mysterious paper in his pocket on which was written, "*Be of good cheer, the child can be saved.*" He was, in fact, made a medium on the spot. His limbs were moved so as to take him to the woods, where his hands were involuntarily used in collecting certain herbs of the nature and properties of which he was ignorant. These he brought home, and following the mysterious impulse which still acted upon him, he prepared from them decoctions and syrups, which he administered to the boy as the controlling spiritual influence directed. Under this treatment the boy daily improved, and at the end of three weeks appeared to be entirely cured.

"How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amid the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image."

W. E. M.

WAKING IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

MESSES. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN :

If you think the following narration will be useful to Spiritualists of limited knowledge touching the laws of the Spirit-world, it is at your service for publication in your TELEGRAPH.

On Saturday the 19th ult., at a small circle of Spiritualists, in a private family, in Brooklyn, consisting of a gentleman and his wife (the latter the medium), and an elderly father and his daughter, a Spirit-daughter of the father controlled the hand of the medium and wrote as follows : "Mother is here and wishes to say a few words." The Spirit-wife and mother then wrote, either by her own controlling power or by that of the *Spirit-daughter* :

"My dear husband, Sarah has just awaked to the knowledge that she is in the Spirit-world. She appears like one just out of sleep, and gazes about with wonder and delight upon the beautiful scenery before her. Her mind is full of joy. Memory is busy with the last events of earth."

We were told by the father and daughter that "Sarah" had departed from the form on the Wednesday previous, at six o'clock p. m., from which it would appear that it was just three days and two hours after her departure from earth when she recovered her consciousness, as the communication was made at eight o'clock on Saturday evening. In the writings of Swedenborg we are told that it is usually about three days after natural dissolution before the Spirit awakes to a sense of its new state of its existence.

At a previous sitting of this same circle it was written out by the hand of the medium : "Sarah (who is the daughter-in-law of the "father") will depart very soon."

An infant daughter of the same father, now in the Spirit-world, and who is twelve or thirteen years old, her natural and Spirit-life inclusive, tipped out by the table, on being requested, after announcing her presence, that she was aged at her departure from time, two years and between eight and nine months, which was acknowledged to be correct.

D. H.

THE NEW SPIRITUAL POEM.

"A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND."

THAT the Spiritual World is the World of Causes, and that the works of Genius have at least their source and fountain-head in the serene abode of the immortals, can not be doubted either by the student of a profound Philosophy or the disciple of a pure Religion. True Genius is essentially devout, and the loftiest minds confess that their best and most honored works are not their own; that they are but the instruments of a diviner power. The invocation to the Muses, with which the Ancient Poets were accustomed to begin their labors, was a recognition of the truth of Spiritual Intercourse. The eldest poems were lyrical; they were sung to the accompaniment of the lyre, when the Minstrel was in a state of interior illumination.

The Spiritual Era, now dawning upon the world, inaugurates a new literary *status* or condition. Books which for ages have been for the most part constructed by minds laboriously working on the material plane, are again beginning to be evolved by a new method, a process of inspiration. "The Epic of the Starry Heaven" is, as far as we know, the first modern poem of any considerable length produced through the spontaneous operation of the human faculties exalted to the spiritual plane, and subjected to a direct influx from the Spiritual Spheres. That remarkable production is, however, eclipsed in beauty by the last new-comer from the same interior source.

In the work whose pages now lie before us, we discover a

lyrical sweetness, a splendor and warmth of imagination, and a strength of statement that amply vindicate its claim to origination in the World of Spirits. It is pervaded by an element of joy, a winged, soaring, buoyant spirit of happiness, foreign to all works of an external origin. The whole volume is penetrated by an aroma of celestial pleasure. We are led delighted through heavenly landscapes, whose otherwise unapproachable glories are humanized and made familiar to us by the presence and conversation of Celestial Spirits, risen from earthly thralldom to the joyous freedom of the skies.

The peculiar claims of the poem are stated in the History by which it opens. We are told that

"This Poem is a Love-child of the Skies,
 'Twas fed in Heaven with breath like bridal-blooms.
 * * * It oped its eyes
 Where Hesper's Nuptial-star with Love perfumes
 The vault of ether."

The philosophical mind will be interested in the statement which follows, that

"From Heaven down-led,
 Seven months within a mortal breast was fed,"

as indicating a law whereby spiritual ideas are by degrees unfolded in the internals of the human mind, and angelic thoughts subjected to an internal process of embodiment prior to their external utterance.

The method of its external production is stated with great delicacy and sweetness :

When the summer came, and when the skies
 Bent loving as over Paradise,
 When the last rose was breathing life away,
 Like beauteous Maiden on her dying day,
 It sprang to outward shape, unformed by Art;
 Full fledged it left its nest within the heart,

And sung melodious in external airs.

* * * * *
 'Twas given as one might play
 Upon a lute at intervals by day;
 Within the time it takes the moon to unfold
 Her slender crescent to a disc of gold.
 And 'twere not hard to count the time in hours—
 Ten full-blown roses, twenty orange flowers.”

* * * * *

The inspiring theme of the Poem is Love. It is a vindication throughout of the spirituality and permanence of the heart's affections. It celebrates in chaste and glowing numbers the heavenly betrothals, the bridal of the skies. Its theme is suggested in the Introduction.

“Dear shall it be to maidens; its shall lie
 On the chaste altar of their purest bliss.

* * * *

And dear * * *
 To husband and to wife, and unto these
 A whisper from the Heart's Eternity,
 A holy voice from Eden's nuptial trees.”

The Poem is opened by a Prelude, whose airy and delicate character is in keeping with the theme. It introduces the material mind reasoning against love, from the ground of the death of the beautiful.

“Festal Queen to-morrow may
 Vanish like our mirth away.

* * * *

Why should we glad lovers be,
 When so soon the winter snows
 Cover up the Maiden Rose?”

It draws aside the vail that covers the inward pain which

the Worldling suffers. We hear the revelers, weary in their very mirth, singing

"Where is now last Summer's Bride?
Earth must tenderest bosom hide.
Let us dance before our feet
Weary with the summer heat.

* * * *

Ah, we fade like marriage lights,
Setting from our golden heights."


And then we hear Angel-voices rebuking the worldly mind, and singing—

"Love is wise, walks the skies,
Beautiful immortally.

* * * *

Who would not press bridal lips?
Heart survives the Earth's eclipse.
Who would not taste festive cheer?
Joys of heart may never pall.
Who would not wipe Sorrow's tear?
Tears change thus to roses all."

We are informed that Br. Harris, the external author of the Poem, was in an entranced condition during its entire utterance, and that the general method of its production was similar to that of his former production. We shall in our next issue endeavor to resume our analysis, accompanied by extracts from the work.

 The Rhode Island *Freeman* says: "That shingle-splitting machine, the idea and plan of which were given by spiritual impression to A. C. Billings, of Palmer, performing its work with astonishing perfection and expedition.

THE MIRAGE.

A Vision of Beauty Seen Through the Ivory Gate of Dreams.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D

SHE came into the night,
Like the Day does when it melts into the even ;
And the darkness with her loveliness grew white,
As the Earth will when it puts off Hell to put on Heaven ;
Like the white Lily, newly blown, fresh from its bath of dew—
Or, the young Violet when its soul of snow is seen distinctly through
its vial of blue.

The Night, with open arms,
Received her, as the Seasons did dear Venus from the Sea,
When the fond Zephyrs, drunk with the odor of her charms,
Wafted her on, in music, to Cytheria where she longed to be—
Like Death's dark Portals opening, with sweet music to receive some
queen,
Whom the unwerthy grave shuts on, but whose white soul could know
no sin.

Thus, through the twilight of the even,
Like a white Swan soaring to the Southward through the night,
Guideless throughout the illimitable depths of Heaven—
She wandered, snowing her beauty all around her, clothed in white—
Unseen by any save this desolate soul which thrilled at her divine,
As Chaos did when God first hung the Sun in Heaven to shine.

Then, as the Sons of God all sang,
Answering the Morning Stars with shouts of joy above,
Fill the great Gong of God, Heaven's Corybantine Ocean, rang.
Vibrating through all space the diapason of their love—
So soared my soul in the white Chariot of ecstatic trance
Out of itself into the Heaven of her blue eyes that April'd all her
countenance.

But, as some new-born Star, unseen before,
Comes out of the doors of Heaven to shine, maddening the Night,
With its wild luminous bliss, down to the very core ;
Then into God's high Courts recedes again from sight,
Never to be beheld in all the desolate Heavens above—
So came she—faded—leaving me pining here with this unutterable woe
of love !

Boston, May 10, 1853.

SPIRITS SENT TO CONVINCE A NEIGHBOR.—Mr. C. Partridge received the following account from Dr. S., of this city, who was personally present at the circle where a part of the transaction took place: A circle was lately assembled at a place in the country where Dr. S. was sojourning, and in the course of the ensuing demonstrations the invisible agents were requested to go to the house of a family who were skeptics, some distance off, and make some manifestations that would tend to convince them of the reality of a Spirit-presence. The Spirits said they would do so. Immediately all demonstrations at that circle ceased; when they were resumed, some ten or fifteen minutes afterward, the Spirits, in reply to questions, said they had been to the place indicated; that they found the family seated in such a room in the house; that they (the Spirits) had rapped on the room door so as to attract attention, and that the man of the house, in a trepidation, threw up his hands and uttered the exclamation, "O my!" Note was taken of these particulars, together with the time of their occurrence, and when the man of the house whom the Spirits were requested to visit was seen a few days afterward, he was asked where he and his family were seated on such an evening—mentioning the time when the Spirits were requested to visit him. He answered, In such a room—indicating the room in which the Spirits had said they had found them. He was then asked, "Did any thing unusual occur while you were sitting there?" "Yes," said he, "there was a rapping at the door of our room for which we were unable to account." "What did you say when you heard the rapping?" The man thought for a minute and said he had forgotten, but on being asked if he did not throw up his hands and exclaim, "O my!" he acknowledged that he did so.

"THE SPIRAL."

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

Your correspondent "Phenix" (Vol. III. No. 17, SP. TEL.), whom you are pleased to term "scientific," has, in his remarks under the above caption, proved himself to be not *all* scientific! as the following anti-mechanical, as well as anti-philosophical *principles*, contained in the succeeding extract from the afore-said article, would seem sufficiently to illustrate :

"All are aware that to lift 100 lbs. alongside the perpendicular line of a square requires 100 lbs. of power. Should this square be cut diagonally, so as to present a plane with an inclined surface at 45 degrees; and suppose this surface to be so lubricated as to be frictionless, then to move a body over this surface to the highest point of elevation, weighing 100 lbs., would require 50 lbs. power. Reduce that plane to half the elevation, and 25 lbs. will perform the same; if quarter the elevation, 12½ lbs.; one half this elevation, 6¼ lbs.," etc.

Now the above is all false—is heterodox in science! The *power* requisite to form an equilibrium, with a weight of 100 lbs. on an inclined plane, at an angle of 45 degrees, would be 70 $\frac{7}{8}$ lbs., instead of 50 lbs., as stated by "Phenix;" and so, also, of his other divisions.

The *formula* by which the ratio of the weight to the power may be readily ascertained is as follows, viz., As radius : is to the angle of elevation : : so is weight : to power.

I have been induced to offer the above correction, not because it militates in any wise against the very able and ingenious hypothesis of our friend "Phenix," but simply from the fact that *we here love the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH*, and are

jealous of its reputation as that of an *old familiar friend*, to whom we are indebted for *some of the most glorious truths* ever presented to our minds! We are likewise *proud* of it as an organ embodying, in many particulars, our sentiments in reference to the Harmonial Philosophy; and we are desirous to keep it, as it has ever been, truthful in *science* as well as in *religion*; a *light* shedding a halo of divine truth around the path of its readers, and a *beacon*, luring their *thoughts* to that better land where *truth* beams with brighter effulgence, where all hypotheses shall be reduced to science, and where, finally, the "*Spiral's*" laws shall be fully known and comprehended.

CARBONDALE, PA., Sept., 1854.

BEAUTIFUL COINCIDENCE.

In a dream, on the morning of the 8th of July, during the campaign of Gen. Scott in Mexico, Wm. Girton, Esq., of Columbia Co., Pa., had a presentiment of the death of his son, through the Spirit of his father, which appeared to him and said: "Last night your son died at _____, in Mexico." Mr. Girton, in relating the circumstance to the writer, said that he could not recollect the name of the place mentioned, but thought the circumstance sufficiently impressive to mark the time, which he immediately did with a lead mark in the almanac.

About three months afterward, the mortality of the Columbia Guards at Perote was officially announced in the Danville *Intelligencer*, with proper dates, among which stood Shepherd W. Girton, July 7th. Since the informant on the morning of the 8th said, *last night*, which pointed to the night of the 7th, while the official return simply stated that his death occurred on the 7th, without reference to any particular time of the day, the writer took the pains of ascertaining upon the return of one of his companions in sickness at the time, the particular time of day when the young man died, when the answer made the coincidence perfect. Through what medium was the intelligence communicated?

WILLIAM KAHLER.

THE TRIBUNE'S SLANDERS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

OUR article entitled "The Tribune's Assaults," published in the TELEGRAPH of the 9th inst., had the effect to elicit a reply, which appeared in that journal on the 18th, and wherein the writer makes a clumsy and unsuccessful attempt to evade the responsibility of his own erroneous and libelous statement. We are not disposed to deal unfairly with him, and hence will not so much as "filch" the reputation he has acquired at the expense of justice and much loose logic—a reputation which, while it "enriches him not," would doubtless make another man "poor indeed." That the veracious author of "Ghost Literature," with several unlettered and unnumbered *appendices*, may have a fair opportunity to define his own position, and to demonstrate the justice of our former remarks, we will extract his article entire, asking our readers to pardon the profanity, *not so much "for the sake of the illustration"* of the point in dispute, as for the lucid exposition it affords of the individual character and logical acumen of our antagonist.

THE TRIBUNE'S ARTICLE.

Our attention has been called to an article in the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, in which some recent comments of this journal on the ghost-phenomena of the day are made the theme of angry and personal animadversion. The main part of this "spiritual" eructation being devoted to impertinence of a very earthly nature, it is not worthy of notice, but what is said on the subject of Free Love merits a moment's consideration. We had used the following language:

"It is quite commonly taught by the Spirits, that the union of man and woman ought not only to be based on spiritual compatibility, but that, as the inner attraction varies,

the outward relations should also be made to change, thus securing as frequent, if not as religiously motivated, a change of partners as obtains among the Oneida Perfectionists."

To this the TELEGRAPH rejoins:

"We confidently assert that every Spiritualist, and, indeed, every man who has spent *three hours* in the investigation, knows, absolutely, that the views expressed in the above extract ARE NOT '*commonly taught by the Spirits*' at all, and, moreover, we assure the writer, whoever he may be, that no man can continue to publish such foolish, absurd, and libelous statements, and preserve a decent reputation for good feeling and ordinary veracity. The truth as '*commonly taught by Spirits*' is utterly at war with his gross assumptions. They generally inculcate the idea that '*the inner attraction*' by which the conjugal relation *among them* is determined *does not carry*, in itself, and that it requires no such changes in '*the outward relations*' of individuals as the writer asserts."

In making the statement which has provoked this virulent denial, we took care to give a highly respectable authority, to whom our cotemporary, in proclaiming the *Tribune* "a public defamer alike of men and angels," prudently does not allude. We refer to the Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, who has publicly and at length declared the facts which the TELEGRAPH thus boldly denies. We have already published Mr. Ballou's warning, but may perhaps be justified in repeating it here:

"Comparatively few of the Spiritualists have as yet become aware of this Free Love development; but it will soon be made manifest in sundry quarters. It will have something of a run, too. Mediums will be seen exchanging its significant congenialities, fondlings, caresses, and *indescritibilities*. They will receive revelations from high pretending Spirits, cautiously instructing them that the sexual communion of *conscious* will greatly sanctify them for the reception of angelic ministrations. *Wives and husbands will be rendered miserable, alienated, parted, and their families broken up. There will be spiritual matches, carnal degradations, and all the ultimate wretchedness thence inevitably resulting.* Yet the very persons most active in bringing all this about will protest their own purity, *will resent every suspicion raised to their discredit*, will accuse all who remonstrate against their course of doing so because personally *low-minded* themselves, and will stand boldly out in their real character only when it is no longer possible to disguise it. *All this has commenced*, and will be fulfilled in due time. What is to be done about the error deprecated? Shall it be covered up, winked at, and allowed to work its mischiefs without opposition, rebuke, or alarm? No. Those who are aware of these mischiefs are in duty bound to withstand them by timely warning, faithful reproof, and uncompromising disfellowship. Let the history of *spirit-to-carnality* admonish us. In every age there has been an outbreak of it in connection with some form of religious and philosophical Spiritualism, and always with the same abominable results. Commencing with extraordinary professions of innocence, sanctity, and solemn disclaimers of any desire for indulgence in carnal *sexualism*, it has invariably ended in gross adulteries, fornications, and the miseries consequent thereupon. Within the last generation our country furnished two marked demonstrations of this nature: that of the Cochransites in Maine, and that of the Prophet

Mathias, and his adherents, in New York. Such cases are beacons on the heights to warn us of impending dangers. Let us all take heed betimes, lest, under some specious pretence, deceiving spirits in the flesh or out of it seduce us into the pitfalls of corruption. I must earnestly deprecate and protest against this error of Free Loveism, *which I have good reason to fear is beginning to find a welcome among Spiritualists.*"

Such is the language of Mr. Ballou, than whom a purer or more honest man does not exist. We have also had similar reports from other quarters, though from sources that are not public, and there is no reason to doubt their truth. It has long been known that there is no absurdity that may not now be put forth with the authority of a spiritual revelation; and we may be equally sure that there is no filth or wickedness that can not procure for itself a similar ghostly sanction. The man who weakly submits himself, his belief, or his conduct to such guidance—admitting that it is indeed that of disembodied Spirits—follows a perfidious and despotic master, whose veracity he can not rely on, and whose pretensions he can not test. In a large town in New England there was a circle of reverential students in these mysteries, who were favored by the revelations of a band of good Spirits, in whose piety and purity they reposed the most perfect confidence. The sessions of the circle were sometimes disturbed, however, by the intrusion of bad Spirits, and at one meeting the supposed angelic friends of the acolytes found it difficult to communicate, and by way of explanation told their pupils that the reason of the difficulty was that "the bad Spirits were around, and making such a G—d d—d noise that they couldn't speak." Our readers, we trust, will pardon our printing the profanity for the sake of the illustration. We have the story from a good source, and do not doubt it is true. It shows that these Spirits, or whatever they are, real or imaginary, can not be relied on, for the reason that there is no way of ascertaining the truth of their pretensions, unless by some such gross fit of caprice they choose to reveal themselves. Besides, of all the revelations published by the best of them, whether in Judge Edmonds' book or elsewhere, what is not arrant nonsense is utter commonplace. And we defy the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, or any other organ of these ghosts, to state a single new truth, which can be demonstrated to be truth, that they have added to human knowledge. The whole affair is evidently of that nature that men of sound common sense must soon tire of it, and that those who desire to be sane will keep away from it, even though it should not approach them with the licentious and revolting features of "Free Love."

CONCLUDING REMARKS.—It is well known that the writer

of the above, for several years past, has not scrupled to rail against the Spirits, and those who believe in them, in a most uncivil, determined, and reprehensible manner, laboring, for the most part, to distort or suppress the real facts in the case, and claiming as matters of authentic history every vague and libelous report. During all this time he has been permitted to pursue his own course, until at length he seems to repeat his calumnies by a sort of imaginary "divine right." After granting this supercilious scribe the most extraordinary indulgence, bearing long and patiently his contumely manifested toward persons of the highest character, and principles of the deepest and most sacred significance, in the vain hope that gentle means might soften his heart and improve his deportment, we at last rebuked him with suitable severity, whereupon he charges, in a magisterial style, that we are "angry," "personal," "impertinent," and "very earthly."

Time and space are at a premium with us just now, and our defense shall be brief. May it please the court, the defendant will demur on the first count, and the plaintiff has liberty to show that in wholesome correction—administered after numerous and aggravated offenses—there is *prima facie* evidence of anger. As to the alleged *personal* bearing of what was expressed on a previous occasion, a word only is necessary. We mentioned no names at the time, but now frankly confess that we had no particular objection to a direct application of our remarks in the right quarter, especially as we are not disposed to censure indiscriminately all the editors of the *Tribune* for deeds committed by one of their number. "Impertinence of a very earthly nature"—included in the catalogue of our offenses—usually implies improper intrusion or interference in the affairs of our superiors, or conduct otherwise unbecoming the age, acquirements, or rank of the individual. In this case our offense may be somewhat

aggravated, in the mind of the author of "Ghost Literature," by a fictitious estimate of his own personal importance and the value of his statements. We can well imagine that it may be deemed uncivil, and even *rude*, for our humble self to set the *Tribune* right when it is notoriously wrong; nevertheless we have resolved to correct its mis-statements, and hereafter the writer under review will probably have a similar occasion to renew his accusation about us as often as he is pleased, in his representations of Spiritualism, to depart from the facts.

But let us come into close relations with our assailant on the main issue. The writer in the *Tribune* charges substantially, that *Spirits commonly teach doctrines respecting the spiritual attractions and outward relations of the sexes which sanction and secure to those who practice their precepts, a change of partners as often as may be prompted by the ever-varying "inner attraction," or the animal instincts of perverted human nature.* All this his language most clearly implies, and the author of this foul calumny will be left alone to digest its venom. Of course, we had the "impertinence" to contradict his monstrous statement. Common honesty demanded an unequivocal denial. Moreover, we some time since took the trouble to show, that whatever a few wanton and disorderly persons, claiming fellowship with Spiritualism, and holding the truth in unrighteousness—might do in their wild and sensual delirium, the spiritual idea, nevertheless, is totally and forever at war with all grossness and sensuality, and that, strictly speaking, it only admits of a union with one partner on earth and in heaven. And what does the author of "Ghost Literature" do at this stage of the controversy? Why, he takes nine days to consider the subject, and then—seemingly with malice aforethought—*publicly reiterates his charge, and attempts to throw the responsibility of his statement on another.*

Just at this point it will doubtless amuse our readers to witness the crazy attempts of our hypercritical judge to escape observation. He cites "a highly respectable authority," and straightway retires from the contest in a precipitate and headlong manner. Like the ostrich, in his confused and abortive efforts to conceal himself, he seems satisfied to bury his head anywhere, though his whole body be left exposed. That paragraph will neither conceal our assailant, nor cover the ground of his accusation, and we propose at once to strip both of this imaginary disguise. The passage from an article by Rev. Adin Ballou does not purport to be a statement of *what is now*, but rather a prophecy—born of the author's fears—of *what may be hereafter*. So far as it is historically true, and descriptive of evils which have actually transpired, it chiefly relates to persons who never professed to be Spiritualists; and, on the other hand, so far as it relates to the believers in Spiritualism, it is quite possible that the predicted evils may never occur to any alarming extent.

But the writer in the *Tribune* shall be convicted by his own witness, the first line and a half of whose testimony *flatly contradicts his assumption*, and leaves its author to father the unpleasant responsibility. It is only necessary to place the *Tribune* and its authority in juxtaposition, and it will at once appear that the declaration of the one is wholly unsupported by the testimony of the other. The *Tribune* boldly asserts that the propriety of a frequent "change of partners," in the sexual relation, is not only sanctioned, but *commonly taught by the Spirits*, whereas, its witness plainly testifies that "*comparatively few Spiritualists have as yet become aware of this Free Love development.*" But if Free Love, change and accommodation, as represented by our cotemporary, be the *common doctrine* taught by Spirits, how does it happen, since Spiritualists have come to entertain their present views from

intercourse with the Spirit-world, that so few among them are even aware of the existence of such an element? This is the question to which an unequivocal answer is required. It is not difficult to conjecture what the answer will be. Our haughty opponent will probably, as on the former occasion, take about nine days to develop his vision so as to see the subject clearly, when he will most likely conclude—very characteristic and convenient conclusion—that “The main part of this Spiritual eruption being devoted to impertinence of a very earthly nature, is not worthy of notice.”

The author of “Ghost Literature” continues his “ground and lofty tumbling,” for the special amusement of outsiders, by citing an apochryphal story, which represents that a Spirit used very profane language to a circle convened somewhere in New England. Our author did not find it convenient to particularize respecting the precise time and place, the mode of communication, or the names of the parties assembled on the occasion. It is, however, instructive to observe, that while he does not profess to believe that Spirits communicate with mortals *at all*, yet in reference to this particular case he says, “We have the story from a good source, and do not doubt it is true.” We were certainly not prepared for this strange acknowledgment. Notwithstanding his frequent attacks and flippant criticisms on the Spirits and their teachings, he now—*mirabile dictu*—publishes his conversion. The first Spirit that swore convinced him. May we now, Mr. Editor, count on your sympathy and coöperation in defense of Spiritual Manifestations *in general*, or is it proposed to indorse and circulate only the swearing communications? This course will very well accord with the peculiar policy of several editors who really believe, and circulate as genuine “modern instances,” every absurd story that profane and faithless wags have racked their brains to invent.

Take an instance. Some time since a foolish scribbler, devoted to the interests of the opposition, concocted the story that Thomas Paine and Ethan Allen had communicated the fact that John Bunyan was keeping a hotel in the Spirit-world, and that the Emperor Napoleon and His Grace the Duke of Wellington were boarding there. Henry James and other distinguished opposers of modern Spiritualism at once accepted this fiction,* and we know of no genuine Spiritual fact that has been honored with so wide a publicity. It is quite likely that the case cited in the *Tribune's* article belongs to the same category. That it is a fabrication we have little doubt. Nevertheless, for the sake of the argument, the reader is at liberty to suppose that it emanated from a Spirit. Now what has it to do with the subject under review; that is, Free-Love, and the frequent change of partners? Nothing; manifestly nothing. But it is not difficult to see how a ridiculous anecdote, full of noise and second-hand blasphemy, may contribute to the cloud of dust which is raised to cover a forced retreat from a defenseless position.

The *Tribune's* man rallies once on a point wholly irrelevant to the real issue, and thus completes his Quixotic performance. In this he is not altogether unlike one who flies from a citadel he had not the ability to defend, and having found a place of security turns round and challenges the enemy, who is, perhaps, out of sight and hearing. The author of "Ghost Literature" defies us to state a single new truth which Spiritualism has made known and demonstrated. In reply we have only to say: If at any time the *Tribune* shall find it convenient to open its columns to a fair discussion, the TELEGRAPH will cordially accept the affirmative of a question covering this new issue. In the mean time the reader will not forget that the author of the *Tribune's* libelous attacks on the Spirits, and of

* See "Lectures and Miscellanies," by Henry James, p. 421.

necessity on all who receive their visits and listen to their teachings, has our permission to do one of three things, which may be thus stated, and considered *seriatim* : 1. He may substantiate his charge, if he has the ability. 2. He may withdraw the charge, if he has the disposition. 3. If he be unable or disinclined to do either the one or the other, he shall still be at liberty to stand convicted of making a most unqualified and libelous statement which he can not prove, and which—if he declines to retract—must have been published with a deliberate design to injure others. We pause here, having occupied considerable space with our reply. In thus extending our remarks, it is only necessary to add, that we have been influenced far less by the intrinsic character of the *Tribune's* article than by the adventitious importance it derives from the extensive circulation of that journal.

SCRIPTURE PROOF OF SPIRIT-RAPPING.—In the twelfth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles we have an account of the liberation of Peter from prison by an angel, who caused his manacles to fall off, and the massive iron gate of the prison to open "of its own accord." It is then recorded that Peter "came to the house of Mary the mother of John, whose surname was Mark, where many were gathered together praying. And as Peter knocked at the door of the gate, a damsel came to hearken, named Rhoda. And when she knew Peter's voice, she opened not the gate for gladness, but ran in and told how Peter stood before the gate. And they said, Thou art mad. But she constantly affirmed that it was even so. Then said they, *It is his angel*;" that is, Peter's *guardian angel*, that knocked and spoke. The Christian disciples thus not only believed in *guardian angels*, but believed it was possible for them to *knock* as well as *speak*.

NEW WORK BY THE IMMORTALIZED BALZAC.

THE following narrative from a Paris paper we copy from the editorial columns of the *Home Journal*, wherein it is declared to be authentic. It presents an interesting example of one phase of Spirit Manifestations which, however, is becoming quite common in this country, though the illustrations offered at our own doors may not attract the attention of the American press. Now, we can very well understand why fashionable tailors and milliners prefer to import coats and bonnets from the French capital; we should likewise be pleased to ascertain the reason why the editors of the *Home Journal* have such a decided preference for spiritual facts imported from Paris.—Ed.

POST-MORTUUM AUTHORSHIP.

“Another story of Spirits, yet more curious than any which have gone before, has been going its rounds in every society in Paris. All classes, rich and poor, are equally eager in their pursuit after the truth of the principal elements of the tale. In spite of my previous determination not to trouble your readers with any more of these stories, I find this one so well authenticated that it would be neglecting my duty were I to withhold it. The doctor, who possesses the greatest reputation in Paris for the cure of nervous complaints, gives the warrant of his name for the perfect reliance which may be placed upon the truth of the story, and hesitates not to affirm it by recounting with the greatest unction all the details relating to the affair. It is but fair, however, to state that already each one has added his own imaginative powers to those (already remarkable) of the learned doctor, and thus the tale, as it spreads among us, has gone on increasing of marvelous qualities, until it has arrived to the utmost point in perfection.

usually acquired by this sort of thing. The anecdote, as told by the doctor himself, runs simply thus :

"He was seated in his 'Cabinet de Consultations' quite alone, one morning of last week—and was just finishing his usual weekly report to the *Revue Médicale*, for which purpose he had told his servant to exclude all further visitors, when he was aroused from the deep study into which he had been plunged by the necessity of reporting a most important and complicated case of hysteria he had been attending, by an unusual rapping at the door of the cabinet, accompanied by the loud remonstrances of the servant cautioning the master not to open. This request alone, however, was quite enough, with a lively imagination like that of our friend, to cause him to fly to the door and open it immediately. He found standing there a young girl of fifteen, dressed in deep mourning, whom his servant pronounced to be perfectly insane, but whom he instantly perceived was merely laboring under a strong nervous excitement, occasioned by the opposition made to her entrance by the booby servant. The doctor, who is a man of feeling and gallantry, endeavored to calm her agitation and soothe her nerves by exhibiting the little globules he has ever ready at hand for the like occasions—and presently the little damsel was sufficiently restored to be able to confide to the comforting doctor the reasons which had rendered her so persisting in her determination to see him that very day, in spite of the violent rudeness of his domestic. She was subject to spasmodic attacks—she had fever and delirium, and had not slept for many nights—she had been sent by a mutual friend to Doctor C—. 'And who is that friend?' exclaimed the doctor, more and more surprised at the vehemence of her manner. 'His name is Balzac,' replied the girl. 'But the recommendation must have been made a long while ago: why not have consulted me before?' 'Oh, no,' exclaimed the girl, 'I saw

him a week ago, and he bade me, then, come to you. I saw him again last night, and he was very angry that I had not obeyed his commands, and would not leave me till I had promised faithfully to see you to-day.' The doctor declares that he was stupefied with astonishment at what he heard, and began to think that the booby lackey was in the right, and the girl really insane.

"Before forming a judgment, however, he proceeded to question her, and found, to his utter amazement, that she was perfectly convinced of the reality of the nocturnal visits which Balzac made her from the other world. He grew deeply interested in the story of her feelings, and of the manner in which she had first been visited by Spirits, as well as of the communications she held with Balzac most habitually of all. He accompanied her home. The garret *mansarde* in which she lived—the tokens of the occupation by which she gained her bread (that of print-colorist)—were all the identical taste of the defunct novelist, and, indeed, as the doctor observes, seemed as if taken from one of his own novels. The doctor, in gazing around, beheld upon the table a manuscript in the well-remembered handwriting of his deceased friend. He took it up with emotion—at the same time fully convinced that by this very token he had discovered the origin of the disease by which his patient was attacked—he thought that, leading a solitary life, she had been wont to indulge for some time in a morbid passion for the writings of Balzac, and had thus suffered her mind to become entirely engrossed with his image. He turned over the manuscript with curiosity, wondering all the while how it had come into her possession—when, to his astonishment, he found it unfinished, and the latter pages evidently freshly written. With a kind of uneasy perplexity he inquired which of the novels of Balzac this manuscript represented. The girl replied that she did not know, that the

title was not given yet—that there remained yet four chapters to complete, which would be written in a short time, and then Balzac himself would bestow the title which would best suit the work. Of course the doctor grew more astonished still, and again when he was told that the work was indeed written by her hand, but her hand moved by the Spirit of the great romance writer, and that she had no more control over what she was writing than if she had been a spectator of its progress! The doctor sat down to peruse the manuscript, and rose fully satisfied of the truth of the girl's story. No other mind, he declares, could produce a work of this kind. *C'est du Balzac et pas autre chose*, he exclaims, as he hugs the manuscript to his bosom. He has taken the girl into his house, and has determined to publish this new work *d'outre tombe* at his own expense, as soon as ever it is completed! I know not what effect such a story as this would have in the scientific circles in London: I can only say that in Paris the sensation has been immense. We *know* that our dear doctor has quick feelings and a strong imagination; we *know* that he inherits these qualities, as well as his splendid person, from his mother: we *know* he has made us run for many years after every kind of *feu follet* by which he himself has been led astray; and yet here we are once more believing and hoping, and inquiring with as much zest as if we were not assured by experience that we are destined to be disappointed, and the bold promises he dispenses so freely, doomed to end in excuses for his own credulity. The most curious part of the story is certainly the exact handwriting of the deceased author, which in the manuscript is unmistakable—even by comparison with those in the possession of various friends—not to be detected in the smallest deviation."

"THOU ART WITH ME, DARLING."

MRS. MARY F. MOTT.

Thou art with me, darling—with me,
Though thy form is laid to rest,
Where the drooping willow bendeth
O'er thy still and pulseless breast ;
Where the day-long through the branches
Moaneth whisperings soft and low,
For the pure and good, departed
From this sphere of care and woe.

Thou art with me, darling—with me,
And I know that thou art here
To revive my fainting spirit,
And to dry each falling tear ;
To whisper hopes of happiness,
And point to worlds above,
Where dwelleth white-robed angels
In the light of perfect love.

Thou art with me, darling—with me
In the silent hush of night,
When Dian pale hath sunk to rest,
And veiled her vestal light.
Oh, then ! when slumber's seal is set
On many a dreamer's brow,
Thou, loved one, comest to my side,
With words soft murmured low ;

And my heart is filled with rapture
As I list to hear thee tell
Of the golden harps and voices
That in heavenly music swell ;

And I long to hear the summons
Which shall bid me go with thee
To the mansions of our Father,
Where the prisoned soul is free.

March 27, 1854.

MYSTERIOUS WRITING REVEALING A SECRET.—Mr. LEVY related at the TELEGRAPH-office-Conference the following interesting particulars which had lately come to his knowledge: A lady residing in his neighborhood had for years earnestly desired a revelation of a certain secret concerning which she knew that no person in the flesh could give her any information. In order to have the mystery unraveled she had consulted several mediums, but failed to elicit the desired information until the following singular occurrence took place: It should be premised that the lady, with her family, lived in the upper part of a house, the rooms of which were kept locked in such a way as to forbid all access by strangers in the night-time. One morning, however, the lady, while at breakfast, remembered that she had seen a sheet of paper lying upon the Bible on the table in a certain room through which she had just passed, and that that paper was not there when the family had retired to bed on the previous evening. She went and examined the paper, and found it to contain writing which she distinctly recognized as being in the hand of her son who had been for some years in the Spirit-world. Under the table was lying a pencil with which it appeared that the Spirit had at first attempted to write, but finding the lead hard, he abandoned the pencil and wrote his communication with pen and ink, taking the latter out of a desk which had been left locked, and, on finishing the writing, returned the pen and ink to the desk again, and locked them up as before. The communication commenced with these words: "DEAR MOTHER: The time has come for Spirits to do wonders." The writer then remarked, in substance, that he had been aware of the long-existing desire of the lady to know of a certain matter, and then proceeded to give an ample revelation on the very subject which had been pressing on her mind, and concerning which she declared that no earthly being possessed the information she desired to obtain. To the communication was appended her Spirit-son's signature.

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

WE extract the following paragraph from a facile description of country life in Massachusetts. It is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher, who, we believe, has a summer residence at Berkshire. The soul that is in sympathy with Nature, and in communion with the Spirit-world, may be at home, in an essential sense, either at Berkshire or Botany Bay, without so much as a foot of land in fee-simple. At the same time it must be acknowledged that a good farm, with all desirable improvements, and without incumbrances, is (we regret that we can not speak from our own experience on this point) a good thing, and not to be lightly esteemed, even by men of the most religious and spiritual natures. We incline to the opinion that the man who sits "under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest or make him afraid, will enjoy the music of birds and the fragrance of flowers *a little better* than the one who sits there temporarily by permission from a land monopolist, and is all the while terrified with visions of sheriffs and writs of ejectment.

We are pleased to learn from such authority that "angels have flown through" the "golden ether" about Berkshire, and that their immortal "joys" are being "exhaled" and diffused abroad in that region "as flowers leave their perfumes on the evening air." When Mr. Beecher writes in this way, we suppose he is not merely aiming at *rhetorical effects*, but that he really means something. Mr. B. evidently believes in a present, living inspiration.

But here is the extract.—ED.

"This morning came up cloudy, the clouds grew to mist, and the mist

rolled out of the valley, and hung ragged and wild upon the mountain side. All the trees do clap their hands in the merry wind that now, unburdened of its moisture, runs nimbly through the sunny air. We open the front door and sit down upon its threshold. We look out under the maple trees that shaded the yard, over fields, across to the mountain sides, that now stand in the freshest, deepest green. We take our book, and holding it with folded hands behind us, we walk with uncovered head, up and down the road before the house, beneath the trembling shadows which the maples cast westward—shadows that play upon the ground in gold and dark, as the small wind opens and shuts the spaces of the tree to the sunlight! This is perfect rest. The ear is full of birds' notes, of insects' hum, of the barn-yard clack of hens and peeping chickens; the eye is full of all-noble outlined hills, of meadow-growing trees, of grass glancing with light shot from a million dew-drops, and of the great heavenly arch, unstained with cloud, from side to side without a mote or film; filled with silent, golden ether, which surely descends on such a morning as this from the very hills of heaven. Angels have flown through it, and exhaled their joys, as flowers leave their perfumes in the evening air. Thus to walk, to read now and then some noble passage of some great heart, to fall off again to musing, to read again half aloud or in a murmuring whisper some holy poetry, this it is to be transcendently happy. I say holy poetry, for when men speak of truth with their earthly thoughts, it is but prose; but when they speak truths from their spiritual, and with such efflorescent words as shall be to the thinking what dew-beads are to grass and flowers, that is poetry. It is after long labor that such periods of rest become doubly sweet. For unwearied hours one drifts about among gentle, joyous sensations or thoughts, as gossamers or downy seeds float about in the air, moved only by the impulses of the coquetting wind. Most happily planted here, we shall await September. And if in the spheres whence the months issue, or along that airy way by which they travel, there is such a thing as breaking down or detention, may September experience it, and be held back long after her time!"

EXTRAORDINARY SPIRITUAL FORESIGHT AND WARNING.—We have received the following interesting particulars from our friend, T. L. HARRIS: While our informant was engaged in a course of lectures in a Southern city, he received, one day, a visit from the wife of a professional gentleman. During the interview a spiritual influence came on

Mr. H., and he was impressed to say to the lady that her husband would, at no very distant time, be in imminent danger of losing his life by assassination, and that his safety would altogether depend upon his coolness and presence of mind under the assault. That he might, at the time, be in a frame of mind suitable for a successful defense, he advised her to dissuade him, thenceforth, from all use of intoxicating drinks. As Mr. H. was speaking, he was made to feel a pain in the cheek as if a bullet had passed into it, affecting the nerves connected with the molar teeth, and he involuntarily exclaimed that the pain was "*worse than ten thousand toothaches.*" In Mr. H.'s description of the assassination, the lady readily recognized a man whom she knew. She revealed this impression and warning to her husband, without saying how she obtained it, and successfully dissuaded him, for the time, from tampering with intoxicating beverages. Not long since, the lady wrote Mr. H. that, in the early part of the summer, two attempts had actually been made upon the life of her husband, by the man described. In the first, by dint of coolness and self-possession he escaped unhurt. In the second, however, a pistol-ball had passed into his cheek, affecting the nerves of the molar teeth just as the medium had been impressed; and as the surgeon was proceeding to treat the wound, the man actually uttered these very words, "*The pain is worse than ten thousand toothaches.*"

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.—The Rev. Dr. Bedell relates that while Bishop Chase, of Ohio, was at the house of Mr. Beek, in Philadelphia, he received a package from Dr. Ward, Bishop of Sodor and Man, making inquiries relating to certain property in America, of which some old person of his diocese was the heir. The letter had gone to Ohio, followed him to Washington, then to Philadelphia, and found him at Mr. Beek's. When he read it to Mr. B., the latter was in amazement, and said: "Bishop Chase, I am the only man in the world who can give you information, I have the deeds in my possession, and have had them 43 years, not knowing what to do with them, or where any heirs were to be found." How wonderful that the application should be made to Bishop Chase, and he not in Ohio, but a guest in the house of the only man who possessed any information on the subject.—*Albany Register.*

MYSTERIOUS BELL-RINGINGS.—Mr. Taylor, who is now connected with this office, resided some years ago at Boston, where the following strange occurrence was witnessed by his family: As his wife and two other ladies were seated together in an upper room, and he was in his bed-room somewhat indisposed, a sudden and unusually violent ringing of the door-bell was heard. His wife, being startled by its violence, got up and looked out of the window, but saw no one at or near the door. As she was looking, the servant-girl came and opened the door; she asked her who it was that rang, but the girl answered that she could find nobody. Mrs. T. became seated again and resumed her conversation, but in a few moments they were startled by another ringing of the bell, equally sudden and violent with the previous one; and an immediate search for the cause of the ringing was equally unsuccessful with the previous search. The different members of the family then stationed themselves so that the bell-wire could be seen all the way along, with the exception of two little places, each only a few inches wide, and where subsequent investigation proved that the wire could not have been touched—yet had there been a person about the house designing to play them a trick, which was scarcely possible under the circumstances. While thus watching the wire, the bell continued to ring in the same way, at regular intervals, until it had rung seven times, and then it stopped and was never moved in that mysterious way afterward. We have heard of quite a number of cases precisely agreeing, as to their general features, with this, though occurring at different times and places, and witnessed by persons not given to superstition.

WHEN Dr. Johnson courted Mrs. Potter, whom he afterward married, he told her "that he was of mean extraction; that he had no money, and that he had an uncle hanged!" The lady, by way of reducing herself to an equality with the Doctor, replied, "that she had no more money than himself, and that though she had not a relation hanged, she had fifty who deserved hanging."

THE secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher? "Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is all over the world the source of friendship."

THOUGHTS ON MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

WERE I to be asked what I have learned, or at what important deductions I have arrived by the aid of modern manifestations, I think I should reply as follows :

First.—That there is a spiritual world.

Second.—That spiritual intelligences communicate with men in the body.

Third.—That there are varieties of character, opinion, and pursuit in the world invisible.

I confess, frankly and freely, that I have progressed little beyond these points ; nor could I reasonably anticipate much more. Too much is expected of the spiritual world.

Spirits communicate ! Very well, very good, gratifying and desirable. *What* do they communicate ? is the next question. Thus far but little has been received that is positively and absolutely new (that is, that we never heard of before). Universalists, Unitarians, and skeptics have taught the majority of the doctrines embraced in what is called the "Spiritual Philosophy." We have no settled *philosophy* yet. I doubt whether the most advanced in Spirit-lore can go beyond the above-named propositions, if brought firmly to the test. Many of the professed friends of the manifestations injure the general cause by claiming too much. That system is best advocated which is *moderately* and *modestly* urged. So far as I am individually concerned, I am not expecting any thing from the unseen country very wonderful, supernatural, or astounding. The fact that there is a spiritual world, and that its inhabitants communicate, palpably, with us, are two truths that beget

within me the liveliest emotions of pleasure. Based on this foundation, I am enabled to understand something of the revelations of the past, and to look hopefully at the future. There are so many things to learn in *this* world, that I despair of knowing much of the other. Knowledge ought, legitimately, to commence with things immediately about us, and so widen the circumference as time wears on and the mind gathers strength. I am confident that it will not do for us to attempt to run over the rough road of life with our faces turned fixedly, continually upward, expecting every thing needful in that direction; if we do, we shall stumble and tumble into some unnoted slough of folly. The truth must be admitted, that the American people are hobby-horsical, prone to ride an idea hard and fast when fairly mounted. Modern manifestations leave us precisely where they found us, in most matters—to work out, to the best of our abilities, by persevering effort and self-discipline, our salvation from evils, moral and physical. The world may progress somewhat more rapidly, but it will, in the main, wag on much after the old style. There have been such a multiplicity of *isms* and *ologies* that it becomes us to exercise considerable self-distrust; it will not weaken the valuable facts of Spiritualism, but strengthen and recommend them to thoughtful minds.

Visions and trances, as yet, do not amount to much in their aggregate benefits to the human race. There is the same vagueness about them that characterized all the Jewish revelations. Many of them are on a level with (or but little above) Methodist rantings and orthodox revival exhibitions. They differ in one respect, in most cases, and therefore have promise of something better in the future—they display more liberality of sentiment. The greater number of visionists and *impressionists* that I have seen, fail to bring that conviction of spiritual presence enforced by the more physical phenomena. A want

of dignity and self-respect is often painfully apparent. Every individual owes to himself or herself a certain amount of self-respect, which should be maintained in every condition and capacity; and I distrust the utility of whatever detracts from strict propriety of deportment. That which has a tendency to lead to foolish words or acts, or to lower the dignity of manhood and womanhood, can not safely be admitted into human hearts, heads, or homes; and I can not but consider such demonstrations evidences of pseudo-Spiritualism.

The immortality of the soul is the first great question to be solved by the human mind, when it attempts a survey of its wants and revelations; it is the grand starting-point of theological speculation. Take it away, and preaching is vain, and faith also, and the pulpit a mockery. Bury our hopes in the corruption of the grave, and the voice of Nature, her sweet sights, sounds, and operations, can speak no consolation to our thoughts. The sum of our expectations is derived from the one central truth, that we shall live on after the defection of the body. Thousands of persons profess to believe in the future existence of man, without the evidence which I consider necessary to establish the point. Such are fortunate if they really *know* what they affirm. Unhappily, many of this class effectually deny in *actions* what they strenuously put forth in *words*. In all humility, I desire evidence in receiving and indorsing all and any vitally important propositions that are capable of affording proof. The Jewish Testament is dark and vague on the subject of immortality; but it is true that the ministry of Jesus illuminates the gloom, to a certain extent.

The facts being established, that there is a spiritual world, and that its inhabitants hold intelligible converse with us, we next and naturally wish to know the moral development of those invisible communicators. This query embraces points of great interest, and in a measure decides how much we are

to be benefited by our dealings with the departed. That man forms a character here, and takes that character with him into the spiritual world, is both reasonable and just; and all human experience and "modern instances" seem to confirm that such is the case. Death robs man of nothing but his body. In the light of the God of Nature, the soul is all written over with its earthly actions. It has good pages and bad—some blotted and blurred, others fair and legible. Every act of life is recorded on the immortal spirit in *effects*, and in the invisible sphere, that book will always be open to the clairvoyant eye of God. Man is indeed judged according to the deeds done in the body, and the judgment is *in* him, and *on* him, and a *part* of him, in obedience to the inexorable law of cause and effect. Oh, how just, how divine, that each human being shall have precisely what he has labored for—nothing more, nothing less! Paul did well when he exhorted his brethren to work out their own salvation. How glorious is the gospel of Nature preached to man through innumerable voices! She knows no atonement but Reform, no salvation but in Truth.

We see how character is formed *here*, and reason and experience unite in telling us there is but one *Nature* pervading all spheres, running through all modes of existence, dictating universal law to all conditions—law which we can not escape or evade, whether in the body or out. Nature reigns throughout infinitude, grasps all space, and these united and indissoluble three form a mighty hypostasis of principles, more sublime than the visions of olden prophets, or the declamations of inspired bards. Sinai melts before it, and the great mountain-ranges are swallowed up. All-grasping Trinity! in which the Creative Soul is immanent, thou art the first, the last—Alpha, Omega, the pavilion of God—the staff on which the Almighty sets living souls to music. Thou art over, above, around, beyond me. In thee I live, move, and have an eternal life. I

worship, oh, benign Nature! at thy shrine, because thou hast been the light of nations and the guide of souls. Thy ways are wondrous. Thou art the nearest, and the most distant; the most familiar, and the most abstruse. I am one with thee, and thou with me. In thee, I abide; in me, thou. And this union will be dissolved never. While I keep thy sacred commandments, I shall dwell in thee with pleasure; when disobedient, with pain. Thou art my father and mother, brother and sister. From thy love I can never be separated. Conscious or unconscious, joyous or sad, I shall exist in thine elements, dwell in thy bosom, draw nourishment from thy breast. In thee pulsates the Divine Heart, in thee speaks the Divine Voice, in thee is revealed the Divine Hand. In thee, oh, limitless Nature! is swallowed up all gods which men have worshiped. Thou absorbest them in thy greatness—knowest them all—yet confessest but one. Now abideth these three—Nature, Infinitude, Space—one—a Trinity—the author and finisher, beginning and end, which was, and is, and shall be. Thou art night and day, midnight and morning, darkness and light, rain and sunshine, heat and cold, joy and sorrow, life and death, all, and in all.

Nature holds in her hands both the visible and invisible. She is related to my soul and to my body. The seen and the unseen are but different departments in which she operates. She reigns in the internal as in the external. Knowing how she governs the visible sphere, we feel well assured how she governs the invisible. If we know that there is another state of existence, we know equally well that it is analogous to this. Freedom here, freedom there—opinions here, opinions there—uncertainty here, uncertainty there, and so on through the catalogue of human qualities. Now that the spiritual world speaks to us, and establishes familiar relations, its character is revealed, even as Nature might teach, providing we were sure of such a

state of existence without actual intercourse with the departed. If it be indeed true, that there are innumerable varieties of character in the invisible realm, the same as here in the outward world, what a lesson are we taught in regard to the general principles that must necessarily govern spiritual intercourse. When we admit that human character, in the inner or unseen world, shades off in an infinity of difference toward the two grand extremes of ignorance and wisdom, we inevitably confess that the liabilities of receiving dangerous errors from departed human intelligences are not few or unimportant.

Let us make a rough calculation. We will take it for granted that the spiritual world is a million times more populous than this; that several thousand souls leave the earth daily for a residence there; two thirds of whom know little or nothing of human, moral obligations, while not more than one in a hundred is capable of teaching the readers of the TELEGRAPH in a manner to benefit them. Providing that all can avail themselves of the facilities of communication, what a host of spiritual beings will be at liberty to communicate with each individual on the earth—a million to one! What proportion out of the million may we suppose fitted to give wise and useful counsels? Granting the law of affinity to be true—and most of us who aspire to spiritual intercourse are weak and wicked—what kind of a troupe shall we have around us striving to get tangible utterance? Again, we are to consider that not more than one person in a hundred, at least, is, at the present time, developed as a medium, so that the avenues open to the other sphere, for the expression of thought, are so inconsiderable, that it is not extravagant to suppose that many millions of Spirits may desire to communicate through one channel; or, if they communicate at all, will be obliged to do so.

Two questions arise: Do Spirits reform? Do they reform rapidly or slowly? If the first, how rapidly? if the last,

how slowly? The reader can follow up the supposition and make his own deductions. Of course, these are but speculations; but providing they have half their bases in truth, the result is quite astounding. Perhaps most men are better than we think them, and being relieved of their gross bodies, reform in a comparatively short time; but gradual movement, in a progressive way, seems to be the fixed order of Nature. If we do not take the position that men progress faster after death than previously, we shall have before us a vivid picture of Swedenborg's hells, with their terrific enginery in operation, shaking the whole spiritual universe with its jarring dissonance. We are compelled to the conclusion that the ignorant become wise, the false true, the fanatical rational, the degraded elevated, before they hold converse with their brethren in the flesh, or that spiritual intercourse is attended with difficulties and dangers. And these dangers and difficulties are increased by the grossness, imperfection, and dishonesty of media. Providing most persons (who do not die by accident) are softened into penitence by the near prospect of dissolution, and enter the world of Spirits with a firm determination to do right, having already-formed characters, it is extremely doubtful whether they will not relapse into their former errors, and soon be found in the same society in which they delighted while inhabitants of the earth. Granting that the majority do *not* relapse into falses, they can not conscientiously feel qualified to become our teachers; they can only assure us that they still have an existence, conscious, hopeful, progressive; and what heart does not thrill with a glad emotion at the demonstration of a truth so mighty!

If the question, If a man die shall he live again? be the greatest, *How* does he live? is certainly the next. There is but one thing that man takes with him to his eternal home, and that is his character. What a prospect for him who has

sinned against Nature and himself, wasted his energies, misapplied his powers, perverted his gifts, lived in antagonism with his fellow-men! It will be seen from the foregoing why, in a previous article, I made such a large per centage of spurious and useless Spiritualism. Before closing, I can not forbear answering, according to my views, the often-propounded question, "What good will Spiritualism do?" I will reply to it in just five words: IT WILL DEVELOP MAN'S POWERS.

What! can it do no more? I answer, if it will develop the powers of the human mind, it will do enough—accomplish all that the race needs. Than this, nothing more is required. When we become what the God of Nature intended us to be, ends and aims of existence will have been fulfilled.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Sept. 6th, 1854.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SPIRIT-INFLUENCE.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Dear Sir—As Spiritualism must base its claims more upon facts than speculations, and eventually triumph on the irresistible weight of experience, rather than the force of its philosophy, however cogent that may be, I take pleasure in communicating to you a few facts, as illustrative of its claims, which have just reached me, from a friend in San Francisco, Cal.

By way of episode, I will state, that my correspondent and myself, years ago, whiled away many an hour in the city of New York speculating on those great themes of man's relations and destinies.

My friend, as I knew him, and believe him to be now, was

a man of great probity, scrupulous veracity, and high sense of honor, possessed of a keen analytical mind, eminently qualified to dissect a theorem, and unyielding in his demands on the intellect, so long as a sophism was left unexplained. In a word, he was skeptical to the last degree in regard to the prevailing religious dogmas of the day; yet he felt enthusiastically, that

"Nature is but a name for an effect
Whose cause is God."

But, of all subjects, the soul's immortality seemed to him the hardest to comprehend as a great truth in the economics of Nature; for his intellect was more active than his intuitions, and however hopeful he might sometimes be, yet faith was always, in the end, subservient to his skepticism.

Thus much it has seemed necessary to state in order that the reader may attach the proper weight of credibility to the narrations emanating from such a source. But to the facts of more immediate import.

A few months ago the writer received a letter, which, among other matters, made inquiry in regard to the progress of Spiritualism, and asking a candid opinion from myself in relation to its claims to credence, etc., and on giving him the information that I was "of the household of faith," and the reasons therefor, he immediately wrote back and detailed his experience, and his complete "conversion" to the "new faith," and its hopeful and cheering doctrines. This letter, as I have before stated, has just reached me, and I proceed to give the substance of his experience, and, at the same time, furnish you, below, with names for private use, and as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the writer and his correspondent.

The first thing which attracted my friend's attention to the subject, he informs me, was a letter which, accidentally, fell in his way, written by Judge Edmonds, a careful reading of which induced him to investigate the subject; and it resulted,

as might be supposed, by one who entered upon the investigation as a perfectly "free inquirer." Among other methods of investigation, he joined a "circle," and one evening a "medium" commenced to speak, and gave utterance to his own thoughts, in his own language, and in the order in which they were elaborated and inaudibly expressed in his own mind. The next evening, at the same place, and the same medium being the speaker, a perfect antithesis of mental action was displayed; for on this occasion the medium's thoughts were all daguerreotyped on the mind of my friend, in the exact order of their delivery, and preceding their utterance by the speaker! It will be observed that in the one case he seemed to maintain a positive relation to the speaker, and in the other case an entirely negative relation.

But to pass by other interesting experiences, I will now transcribe the one which seems to have entirely dissipated whatever of doubt was still remaining as to the question—"Whether Spirits can communicate with their earthly friends?" He says:

"Another night, after I had retired to bed, I was very strangely affected, when a voice spoke to me, and told me to read the 12th chapter of the "Acts of the Apostles." At twelve o'clock, the same night, my son Thomas came into my room, having walked two miles over a lonesome road, and avowed that he knew not what had induced him to come, but while lying in bed he had been strangely affected, and by an irresistible impulse compelled to get up and walk, as the impulse led him, not knowing whither he was going, or for what purpose."

Of course, the sequel furnished a rational solution; and I leave these facts to find their place and work out their legitimate fruits among the thousand similar experiences of the age, hoping that materialism will rapidly give place to a higher faith in the affirmative of the question—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

WARNED IN A DREAM.

On the morning of the 10th of November, 1835, I found myself off the coast of Galicia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon: we passed Cape Finisterre, and standing farther out to sea, speedily lost sight of land. On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the fore-castle, discoursing with two of the sailors; one of them, who had but just left his hammock, said, "I have had a strange dream, which I do not much like, for," continued he, pointing up to the mast, "I dreamed that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees." He was heard to say this by several of the crew besides myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in, whereupon this man with several others instantly ran aloft; the yard was in the act of being hauled down, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and a man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a few moments he emerged; I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor who a few moments before had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast while the steamer hurried past him. The alarm was given, and every thing was in confusion; it was two minutes at least before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern; I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling gallantly with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not on hand, and only two oars could be procured, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within ten yards of the man, who still struggled for his life, when I lost sight of him, and the men on their return said that they saw him below the surface of the water, at glimpses, sinking deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out and his body apparently stiff, but that they found it impossible to save him; presently after, the sea, as if

satisfied with the prey it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother ; he was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. This event occurred on the 11th of November, 1835 ; the vessel was the "London Merchant" steamship. Truly wonderful are the ways of Providence !—*Barrow's "Bible in Spain."*

HYMN TO AUTUMN.

Air, "Ave Maria."

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

FADING, still fading ! the flowers are dying,
And over their death-beds the West wind is sighing ;
The pale, lonely moon looks tearless and cold,
And the sunset is tinged with the purest of gold ;
The Summer's harsh thunder no longer alarms,
For Autumn hath come with her desolate charms.

Hail ! to thee, Autumn,
Hail ! to thee, Autumn,
Hail ! to thee, Autumn !
Sad emblem of life !

Fading, still fading ! the loved ones are sleeping,
Where the Angel of Death his night-watch is keeping ;
No sunshine illumines their dark, dreary home,
Where the ghoul, and the worm, and the night-Spirits roam ;
No bright flowers bloom on the earth o'er their head,
But Autumn hath scattered her leaves o'er their bed.

Hail ! to thee, Autumn,
Hail ! to thee, Autumn,
Hail ! to thee, Autumn,
Pale mirror of fate !

Fading, still fading! our years are but few—
As others have gone—so we shall go to;
When the Spring-time was blushing in fresh virgin bloom,
Ah, little we recked of the shroud or the tomb;
But Autumn hath come with her features so wan,
And she points us afar to the bright Spirit-land!

Hail! to thee, Autumn,

Hail! to thee, Autumn,

Hail! to thee, Autumn,

Memento of death!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

PROPHETIC VISION.

RECENTLY, while on a visit to my native town of Easton, Washington Co., N. Y., I obtained a copy of the following narration of an interesting spiritual experience, which I believe will prove instructive to the mass of your readers, confirming, as it does, the modern phases of the spiritual phenomena. In order to a proper understanding, it is necessary that I give the following brief account of the parties concerned.

Joseph Wilbur* and John Wilbur were brothers, and both residents of the above-named town for the space of about sixty years, and both were members of the Society of Friends, the former being a distinguished preacher. The wife of Joseph (my own aunt) was named Jerusha, and the wife of John was the Sarah mentioned. The united ages of the two couples could not have been much, if any, less than three hundred and twenty years at the time of their deaths.

* This is the same individual mentioned in A. J. Davis' book, "Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse," as having prevented by Spirit-intervention a man from committing suicide. The relation will be found on page 144.

During their residence in Easton they respectively occupied the farms they first settled upon, which are situated upon the same road and distant about two miles apart. The narration is in the words of the son of John the visionist, whose name is signed to it, but who, I may remark, has since also passed into the Spirit-world, and is communicating from time to time of his heaven-derived wisdom to his amiable young widow, who survives him, and to his relatives and friends, through the instrumentality of her sister, who is an interesting writing medium.

A VISION OR DREAM, BY JOHN WILBUR, 2D MONTH 23TH, 1845.

Having visited Jerusha in her feeble and afflicted condition, she expressed her apprehension of being near the close of time, and her conviction that it was the last time we should ever meet in this state.

On a succeeding night (the night of the above date), as I lay in my bed, it seemed to me as plainly as if spoken by an audible voice, that brother Joseph had come to accompany the spirit of his companion through the dark valley of death, and that it was then ten minutes before three o'clock, and at the hour of three she was to leave the earthly tenement. He was accompanied by an archangel to instruct and direct him. While Joseph was engaged in soothing the spirit of his departing spouse, the seraph came to visit me. He addressed me, and opened to my understanding various passages of Scripture, which I had never before fully understood. He reminded me of the necessity of keeping on the watch by day and by night, for the hour of my dissolution was swiftly drawing nigh, and seemed to intimate that it would come suddenly and in an unlooked-for moment. It appeared that Sarah had arrived under the direction of an angel, and they were also to form a part of the convoy which should join the spirit, about to be released from the shackles of clay, in its flight to the blest abode. The angel then came with her to see me. She looked perfectly natural, but young and blooming. There were none of the wrinkles of age and care; no marks of disease or infirmity. She clasped her arms around my neck, and fond and warm was the embrace.

After a short interval the angel directed her to impress a parting kiss, for the hour of three approached, and they must go. She complied

with the instruction, and quicker than thought she vanished from my vision. I eagerly stretched out my hands toward her, but found myself alone. These things left upon my mind a full impression that Jerusha was no more an inhabitant of earth.

The above is but a meager and imperfect outline of his remarks, and to a stranger will of course be of but little interest. But to one who stood in the relation which I did, to listen to his simple but touchingly beautiful description of the interview with her who was dear indeed to me in the precious maternal connection, but was endeared to him by that most sacred of all earthly bonds, the hallowed tie of conjugal affection—to reflect on the striking fulfillment of his apprehensions in reference to the time of my aunt's departure from the shores of earth—to listen to the seraph's admonition to prepare for the solemn change—to gaze upon the frosted locks and feeble, tottering frame of my venerable sire, fully attesting that the hour was near when he, too, would need a convoy through the awful vale, could not but strike the mind with deep and thrilling interest.

SAMUEL WILBUR.

I can add to the above, that I was informed by a near relative of the aged seer, that the communication made to him by the angelic visitor was even more definite than it appears in the statement of his son. It was said to him, in addition to what is stated in his son's account, that his own exit should be so sudden and so quiet that even his attendants should not know the precise time of his death, or, to speak more exactly, his birth into the future life. This I was reliably informed was the case. His spirit took its flight while the mortal body was reclining in its chair, and so peacefully that no one in the room observed the exact time of its departure. The prediction as to the time of my aunt's release from the outward form was so nearly fulfilled, that not fifteen minutes elapsed after the predicted time of three o'clock A. M. before she was winging her way with the glorified convoy of spirits and angels to the blest abode of the righteous.

It may be interesting to your readers to learn that the subject of Spiritualism, in various parts of the country that I have

lately visited, is receiving much attention. During my stay in the country, I visited Schenectady, Saratoga, and Washington counties, and found in each devoted friends of the new unfoldings. I called on several interesting mediums, and came in contact with many believers. The faith of most of these is founded mainly on personal experiences, and I rarely met with any that were not, by virtue of their organization and mental developments, qualified to investigate rationally, and to intelligently direct new inquirers in a manner that will reflect honor upon the cause that yields so abundantly the beneficent fruits of light and truth, wisdom and harmony, which has already blessed so many hungry, fainting souls. T. TOWNSEND.

BROOKLYN, September 10, 1854.

A GUARDIAN-SPIRIT'S VOICE.

BY G. ROSENBERG.

LISTEN! nature ever speaking—
A voice by nature as a whole—
Listen! a guardian-angel seeking
To soothe your grief-o'erladen soul.

The providence of God o'er all
In the vast universe doth reign;
A hair can not unnoticed fall,
Nor a good deed fruitless remain.

Regard it not in unbelief;
With childhood's innocence confide;
To doubt-distressed 'twill give relief;
Then in your soul let it reside.

In every deed my might you feel;
In every thought you have I move;

A voice is heard for woe or weal,
In all below and all above.

I guard the barque in which you sail
On the rough bosom of the tide ;
In angel-hands it will not fail,
For an angel is a sleepless guide.

Seek not then, love, the cares of earth,
For cares like these must soon have end ;
Be not content with a Spirit-dearth ;
Be mindful that you upward tend.

I hover near thy pillow, love,
In silent watches of the night ;
I bring fond tokens from above,
The realms of never-fading light.

Full soon the glorious morn will break,
And care and strife for e'er be o'er ;
And love in full fruition wake,
And reign supreme forevermore.

Immortal love hath bound us twain,
Immortal as the stars that shine ;
Naught can e'er break the golden chain
That makes thee, love, forever mine.

ALBANY, Sept. 4, 1864.

A YOUNG man, Charles Bourseul, now at Paris, the son of a French officer, and formerly in the army in Africa, but relieved from his military duties on account of the scientific cleverness he displayed, has been making experiments in the electrical transmission of the voice. He entertains the idea, from the success which has attended his initial trials, that people may talk by telegraph, and the present writing or printing telegraph be dispensed with.

GRINDING AXES.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THIS is rapidly becoming an extensive business, and although the reader may not at first discover its relations to the Spiritual movement, he may perceive them hereafter. To this end let us briefly illustrate the nature of the business. When men of inferior character, social position, or general influence perpetually seek the presence and society of men who are their superiors in these respects, it is significantly suggested that they have "axes to grind." When a facile politician or office-holder suddenly changes his politics on learning from the returns of the last election that he is in the *minority*, some people are uncharitable enough to suspect that he may have "an axe to grind," and that he desires the government to give him a "good turn." When the leaders of a small party propose to "fuse" with any thing and every thing else for the sake of securing some local or personal advantage, it is said, in popular parlance, that somebody has "an axe to grind."

Men are wont to bend their backs and their consciences to the circumstances of the hour. Some acknowledge the "divine right" of kings, others kiss the Pope's toe, and others, still, are pregnant with prayer whenever official places and honors are to be disposed of. Eloquent ministers preach about holiness until they are hoarse, and then they ride in crimsoned-cushioned vehicles to the palace dwellings of men whose gold is but the garnished sepulcher of a depraved heart and life. They complacently feast there, and smile graciously at the host, and even eulogize the gilded sensualism which at once

defames "Jesus and the Poor," and decrees that poverty and crime are one. Great numbers in every walk of life respect popular customs, ancient authorities, and temporal rulers, while they disregard Truth, Humanity, and God, and all because they have private and selfish ends to achieve—each having an axe to grind.

This figure—chiefly in use among politicians—is certainly *expressive*, and is often employed with *cutting* effect. But grinding axes is quite out of our line of business, and we only refer to the subject in this connection because, in one way or another, many people have signified their desire to have axes ground at our expense. We are not surprised at this, but we can not oblige the parties. It is very natural for them to express their desires, and it is equally natural and proper for us to decline serving them. They find their apology in the rapid spread of Spiritualism, which is not only mighty by virtue of its divine principles and uses, but is rendered imposing—at this time—in its outward aspects by the continued accession to its ranks of many men of the most exalted character and distinguished abilities. It is already manifest that in a few years at most all men of free, inquiring, and rational minds, as well as all who are gifted with the loftiest aspirations of religion and the deepest inspirations of genius, must embrace the Spiritual idea. This is inevitable from the progressive refinement of human nature. As we proceed in our investigations from the surface of sensuous objects toward the invisible essences and primary laws of motion and life, our modes of analysis become more searching, and each succeeding effort but subtilizes thought and carries the mind irresistibly upward and inward, in the direction of the ultimate causes and conditions of all being which are spiritual. It is for this reason, especially, that a refined and rational Spiritualism is destined to be the philosophy and religion of all truly free, enlightened, and inspired minds

We are now prepared to perceive why it is that many persons profess to be interested in Spiritualism who have damaged reputations to retrieve, or other selfish purposes to accomplish. They deeply realize, no doubt, that they have every thing to gain and nothing to lose by attempting to introduce themselves into good society. Of course, they are interested in the cause. In these observations we have no reference whatever to such as are sincerely disposed to reform. We refer to those only who attach themselves to us from improper motives—the vendors of all sorts of vile nostrums, physical, mental, and moral. These men profess to be spiritually inclined, and demand a hearing that they may advertise themselves and their business, trusting, at the same time, that we may be induced to honor their respective claims. But this is not in our line. Of late such goods have been negotiated on the opposite side of the Park. To indicate the nature of the transactions in this department several examples may be offered. A late number of a paper entitled *The Union*, published at Keosauqua, Iowa, contains the following :

COMMUNICATION FROM THE "SPIRITS."—One of the "mediums" was recently put in communication with the Spirit of the celebrated and eccentric Dr. Abernethy, to inquire what was the best of all medicines for diseases of the lungs. Loud and distinct raps upon the table slowly but promptly spelled—*Ayers' Cherry Pectoral*.

The medicine here recommended may be valuable for aught we know to the contrary ; and while, in our judgment, it is not beneath the dignity of an enlightened Spirit to give a scientific diagnosis and prescription whenever a suffering mortal can be relieved, it is not at all probable that any Spirit out of the body is properly responsible for any part of the preceding paragraph. It is one of the devices of Materialism to prostitute a spiritual reality to a vulgar use. But this is by no means a solitary example. A grocer in Connecticut advertises that "mysterious

knockings" occur at his counter at all hours in the day; and the keeper of a fourth-rate tavern intimates that he is a medium whereby, for the small sum of six cents, any one may summon spirits and they will instantly appear. It is only those who are alike destitute of reverence, reason, and refinement that indulge in such gross attempts at wit. Nevertheless, for the sake of pouring contempt on the claims of the Spirits, a large portion of the secular journalists in this country are quite willing to insert the advertisements of these men even in their editorial columns. Moreover, they are frequently stupid enough to do it *without charge*. At the same time they have a morbid dread of being deceived. We know of several editors who are stone blind on the side of their prejudices, and when a facetious wag desires to get his advertising done cheap, or for nothing, he comprehends what he has to offer in the form of a good joke at the expense of the Spirits, which the editor inserts for nothing in a conspicuous place, and then it straightway goes the rounds of all the papers whose editors like to ridicule the Spirits and do not like to be *imposed upon*. Some of these journals are so liberal that they do not pretend to restrict their favors to those who do business in this world. Some months since many influential papers—we think the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Express*, and *Journal of Commerce* were among the number—advertised John Bunyan's hotel, which was said to be in the second sphere, and Henry James has been to the expense of stereotyping the advertisement, and has published the same in a 12mo. volume. If this farce only pays the actors well it must be profitable, for it is infinitely amusing to the spectators.

These literary gentlemen went to the opposition to get their axes ground, and we certainly have no fault to find with the way the work is done. We are willing that our opposers should have all this kind of patronage, and would even be glad

to get rid of the few men with axes to grind, who yet vainly insist on employing our services in that capacity. The last troublesome customer turned up, quite recently, at the West. A correspondent, Mr. V., has sent us a number of slips from the *Ripon Herald* and other papers, from which it appears that one Dr. Newbery, an exponent and advocate of the largest liberty between the sexes, has been lecturing to the citizens of Ceresco and other places. It is stated that the Doctor hails from Long Island, and we suppose he must be the individual who some months since attempted to enlighten the New York Conference—and failed. If at that time he left any lasting impression on our mind, it was simply that he was a crazy advocate of an inverted idea, and that his interest in Spiritualism was graduated by the chances of his being heard by its friends on another subject. When at length he saw that the Spiritualists of this city were not disposed to give audience, he at once departed. At Ceresco, as we learn from the papers, he remained until the citizens held an indignation meeting, and passed resolutions requesting him to leave town. In the *Ripon Herald* of the 2d ult., it is alleged that he insulted several females during his lectures in Omro, for which he was requested by a committee to take up his line of march in two minutes.

We have no knowledge of the facts in the above case beyond what is contained in the papers referred to, and conceive it quite possible that their statements may be exaggerated. It is only necessary to add, that whatever Dr. Newbery may profess to be, or to believe, it is very certain that his crude notions of love and the relations of the sexes form no part of the facts or philosophy of Spiritualism. The erratic Doctor also claims to believe in phrenology and to practice dentistry, and our accusers may therefore as well make phrenologists and dentists responsible for his words and deeds as to charge them to our account. Suffice it to say, Dr. Newbery and his class

are nowhere recognized as the representatives of the Spiritual idea, and we recommend to him and to all who sympathize with his peculiar views and labors, to go elsewhere if they have axes to grind. The Spiritual Philosophy may properly enough be compared to a great rock—a *stone* on which time will sharpen the wits of many; but those who indulge in vile, material, and sensual speculations and corrupt practices, should be admonished to keep at a prudent distance, for should that stone fall on the earthly fabric of their devices, “it will grind them to powder.”

THE SPIRIT-BORN.

(To a Friend Afflicted by Death.)

BY C. D. STUART.

AND thou art stricken then, my friend!

The bitter shaft has found at length

The door-way of thy tenement,

And robbed thy spirit of its strength.

Great woe indeed! if tears of mine

Could heal the grief, or ease the pain,

Thou should'st have her thou mourn'st as dead,

Ruddy and fresh with life again.

'Tis strange! I always thought 'twas strange

That death, like an unkennel'd hound,

Should through our fields and pastures range,

And gird our hearths and altars round;

For most he seems delight to have

Where fairest fruits and flowers abound,

Trampling the tender buds and vines

Into the chillness of the ground.

My heart did beat within me loud,

And murmurs ran along my tongue,

And even curses seemed to crowd

'Gainst one who spared nor old nor young—

And oft-times, I had murmured more
Had I not thought some wiser end
Than human eyes are given to see,
Hovered, thus grimly, to befriend:

And when my little faith looked up
Bravely, through all the mighty harm,
I said, perchance, this bitter cup
May be the working of a charm;
For though 'twas dark around, above,
And darkest while the woe was keen,
Glimpses of heaven and perfect love,
Like sun-smiles shot the clouds a-tween,

And whispering angels softly said,
In tones most musical and wild,
"The only living are the dead,"
As drooped the eyelids of the child—
And when the mother's brow grew pale,
And lip and cheek of blush were shorn,
Louder the minstrels pealed their strain,
"Now surely is the mother born!"

These buds ye weep have 'scaped the frost,
These flowers ye mourn, obscured in gloom,
Are only to the tempest lost,
Which can not reach their brighter bloom—
Their bloom in climes that know no night,
Where fields, and streams, and skies, are fair
And Time is but the flow of light,
Golden and glowing through the air.

No lingering ill nor sudden pang
Within that beauteous land is known,
Where all have sandals made of flowers,
And gold-harps of the tenderest tone—
With teachers from that starry band,
Who wrote and sang their morning hymn
When the young earth, awaking, saw
Heaven, and felt its eyes grow dim.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide ;
And while along its banks we stay,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes ?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view ; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be,
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their vail, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere ;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothéd sorrow dries the tear.
And sometimes list'ning ear may gain
Entrancing sound that higher floats—
The echo of a distant strain—
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest ;
They've crossed Time's river ; now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.

But *there* pure love can live, can last—
They look for *us* their home to share;
What joyful greetings wait *us there*
Beyond the river.

—*Dublin University Magazine*

REV. J. B. FERGUSON AND SPIRITUALISM.

WE have several times briefly referred to the truly liberal and spiritual tendencies of our distinguished Southern friend, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., whose frank and earnest proclamation of his faith in Spiritualism has occasioned no little sensation even in this part of the country. Within a few days the Northern secular journals have quite generally announced the fact, and have, moreover, treated his case with far more than ordinary civility. When the great principles of our divine faith and philosophy are thus plainly and fearlessly asserted by men of high moral and religious character, and eminent for their mental endowments, popular materialism, with its unholy incentives to lust and oppression, may well tremble and prepare for final judgment.

Some time since Mr. Ferguson delivered a discourse on the "Relation of Pastor and People," wherein he defined his views respecting Unitarianism, Universalism, and Spiritualism. Mr. F. is deservedly a man of great personal influence, and notwithstanding the assertion of extremely liberal, progressive, and spiritual views, his society and congregation nobly sustained him, for which we have reason to thank Heaven and take courage.

S. B. B.

"DIVINE SOCIAL ORDER."

BY J. H. ROBINSON, M.D.

How shall we work out the problem of human life? By a careful exercise of the gift of reason, and a critical examination of the lessons of the past—the past that has left us histories and graves. What are we striving for as individuals, and as a people? Civil and religious liberty, homes, happiness. It is just, and according to the dispensations of Nature, that every man should have control of his own body and soul, and a spot he can call HOME.

Home is a word full of teeming associations—the most sacred place on earth. A church is far less holy than a home—*characters* are formed at home, not at church—men often play the hypocrite at the latter, seldom at the former. So far as civil and religious liberty are concerned, we of the New England States have much for which to be grateful. Life and property are respected; we are free to advocate that form of government we conceive best adapted to secure the highest ends and aims of legislation, and are left at liberty to shape our religious tendencies agreeably to the evidences which our judgment receives.

What is a home? A spot consecrated to individual rights and immunities—the inner sanctuary—where the eternal altars of affection are kept bright—where the human mind receives its first impressions—a genial sun, whence emanates all noble and saving influences—a peaceful Eden, sanctified by a sympathizing mother's love—a school, where souls are educated, take all the degrees of usefulness in *this* world, and

whence they finally graduate to the other. If there are two words that lead all others, and have power to thrill the heart, they are God and Home. Home is the kingdom of Woman; there the leaven of her love impregnates, sanctifies, and humanizes those tender offshoots of her own being, who are, ultimately, to dictate law and govern the world; there she has all the divine "rights" with which kindly Nature has endowed her—molds the plastic elements that are destined to shape governments and sway nations. How shall homes be obtained? By individual effort and industry. Unless inherited, that is the only way of having a true home. Charity never made a real home, save for the unfortunate, deprived by untoward circumstances of "the glorious privilege of being independent." There must be a spot somewhere on the surface of the wide earth that every man, capable of mental or physical effort, can call home. Once in it, acting spontaneously his true nature, he may be the highest representation of manhood—one of Nature's sovereigns. There he has the control of his powers; there he thinks, realizes in full measure his own independence and selfhood; there the flowers of affection bud and blossom. The presence of his wife and children give him a sense of his importance and responsibility—stimulate him to high endeavor. The innocent faces of his little ones, the smiles of his conjugal mate, shield him from temptation, nerve him to meet the vicissitudes of existence, make him patient in suffering, hopeful in adversity. He who crosses his threshold must meet him on a level—home is a democracy where distinctions fade.

Shall homes be isolated, or shall persons of like modes of thinking dwell together beneath one common roof? Isolated, individual homes are the only homes in existence. Man's sovereignty is best preserved under such conditions, and said sovereignty is not antagonistic to the obligations of brotherly love, and can not, judging by human nature in general, and

special experiments in particular, be perfectly and spontaneously developed in any combined social order that has yet been presented. What are the great desiderata to make homes universally subserve all the purposes of man's comfort? Economy of subsistence, just compensation for labor, the protection of property, and the means of mental culture. Give every family these rights, and the agitation of free thought will solve all other problems of human life.

The "Protective Union" movement has done much, and promises more, in regard to economy in procuring the necessities of domestic use, and preventing the monopoly and abuses of speculating capitalists. It is a project that appears to me among the most hopeful of this progressive age—universal in its principles and applications, meets human wants in that direction promptly and impartially, without parade or the cant of affected benevolence. When its designs are fairly, fully, and honestly carried out, they reduce the staples and necessities of existence to the lowest possible figure. A comparatively small sum entitles one to the benefits of the "Protective Union," when he obtains goods at cost prices, without regard to beliefs or affinities.

I do not, at present, believe in any kind of an organization, based on a religious idea, for the concentration of human beings under one roof. Receiving a set of opinions, or assenting to a general proposition, furnishes no adequate reasons for an associated home. If it be in harmony with the laws of progress for Spiritualists to become clannish, it is equally so for the sects. The Orthodox Friends must have a "Home" on Washington Street; the Methodists establish a "Divine Social Order" in Court Square; the Universalists brethren on School Street; the Episcopal worshippers erect a place of development on Beacon Hill; and the Swedenborgians, Baptists, and other denominations, in other appropriate localities; while the "sin-

ners" and "world's people" (a large class of affinities) rear a spacious fabric on the Common, which may serve as a grand "nucleus" for other "sinners" from abroad (where they may get sympathy and soup physiologically mixed).

What would be the result of such a system as this? The resurrection of the days of Feudalism. Every sect would daily become more confirmed in its own opinions, and the hoary-headed old villain, Bigotry, reign like a tyrant. These "divine social orders" in full blast, the worst evils may be looked for—internal corruptions and external fightings. We may expect to see Mr. Kirk, at the head of his "congenial associations," make a determined attack on the "unitary home" of Theodore Parker; while Edward Beecher, supported by his "circle of brothers and sisters of truth," throws up lines of circumvallation around the divine domicile of the believers in universal salvation, preliminary to a siege. The new "divine social order" of sinners may anticipate but little quietness, while trying to solve their favorite problems, in consequence of a scattering fire poured in upon them from all directions, on account of the "spiritual relations" which they sustain to the different religious clans.

A pleasant model home rises to my mental sight. It is not spacious or pretending in externals, yet gives the impression of comfort and contentment. As you enter you are struck with the exquisite neatness of every thing that meets the eye, and the graceful order that prevails in the arrangement of the household goods. The refining influence of woman pervades the very atmosphere, and a portion of her gentle spirit rests on every object. You are conscious of the presence of man's better angel. The husband returns from his labor. Eager little fingers are busy to lift the latch. The toiler is welcomed by the smiles of his wife, and the glad voices and sparkling eyes of his children. Cheerfulness and hope grow dominant

in his breast, and he resolves to think well of the world so long as he remains in it—so many home blessings cluster about his footsteps. His food is placed upon the board by the white hands of his wife—he knows that he has honestly earned it—that it is clean and wholesome. A harmonious circle is formed around the table, where no discordant manifestations occur, and bread is broken with thankfulness. The tranquillity, contentment, and good feeling that obtain are favorable to celestial presence, the influx of high and ennobling thoughts, the utterance of affections that can not die, the sensible strengthening of those ties which the power that peoples the grave may not break. Spirit-foot-falls resound in the quiet air, and the kingdom of heaven draws near.

This is a picture of a true home. It may be said that few such can be found; but must not such divine domicils be made realities before “unitary homes” on a large scale can be successfully established. If I err in this, will not a deeper and more methodical thinker present a better view of the subject?

Fourier’s system has plenty of theory and much specious philosophy. Whether it can be reduced to practice is extremely doubtful, despite its ingenious and poetical parts. To make *labor attractive* is a desideratum worthy the highest effort of man. But an enterprise of that nature must be broad and comprehensive in its principles—extending the same friendly arm of aid to all human kind—giving the sure promise of bread and privilege to the earnest mind, independent of creeds, religious predilections and pretensions. My soul longs for some feasible plan of physical salvation, which the “common people” will hear gladly. Brotherhoods of a religious character have signally failed. It is *labor*, only, that can make practical associations. Throw aside all priestly cant, and precipitate a scheme to exalt labor, and render just compensation for the same, and the world will soon be ready to embrace it. Spirit-

ualism, in its present confused and chaotic state, holds out no stronger element to cement an organization than the many other doctrines that have prevailed. That the central idea of the progressive theology, predicated on the facts of spiritual existence and *rappor*t, is the foundation on which all sound reasoning respecting the duty and destiny of man must be based, I have no doubt; but the associated Home plan, as now agitated in various places, is entirely a side issue—an attempt to engraft an experimental branch on the main trunk of the great tree. The human organism is yet so imperfectly fitted to receive unmixed truth from the heavenly world that we are under the necessity of following our own judgment in this, as well as other matters. How many revelations have there been, first and last—how many men commissioned divinely and specially to establish the only true social order! The history of such endeavors would fill volumes, and prove, in many respects, a mournful record—a startling comment on the follies and extremeism of mankind.

Most of us profess to be advocates of the agitation of thought, friends of discussion, supporters of liberal sentiment, believers in the liberty of the press, defenders of free speech. It is an encouraging fact that the better order of minds not only tolerate, but request the examination of those projects which they devise and exhibit to public view as promising methods of reform. Therefore, in the most candid and tolerant spirit, I proceed to quote from No. 46, Vol. II., of the *New Era*, the following catalogue of needs, which a "central institution" is intended to supply, and express such thoughts as may seem relevant, hoping that none will be so uncharitable as to question the motive that induces me to examine an issue that must be met sooner or later. Should my reflections be freighted with palpable errors, the truth will stand out in stronger relief by contrast; while if I, perchance, scatter a few seeds of practical thought,

no one can possibly be a loser by the same. The "needs" in question are as follows :

"There is need of more abundant opportunities for the witnessing of Spirit-manifestations available to the public.

"There is need of more reliable mediums for giving tests and truthful communications.

"There is need of more highly unfolded and capable mediums for the transmission of elevated philosophy and practical wisdom.

"There is need of more highly spiritualized mediums for the more powerful exercise of the gift of healing by the impartation of magnetism.

"There is need, in order to meet these requirements, of a central institution where mediums can be scientifically and practically taught, etc.

"There is need, also, of a common home, or center of social interests and attractions, where congenial associations can always be enjoyed by mediums."

The third and fourth of these "needs" seem but amplifications of the second ; and I do not recognize the probability or practicability of supplying one or all of them by a "central institution."

If there be in reality a positive "need" that opportunities for witnessing manifestations should be multiplied, will not that occult, far-reaching, and discriminating Wisdom which recognized the need of *any* such facilities afford them as fast as necessary ?

Can "unreliable mediums" be made reliable at a "central institution?" Is it the province of any human being to "unfold" a medium who is not "unfolded," or to "spiritualize" one who is not "spiritualized" enough? Who and where is the gifted individual, heaven-destined to "scientifically and practically teach" unreliable, partially unfolded, unspiritualized media? Can mediums be made to order? Is there one among us sufficiently developed to assume the responsibility of developing others? Are we to understand

or admit that mediumistic persons need "congenial associations" more than others? If we can not be developed in little, quiet, cosy homes, can it be hoped for in great, bustling, rapping, tipping ones?

The paragraphs which I have quoted appear to exhibit the prominent features of the contemplated association, and present the peculiarities to which I object, and which must prove detrimental to its successful ultimation. I will proceed to state my principal objections to the proposed scheme.

1. It does not meet the wants of community and the physical and moral evils of society.

2. It is not sufficiently broad and expansive in its propositions and principles—is sectarian in its tendencies.

3. It is local in operation, individual in its interests.

4. It puts incidentals for fundamentals, and directs its energies in the wrong direction.

5. It has not the ability to accomplish what it proposes.

6. Because most Spiritualists have at this moment comfortable homes, wholesome food, and decent clothing, while there are scores of ragged, degraded, suffering children in the streets who have none of these blessings.

7. Because the principles of truth and progress are better subserved by giving homes to such unfortunates, than to a few persons who are not greatly wanting in the things of this world, and know how to struggle successfully with the vicissitudes of life.

If it be really desirable to make the "Home" experiment, I think the following principles give the best promise of success:

1. The practical recognition of the brotherhood of man by the free admission of all respectable persons, irrespective of religious sentiment.

2. The leading idea, economy of expenses; so that the ne-

cessity of continued labor without proper relaxation, or sufficient opportunity for the cultivation of the mind, may, if possible, be obviated.

3. Spiritualism, as a central, prominent, absorbing feature, being left entirely out of the question, its varied developments made secondary and incidental, the same as in all other well-regulated homes.

It is proposed, also, to publish works emanating from spiritual sources. Now what are the facts in relation to matters of this nature?

That all meritorious works can readily find publishers under existing circumstances.

That not more than one in twenty of the manuscripts purporting to be spiritual in origin are worthy of publication.

That most of the works claiming invisible authorship which have been published, have not yet paid the expenses of putting to press.

That we have books of physiology which will probably do more good to the poorer and ignorant classes of society than any we may hope to receive at present, of that nature, from invisible authors.

That from ten to twenty thousand dollars capital is necessary to start a publishing-house sufficiently respectable to give dignity to the cause it is designed to advocate.

In another paragraph, in the same sheet, it is affirmed that the "Home shall be a nucleus for the concentration of spiritual power for the conviction of the world!" Sinai was a "concentration of spiritual power;" so was the Spanish Inquisition. The Pope is a "nucleus," and there is much "spiritual power" concentrated in his person. As it happens, we do not need a "nucleus" at all. Spiritual power is so democratically diffused that it will be found extremely difficult to "concentrate" it, even for the "conviction of the world." There is a "nu-

cleus" wherever there is a human spirit—more or less susceptible of the kind of "power" spoken of. Celestial forces act everywhere, without regard to the narrow and selfish views of mortals. It is well for mankind that the divine method of operation is universal—that a Wisdom higher than ours directs the destinies of created intelligences.

Again: "The poor, the disconsolate, and the suffering," it is said, "are to partake of the rich blessings of the New Gospel" at the "central institution." Many would, perhaps, like to know how this is to be effected, and why they can not enjoy the same "rich blessings" elsewhere? I shall be called captious, undoubtedly, but I have yet to learn that there is a "New Gospel." All the gospel there is, is as old as the human spirit. Numberless "new gospels" have been sprung upon the world since the days of the Jewish prophets, ultimately proving, however, no gospels at all, simply because not based on the constitutional wants of the body and the soul.

I have before me a circular headed, "Fair in aid of Spiritualism," which merely signifies to aid in opening the contemplated "Home." The idea is legitimate, and it is an honorable way of procuring funds; but as I read on, I learn that rooms will be opened adjoining the sales-room "where manifestations may be witnessed during the Fair."

I earnestly protest against the attempt to mingle spiritual revelations with such matters. Does it not afford just cause for invidious remark? Can not unbelievers, with a considerable show of sense and justice, impugn our motives, and marvel much that the ordinary and extraordinary should be so strangely mingled? May they not visit a Fair, conducted on these principles, and truthfully exclaim, "Here we have it—rag-babies and 'rappings,' tarts and 'tippings,' muffins and 'movements,' viands and 'visions,' munchings and 'manifestations,' and all for money!"

Is it judicious to bring the spiritual world to the level of a shilling show? Shall pincushions, tin-whistles, fans, dancing-jacks, and messages from the supernal world be retailed at the same shop? To me, there is something profane in the thought, and I wonder that such a proposition should owe its paternity to minds who love the elevated, the beautiful, and the true. I do not think I err in my estimation of this thing; there is obviously a want of fitness and propriety in making such a heterogeneous mixture of trivialities and the very fundamentals on which a system of ethics is based. Even the prince of "Iranistan" has not yet laid a tariff on spiritual imports. Shall the powerful minor deities, Mammon and Gammon, stand guard over the professed avenues of angelic visitation? Is it after the order of the apostolic ministry? Is it not placing the "tables" of the "money-changers" where they were when Jesus "tipped" them over.

The "central institution" idea, as presented to view, seems very much like a grand menagerie of mediums, with keepers and feeders. I hope I have something of the love of humanity in my heart—a few particles of reverence for "undefiled religion"—a desire that all may be impartially blest; and yet I am obliged to differ with many whom I would prefer to please, if practicable, and advocate a *spirituality* "without money and without price."

On this platform I stand, approved by the legislations of conscience, supported by the example of the greatest of reformers, confirmed by the decisions of my judgment, and the principles of Natural Religion.

LEICESTER, MASS., Sept. 19, 1854.

WHAT THE SPIRITS HAVE DONE.

THE persons with whom the writer of the subjoined communication has conducted his investigations are eminently intelligent and reliable, and our correspondent himself is certainly one of the last men in the world to be deceived or mistaken respecting the facts to which he bears decisive testimony.—ED.

MR. BRITTAN.

Dear Sir—At the Conference held at Dodworth's Hall on Sunday afternoon last, a gentleman requested the privilege of being heard in opposition to Spiritualism, and he soon proved to his hearers that he represented a phase of the subject through which every man present had probably passed, and through which every new inquirer must pass whose ability to investigate renders his researches worthy of notice. I refer to the necessity of physical manifestations to be seen by every inquirer, and the effect of such manifestation in establishing belief.

Says the speaker on that occasion, "Bring a table here, place it out there on the floor, and take my word for it, if it rises up, suspended in mid-air, it would convince more skeptics than all else you can offer." He was doubtless correct in his views to the extent that those who saw would believe the fact. Some would continue so to believe for an hour, some for a week, and some for a month after leaving the rooms; but the *ingenuity of doubt* will overcome the impressions on most minds of one or more such experiments—it is only after frequent repetition of physical phenomena, in varied forms, that the *ingenuity of doubt* is laid aside, and the skeptic will begin to investigate the subject, admitting as part of his premises

that tables and other material objects have been moved without the assistance of mortals.

Such manifestations, however, have occurred, and doubtless will occur in the presence of that gentleman if he will continue to sit in circles. He stated, that "after six months patient investigation, etc." Now I will freely admit that for the investigation of *some* facts six months seems to be ample time; but for *man* to understand the mysteries of God, even to the extent required to render him observant of the physical manifestations of Spiritualism, may and probably will require a much longer time. For more than a year after commencing my investigations of this subject, and long after having received communications through mediums of facts only known to the Spirit claiming to communicate and to myself, I had not seen such physical phenomena as I had heard related by others, but still the continued assurances of others induced me to persevere until the conditions claimed by Spirits in their communications should be fairly fulfilled. Thus, nearly two years ago, I had a communication to this effect: "Form a circle composed of six positive and six negative minds, and continue your sittings once each week until you get the manifestations required." I then asked if all these should be believers in Spiritualism? to which the reply was, *No*; the positive minds should be unbelievers. After asking what constituted positive and what negative minds, I proceeded to enlist from among my friends the necessary number, and found much difficulty in inducing the requisite number of unbelievers to giving twenty consecutive Monday evenings to this use. At last, however, I succeeded, and the meetings have now continued for more than a year. We have long since given up asking questions, except when told by Spirits to do so, and the consequence is, that when questions are so asked they are always answered correctly and to the satisfaction of all. Our physical manifestations are en-

tirely satisfactory, and would on any evening convince the speaker of Sunday last that material objects may be moved by Spirits in a well-lighted room without being touched by the members of the circle. Some of the members of this circle attend two other circles with other mediums, and from the three circles, all of which I have attended, I can state the following as having occurred in my presence, and can not doubt that if the speaker at the Conference will meet with a similar circle for a sufficient length of time, and with a similar desire to arrive at the truth, he will meet with similar success.

First, then, in a well-lighted room, I have known Spirits to write on paper with pencils, said paper and pencils being beyond the touch and control of either medium or circle. I have thrown a number of small coin on the floor which have been picked up and placed in the hands of the members of the circle. Bells placed on the floor have been taken up and rung by the Spirits, who have knocked the bells against the feet and legs of the members of the circle, and have then piled the three bells one above another on the floor. A harmonicon placed on the floor has been played upon by Spirits. Spirit-hands have touched the feet, legs, and hands of all the members of the circles. Spirit-hands have been rendered visible and held on to until they vanished, both in light and dark circles. In reply to the question, "Are Spirits of the lower animals in the Spirit-world?" a large dog has passed between the legs of the members of the circle, swinging the tail about and patting with its feet on the feet of the members. Chairs have been pushed back from the table with persons seated upon them. Tables have been lifted with no hands upon them. A piano on one occasion was lifted, and, indeed, the class of phenomena asked for by the speaker referred to have occurred without number.

You are already acquainted with the names of those who

attended these circles, and although the members are unwilling to have themselves known as the parties referred to, still I think from your knowledge of the men you can and will assure the gentleman who spoke at Dodworth's Hall that they are not only entirely worthy of belief, but that they are particularly well qualified to investigate the subject, many of them having fought their way inch by inch to their present convictions.

TRUTH LOVER.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—A correspondent of the Petersburg (Virginia) *Express*, writing from Charlestown, in that State, relates the following series of incidents, which, if true, are certainly very singular:

"Washington was accustomed to wear two seals on his watch—one of gold, and the other of silver. Upon both of them the letters 'G. W.' were engraved or, rather, cut. The seals he wore as early as 1754, and they were about his person on the terrible day of Braddock's defeat. On that day he lost the silver seal. The gold one remained with the General until the day of his death, and was then given by him to his nephew, a gentleman of Virginia, who carefully preserved it until about seventeen years ago, when, in riding over his farm, he dropped it, and could never recover it. The other day, the gold seal, lost seventeen years ago, was plowed up, recognized from the letters 'G. W.' on it, and restored to the son of the gentleman to whom Washington had presented it. At almost the same moment, the silver seal, lost in 1754, just one hundred years ago, was plowed up on the site of the battle in which Braddock was defeated, and in like manner recognized from the letters 'G. W.,' so that in a very short time the two companions will be again united. I have this whole statement from the most reliable source possible—namely, from the gentleman himself, who has thus restored to him these precious mementoes of his great ancestor. The affair is but one more proof of an oft-stated maxim, that truth beggars fiction in strangeness. I repeat, there is not the slightest exaggeration or misstatement in the matter, and no room for mistake. In legal phraseology, 'the proof excludes every other hypothesis.'"

C. A. DANA, THE TRIBUNE, AND GHOSTOLOGY.

THE following letter from an intelligent gentleman in Massachusetts will assist our readers to judge of the effect of the *Tribune's* recent attacks on the Spirits and the Spiritualists. We understand that the writer is a personal acquaintance and friend of the gentleman addressed.—ED.

C. A. DANA:

Dear Sir—The writer has read with surprise and pain your comments in the *Tribune* upon Spiritualism—surprise, that the editor of so honest, high-toned, and usually clear-sighted a journal should have deemed a subject occupying so large a share of public attention unworthy a thorough investigation before venturing so sweepingly to condemn it; and pain, that you should charge upon the whole body of believers in this new doctrine views entertained only by a few.

You have been, like myself, a warm advocate of the doctrines of Charles Fourier; have you forgotten his speculations on "Free Love?" or that the scoffers at Association declared in substance that "It is quite commonly taught by Phalansterians, that the union of man and woman ought to be based upon affinity, and that as attraction varies," etc.? in short, were not the Associationists as a class charged by the *Herald* and *Express* with advocating a promiscuous intercourse of the sexes? And has not your own pen again and again, through the columns of the *Tribune*, refuted the base slander? How could you, then, in view of this unpleasant experience, so needlessly commit so great an error as in this present case?

The only witness you have brought forward declares, in the very article you quote to sustain your unfounded assertions, that "comparatively few of the Spiritualists are yet aware" of what you state is "commonly taught" by them. It is evident from this, that you were as careless in reading as reckless in assertion; and now, the only manly thing you can do to retrieve your character as a careful and honest journalist, is to patiently and perseveringly investigate this whole subject and give the results to the public.

There are at least ten thousand patrons of the *Tribune* who feel aggrieved and insulted by your article. I include in this number investigators as well as believers; for your objectionable article is of such a character as to render questionable the purity of the motives of those who are being led to examine into Spiritualism; these will not be content that you shirk this matter, but expect you to prove your statement, or recant, and apologize.

No one who knows you personally can doubt that your motives were good, that you thought you detected a glaring evil, and so fearlessly exposed it. This characteristic feature of the *Tribune* is what commends it so strongly to a vast majority of its readers; but candor, truthfulness, and discernment are equally essential to make up a good journal; and it is because the *Tribune* has the reputation of possessing all these, that no cause can afford to bear its unjust condemnation. That it may not suffer in these respects at your hands, is the hope of its friend and your friend.

THE NEW YORK "DAILY TIMES."

SEA SIDE, R. I., Sept. 25, 1854.

MR. S. B. BRITTAN:

Sir—Though not a subscriber to the *TELEGRAPH*, I avail myself of it in the bound form. Astounding as is the matter generally in these volumes, nothing therein has thus far more excited my surprise than the aspect the *Daily Times* assumes, as exposed by your correspondence with its editor (about a year since), in relation to its charge of collusion betwixt yourself and Dr. Richmond. Having, for the first time, very lately looked into your book, this extraordinary instance of turpitude has just come to my knowledge.

It is possible for what appears to be a very base action to occur from mere inadvertency, but in such case a mere hint of the nature of the oversight will hasten the party to its acknowledgment and the fullest restitution in his power. How far different the case presented in the instance before us! Indeed, it seems beyond belief that such a reckless disregard of every principle of honor and justice could have occurred under the circumstances, or, having occurred, could have been tolerated.

To be sure, "Five Points" is tolerated, but is it not very doubtful if the most degraded creature there capable of understanding the nature of the conduct of the *Times* would not recoil at the idea of being the instrument of such unmitigated baseness?

It was delightful to witness the course of Mr. Greeley and the *New York Reformer* in relation to this outrage. These gentlemen very publicly acknowledge that sympathy with right which perceives in an insult to one an injury to all, in such an infraction of the laws of virtue and assault on the common demesne. But this is an extreme case, and something more is required. How is a person capable of the most loathsome degree of meanness (at least so it appears by your showing, I never read his paper)—an editor, one professing to promote the advancement of others!!! It is undoubtedly true, that in moral tone the editorial department (as such) of our country is far below that of their readers whom it affects to elevate. It requires more than common firmness to resist the temptations of their position. To advertise a nostrum believed to be the unprincipled attempt of quacks or others to impose on mankind is, in the opinion of many, one step toward that degree of corruption which renders so many of our periodicals merely tools of the interest of unscrupulous parties behind the puppet of an editor.

But still the case of the *Times* remains extraordinary. It presents gratuitous depravity and baseness of the very lowest description. It would be interesting, and doubtless useful too, to know its antecedents. There must be something highly peculiar about them. Such ripeness could never have been attained in an ordinary climate. It is quite possible, too, that with a knowledge of these, an infelicity of circumstances might appear that would dispel all indignation, and attract in its stead an exercise of tender charities. If such be the case, justice to the *Times* most particularly demands the exposé, and whether it is or not, such an anomaly should not be left unexplained, if explanation is possible. If their history can be got at, and you have time for the object, it is not risking much to say, there is not a reader of the TELEGRAPH but would be interested in the narrative.

A stranger ventures the suggestion, and is very respectfully your obedient servant.

H. P. J.

We would inform our correspondent that the *Times* has never made any explanation, nor so much as attempted a reply. Some quadrupeds when cornered take to a tree; others prefer

dense darkness and common dust to clear light and pure air, and these *burrow themselves* in the earth. It is only necessary to add, that the same is essentially true of bipeds, and that the *Times*, true to its instincts, *effected its escape by the latter mode*. It is well, for when error, intolerance, and falsehood *bury themselves*, we are spared the disagreeable necessity of personal attendance on their obsequies.—ED

A BIRD VISIT.—Here is a pleasant scrap from the facile pen of Willis. It is a poem, without being done into rhyme :

"Last night, however, we had a bird visit, which has furnished quite a day of poetry for the children. Writing in my room at a late hour, I was suddenly interrupted by the fluttering of wings against the window, which at first I thought an accident of some bird startled from her nest and bewildered by the light. I looked out but could see nothing. The night was dark and stormy ; and wishing the flutterer safe from all perils of foxes and tree toads, I resumed my pen. In a few minutes the attempt to enter was made again, and repeated upon the larger window of the adjoining room, in which slept my infant in her cradle. The nurse raised the lattice, and in came the stranger—circling round and round the cradle, and at last alighting upon the curtains of the bed—a little gray harbinger of spring, who sat and looked about her with the confidence of one sure of a welcome. She alighted presently on the ottoman in the window, and was easily caught by hand and put under an open-braided basket, to be safe for the night from the unwinged familiars of the house ; but oh, the interest of the story and the bird together, for the children in the morning ! Could any mortal persuade them that there was no meaning in her visit ! They watched the little feathered bosom with its throb of watchfulness, and mused upon its midnight coming, among their vague thoughts of things supernatural. Such are waking dreams that need not be interpreted to be felt to have a meaning. When the little warbler flew forth again—released in the morning air—it was, even to my world-worn belief, an angel on his return !

WAVE-MOTION.

WE take another extract from Rev. T. S. King's letters to the *Boston Transcript*, from the sea-shore. It is one of the finest displays of word-painting we have ever seen.

The sea had drilled its riotous forces into massive phalanxes and orderly squadrons. In place of the rabble of breakers, billowy battalions were charging the shore. What power, what majesty of motion, what vast beauty of curve and curl! Watch those rolling undulations in the distance. What joy of expectation! See them heave nearer—the liquid valleys deepening, the slopes darkening as they approach—the forward line pushed on till it mounts for its final blow, whitens on the ridge, shakes its lifted, threatening edge, bends and flings itself with deliberate fury upon the smothered, groaning shore. The gurgling foam is caught, as it retreats, by the next line, which rides up in greater pomp; just as it curls, a fresh puff of the land breeze lets loose a mane of mist from its long array, and like ten thousand horses and horsemen with streaming hair, it rushes with impetuous roar far up the granite ramparts. We can't keep our hats on while the third rank frowns behind it; we swing them with wild delight, to see it gather, and rise, and knit its forces into a threatening column, a quarter of a mile in length; and then we scream impotent cheers as it tumbles its serried thunder, and hurls a mass of briny and bracing fragrance into the air. We exclaimed that it was wrong to have such a sublime exhibition for nothing; and my friend, with enthusiastic waggery, proposed to throw his note for a hundred dollars, at sixty days, into the surf.

How can the splendors of wave-motion that are played off before us be described? Doubtless it is possible. A Turner in rhetoric could do it, as well as a Stanfield or a Turner in color. I have no doubt the English language has words which can be so artistically ordered by a master, as to represent the curious surges that sweep in pyramids up those small rocky coves. They do not bend at the top, and pour out their foam in a crescent cataract. They move up with a vast base, and as they near the shore, the creamy surf rolls over the top, or breaks from

the side, as from a liquid volcano venting its fleecy lava, and flows down the blue advancing slope, till the rocks break the whole mass into whiteness. On another spot, the billows try their skill at architecture. A whole line curls up gradually in exquisite scrolls, such as only gusty snow-storms can rival; they counterfeit fantastic volutes of capitals; they suggest, in the pale dancing green of their crests and the springing spray, a thousand graces of ornament, which Corinthian columns have never upheld in marble.

But it is images of battle, pictures of forming squadrons, chivalrous combat, and gallant assault, that keep uppermost in the mind. Some times, as they come careering on, in joyous strength, with flashing plumes, the crowning part of the column, its knightly leader to the attack, would be arrested by a sunken rock, and we would see him reel a moment, and then rise as in his stirrups, and deal a more savage blow at his granite enemy. It is a battle, a war of ages—this contest of the billows and the shore. A drawn battle, too, between the passion of the one and the patience of the other. All that the waters wash from the ledges that resist them, displaces its own waves. If the rocks see the surges retreat before them on one shore, the sea is gaining on another coast. A continent sinks in the Pacific, while the valley of the Mississippi is lifted above the sea and drained.—*Portland Eclectic*.

A NEW FRENCH FLORAL WONDER.—For some time past the scientific world has been busied with the preparation and staining of woods—hardening or coloring them at will; infusing certain salts or mingling some liquid preparation with their sap. We have now something better than all this. A lady artist who has attained high rank in the branch of flower painting—Madame Leprince de Beaufort, a pupil of Redoute, and granddaughter of the former secretary of Louis XVI.—has discovered a mode of perpetual preservation—we may call it *instantaneously nummyfying*—both trees and flowers. Thanks to her process, a tree may now be kept ever green, and flowers always fresh and brilliant! M. Ganuel, who dried you up in order to make you everduring, is at length surpassed. The discovery is to be applied, it is said, so effectually to the flower-trade that even in the midst of winter our fashionable friends will be enabled to wear the gayest flowers in all the pomp and elegance of their summer luxuriance.—*Boston Transcript*.

POETIC INSPIRATION SPIRITUAL.

THE following letter from an esteemed correspondent, and the accompanying poems, have been delayed for some time owing to the crowded state of our columns and other circumstances. These contributions, however, are not of passing and ephemeral interest—such articles have precedence, because they are perishable—and on this account, if for no other reason, our friends will pardon the delay and accept the assurance that we hold their favors in proper estimation.—Ed.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

Sirs—I think it would be pleasing to your numerous readers—those of a poetical turn more especially—if an invitation was extended to some one qualified, to give a dissertation, through the TELEGRAPH, on the philosophy of poetic inspiration. From my observation, the taste for *real* poetry is rapidly increasing throughout the civilized world; and I believe it attributable in a great degree to the spiritual manifestations which have been operating more freely for a time past than formerly, notwithstanding we were not made fully conscious of it until within a few years. I can well remember when myself had not the least taste whatever for poetry, but since experimenting in, and investigating *Mesmerism*, *Psychology*, and *Spiritualism*, it is the first thing I look for now in picking up reading matter, and I feel that desire increasing daily. There is a *something* in good poetry which tends to inspire the feelings beyond any thing in any other style of composition, and if some one competent would give a plausible philosophy of it, it no doubt would be both pleasing and instructive to all who are inclined that way.

I believe the culminating agency operating both now and in

all time past, to be *spiritual*, and none other, in the production of all really and truly poetic effusions.

I can not agree with the opinion of Pœ—as given by himself in his chapter on the philosophy of composition—that the act of constructing a good poem is problematical, requiring time for both mechanical and mathematical solution. It possibly may have been so in his case, but I do not believe it would be applicable to one case in a thousand. I have conversed with many good poets, and find them invariably to say that they can not sit down at any time they may choose and independently take their own time—as we would, in writing a piece of prose—to write a piece of good poetry; that they are dependent on some mysterious influence which takes possession of them for the time being, compelling them, seemingly, to write, and that if they do not attend to it immediately they lose it. Ask them if they have an idea in what way they are so gifted in this matter, and they will answer No, unless it is some *genius* they are blessed with above others of their fellow-creatures, peculiarly favorable to poetic effusions.

Now I firmly believe the only plausible and rational solution of the philosophy of poetic inspiration is, that all true poets are invariably influenced in *full* and dictated in *part* by poetic spirits, and that their poetry is imbued with their own views, opinions, and sentiments in proportion as they submit to or resist the dictation of that influence—that it is superior or inferior in proportion as their organization is favorable or unfavorable for a medium, together with the qualifications of the spirit influencing at the time—that it will partake of the spiritual in proportion as the medium submits—that even in case the *subject* is not spiritual at the commencement, it will, in most cases, be turned to spiritual account before finished, with proper submission. I just now remember of reading an account not long since of a certain poet being asked why

he did not write more of that superior poetry of which he had as yet written but little, and his reply was, that he had written all that he was ever influenced to write. But fearing that I may be replying in part to the above invitation, which I am desirous of having extended to some one more competent than myself, I will close by saying that I will send you inclosed with this a number of pieces of poetry written by a poetess in our town before she embraced Spiritualism, for the purpose of substantiating in part some of my opinions advanced above. You will readily see that they all partake more or less of the spiritual, as I am aware the *most* of her poetry does, and I attribute it to her being at those times rather submissive than dictatorial. The "Song of Freedom," although lengthy, was written unexpectedly to herself, she informs me, between the hours of half-past nine and eleven in the evening, the subject having been suggested to her only a few minutes before she was influenced to commence it, evidently showing that she had no time for mechanical and mathematical consideration; and its merits any one can learn from reading it. This is in no wise an isolated case in my experience and observations, and the more I consider the subject the more firm I become in the views I have advanced above; but if my views are erroneous, and any one can give a philosophy more plausible and reasonable, I would be pleased to hear it.

Mrs. A. L. L. as a poetess, is, in the opinion of some competent to judge, quite equal to L. E. L. (now deceased), and by others quite equal to any in America; and I, in my humble judgment, would not hesitate for a moment to indorse those opinions. She will, no doubt, some time hence—if her life is spared—offer a collection exclusively her own to the public, which in my humble opinion will be a great desideratum in that line.

The spiritual cause is just now with us quietly and faith-

fully doing its work, and many feel to rejoice over its spread among us. The extreme opposition has ceased with us, and the leaven here, as elsewhere, is working in various ways, and will in time no doubt leaven the whole lump.

Yours, fraternally, C. B. THOMPSON.

ST. CATHARINES, C. W., 1854.

To enable the numerous friends of our correspondent to preserve complete copies of the subjoined poems, we have concluded to publish them together in this number, feeling assured that we can not well occupy the space they require in a more acceptable manner to a large and intelligent class of our readers.

Mrs. Lawrie writes beautiful verses, whatever may be the source of her inspiration, and we are pleased to furnish a casket for her jewels, which are clear and sparkling as dew-drops in the morning light.—ED.

EARLY DREAMS.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

The first pure dreams of early youth,
Of trusting faith, and love, and truth,
Are not illusions all, and vain,
That never bless our hearts again;
The beings of those blessed dreams
Come back to earth like star-light gleams,
When the long sultry summer day
Has stolen the flowers' first bloom away,
And like soft dews and star-light hours,
Bring back the bloom to hope's pale flowers;
And mingling with those visioned ones
Are friends, who come with kindly tones
In life's dark days, and now their eyes
Are stars that light our dream-land skies.

We meet them in strange phantom-ships;
Sweet thoughts are smiling on their lips;
We deemed them dead—estranged perhaps;
Nor less the joy that mystery wraps
Our meeting thus. Their eyes reveal
The past and future; all we feel
Is pure delight, as in life's morn,
Ere yet for us one grief was born;
Our Spirit-life is wrapped in bliss;
We know not, ask not, wherefore this,
Nor deem it strange that we should be
Borne with them o'er a waveless sea,
Nor deem it strange our joy hath grown
Without our task; yet all our own,
Without the fear and wasting strife
That chill the day-dreams of our life.
All, all are there we treasure most,
And friends we deemed estranged or lost,
All come; we thought they might forget
To whisper hope. They love us yet,
And lure us with their calm sweet smiles,
To seek the shores of fair green isles,
And rest with them, while sweetly they
Yet oft-times sadly seem to say,
"Will ye forget us in long years,
Sweet friends, though memory bring but tears?
Will ye forget where we have roved—
How long, how truly we have loved?
How faithful we to meet ye thus,
Though sun-light hours must sever us?"
Dear Spirit-friends, within our eyes
Our souls ye see without disguise;
Read ye not there our truth and love,
That future time shall changeless prove?
And are not these blest meetings given,
An earnest of our life in heaven?
Doth not their clear sweet memory give
Our hearts in anguish joy to live;

And say to sin, and fear, and strife,
Ye may not blight our future life?
Tell us, bright friends, and bring for aye,
From the fair land wherein ye dwell,
To light our hearts some little ray,
Till earth has claimed our last farewell.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

From the ocean deep and solemn,
From the forest dark and lone,
In the changing mart's commotion,
Hear ye not a prophet tone?
See ye not the flash of wings?
Hear ye not their whisperings?
List! they tell of coming things—
Bring us visions soft and bright,
Flooding earth with heavenly light;
List ye, list the *angel's flight*!

Voices on the winds are bearing,
From the glorious eastern lands,
Heralds of the morn that's breaking,
Waking slaves to rend their bands;
Waking *mind* that long hath slumbered,
Where are gleaming pearls unnumbered;
Truth enshrining, long encumbered—
Bringing back the blessed time,
When the earth in lovely prime,
Smiled, a welcome guest, on Time.

Long have reigned the tyrant hirelings,
Earth hath groaned in bondage long;
But the winds have stirred the willows,
Waked the harp's prophetic song;
Waked the harp that long had hung
Where the *mists of ages* flung
Mazy vails the chords among;

And the tones on breery wings,
Thrilling *prophets, priests, and kings,*
Whisper of truth's blossomings.

From the spoiler—from the oppressor

Hear ye not the voice of peace?
List again, the tones are coming,
Bringing *weary ones* release;
Truth will triumph—will not yield—
Wrong and error, 'tis revealed,
All shall flee—their doom is sealed;
Ever onward truth shall glide,
Like the ocean's chainless tide,
Sweeping doctrines deified.

Fast the glorious days are hasting,

Herald tokens speed their flight,
Morn is breaking—night receding—
Eyes unvail'd are flashing light,
Brightly now the shadows pass,
Where a dark and gliding mass
Mingled o'er the misty glass;
Prophets, priests, and kings have bowed,
Wrapped in truth's effulgent cloud—
Old oppression's burial shroud.

List! a voice of love is stealing

Where the fire and storm have passed,
Teaching to unclasp the fetters
Forged by man to scathe and blast;
Stars of promise greet the world—
Idols from their thrones are hurled—
Truth her banner has unfurled;
Flooding with her light the years,
Sweeping far the slavish tears,
Born and nursed in blood and tears.

Hail we then the angel-wings,

Stirring fountains everywhere;
Binding hearts with golden chains,
Flinging incense in the air;

Hail we then the prophet-tones—
In the crash of crumbling thrones—
In false doctrine's dying groans;
Sing we then the triumph-song,
Swell the chorus loud and long,
Right shall triumph over wrong.

THE SPIRIT'S APPEAL.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

Bird of the wilderness, why art thou here,
And wherefore the song thou art singing to-night?
Is thy bower in the forest grown faded and sere,
And seekest thou Spring in thy tremulous flight?

Seer of the Spirit-realm, why dost thou ask
Of my tremulous flight and the notes of my song?
For well thou divinest what tempted the task,
And wherefore from earth I have wandered so long.

The Summer is young in my beautiful home,
And the air is perfumed with the wealth of its flowers.
And not for the verdure of spring have I come,
And I seek not repose in the shade of thy bowers.

But oft in the hush of the peace-loving night,
And oft in the soul-waking music of morn,
A vision of beauty hath dawned on my sight,
A fairer than ever of earth may be born.

Of this I would ask, oh, thou truth-loving seer,
Is this light of my soul but a fanciful dream;
Or yet shall I find in some radiant sphere,
The love that to earth lent its messenger-beam

Shall the beings that people this visional land,
When I am disrobed of the vestments of earth,
Remember and hail me as one of their band,
And crown me with love at my glorious birth?

Shall the sun that I saw there illumine my soul,
Till the impress of thought on each radiant face,
An answer awake with no fear to control,
Though angels the eloquent language may trace?

Oh, say! shall the germ that in infancy bloomed
On earth, though its leaves by the tempest were torn,
Be darkened by sin, and forever entombed
In the desert of death, for life's fountain to mourn

Ask the sun if forever, since first he arose,
He returned not at eve the embrace of the west;
And ask the wild river that ocean-ward flows,
If ever the ocean refused it a rest?

Ask of earth, when the spring-zephyrs over her breathe,
If ever she proveth untrue to her trust,
And giveth not garlands of green to inwreath,
And nurseth not flowers in her bosom of dust?

Thy answer is written; go, truth-seeker, read
In the fitness and beauty that everywhere blend;
Let the God-written page of the Universe plead,
Be its language prophetic thy peace-giving friend.

SONG OF THE HEART AT THE GRAVE OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. A. L. LAWRIE.

Wake thy sad numbers, O spirit of poesy!
One that did worship thee slumbereth now—
Lips that were warm with the music thou lovest,
Are cold as the seal that has frozen her brow!

Wake thy sad numbers—thy beautiful temple
Is shrouded in gloom from the light of the sun—
Gather the flowers of thy worshiper's tending,
And wreath her a garland—the tribute is won.

Take ye her mantle—she weareth a brighter,
And fold it as kindly another around

And ask of the sleeper thy gift for another,
For more than thou gavest her spirit has found.

Whisper it softly—thy lovers are list'ning;
What are the notes she is singing above—
Waiteth she nevermore now for thy teaching—
Or singeth she always the songs that we love?

Givest thou gladness where now is her dwelling,
And there is thy music unmingled with strife;
Whisper it softly—thy lovers are list'ning!
Springeth thy fount by the river of life?

A GRAPHIC PICTURE.

HAS not God connected with all lawful avocations the welfare of the life that now is, and that to come; and can we lawfully amass property by a course of trade which fills the land with beggars and widows, and orphans, and crimes, which people the grave-yard with premature mortality, and the world of woe with victims of despair? Could all the forms of evil produced in the land by intemperance come upon us in one horrid array, it would appall the nation, and put an end to the traffic. If in every dwelling built by blood, the stone in the wall should utter all the cries which the bloody traffic extorts, and the beam of the timber should echo them back, who would build such a house? and who would dwell in it? What, if in every part of the dwelling, from the cellar upward, through all the halls and chambers, babbling and contentions, and vice, and groans, and shrieks, and wailing were heard by day and by night? What, if the cold blood oozed out and stood upon the walls; and by preternatural art, all the skulls and bones of the victims destroyed by intemperance, should stand upon the walls, in horrid sculpture, within and without the building! who would rear such a building? What, if at eventide and at midnight, the airy forms of men destroyed by intemperance, dimly seen haunting the distilleries and stores where they received the bane; followed the track of the ship engaged in commerce; walking upon the waves; flitting athwart the deck; sitting

upon the rigging and sending up from the hold within, and from the waves without, groans and loud laments, and wailings ! who would attend such stores ! who would labor in such distilleries ! who would navigate such ships ! Oh, when the sky over our heads, one great whispering gallery, brings down upon us all the lamentations and woe which intemperance creates, and the firm earth, one sonorous medium of sound, sends up from beneath the wailings of those the commerce of ardent spirits had sent thither ; these tremendous realities assailing our sense, would invigorate our conscience, and give decision to our purpose of reformation. But these evils are real, as if the stones did cry out of the wall, and the beam answered it ; as real as if, day and night, wailings were heard in every part of the dwelling, and blood and skeletons were seen upon every wall ; as real as if the ghostly forms of the departed victims flitted about the ship as she passed over the billows, and showed themselves nightly about stores and distilleries (and we may add breweries), and with unearthly voices screamed in our ears their loud lament. They are as real as if the sky over our heads collected and brought down about us all the notes of sorrow in the land, and the firm earth should open a passage for the wailing of despair to come up from beneath.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Mr. D. M. Cook, a California miner, writes us of his singular success in gold-digging under the guidance of certain interior promptings. He says as soon as he fixes upon a spot of ground, proposing to subject it to the operations of his pick-axe, the result of the contemplated search, whether good or bad, is distinctly imprinted upon the mind while in the state of ordinary sleep. By following these intimations his mining operations have been crowned with extraordinary success, and under the same guidance he is encouraged to believe that the future issues of his labors will be according to his wishes, even to any amount of the shining treasure. By experiment Mr. C. finds, as he says, that the same prescient faculty exists in many other individuals, and is available for like purposes.

THE CONFERENCE AT THIS OFFICE.

[REPORTED FOR THE TELEGRAPH.]

[Mr. PARTRIDGE gave a general invitation to any one present to speak, especially would he invite strangers and those not accustomed to address the Conference.]

An intelligent gentleman, who has never before addressed the Conference at our office, came forward and presented some new views, and we are glad to be able to present a condensed report to our readers.

The speaker said, that, having been engaged but three years in the investigation of Spiritualism, and having attended but 300 to 400 circles, he did not feel fully competent to instruct the meeting, and would, therefore, confine himself to such facts or theories as had been communicated by spirits, not vouching for their truthfulness, but merely offering them as a synopsis of communications. All matter in its original state was dilute; if every million of cubic miles in space contained one grain of iron, then, as there was no end to space, there would be enough iron to build a new universe. We sometimes smell iron, copper, etc., and thus know of extreme division. In the chaotic period all space was thus filled with dilated matter, which was composed of all the simples which chemists now tell us make up the ultimates of all matter, about sixty in number; each such ultimate of this dilated matter is accompanied by, and associated with, *spirit*, which spirit may be viewed as life-principle, law, motor, divine Spirit, divine Man, God.

All matter is subject by progressive, inherent law, to motion,

and motion arranges masses by the exercise of the same law, always in unison, and sub and surface are contracted by this inherent and progressive law. The whole then, under the influences which govern the laws now known as attraction, repulsion, centrifugal and centripetal law, becomes a sphere; this segregates and throws off the heavier particles, forming a belt like Saturn's, which belt, by the concretion of the center and of itself, eventually becomes comet-like, and then spherical; thus being a satellite to the first, continual repetition gives us, thus, a sun and system. Millions of such systems exist. Our earth so formed and our moon thrown from it. The earth was solidified, its crust cooled, the granite formed, other rocks; in the molten state, broke through it, forming new strata, until the whole stratification was developed.

The rocks then commenced their disintegration, soils were formed, masses grew, their carbon received from the atmosphere; soil improved by their decay, and a further progression in vegetable life followed. Animal life began and gradually progressed from the lowest animal, the sponge, to man.

The rocks contain all the simples and their accompanying spirit, but no one rock contains them all; the plants and animals contain them all, but not one plant contains more than 15 of the 60, and no animal contains them all but man. The speaker then showed the progression of all things to be constant and in accordance with natural law; that the combination of the spirit of ultimates produced new functions not common to the ultimates; that man was an epitome of all matter and of all spirit, but not in just relative proportions; that these differences, in proportions, constituted the differences in man; that God was the representative of *all matter* and all spirit, and hence, in precise perfection, constituted law and order, with their consequence, progression of the parts. We hope, at an

early day, to publish a more full report of these remarks, which were highly interesting.

Mr. Courtney says, long indulgence in one kind of food is well known to produce unhealthy results; the same is true of spiritual food; that, too, should be diversified. If we do not attend to this we shall be unhealthy or unhappy in spirit. Now, what has been the nature of our spiritual food? I was poisoned from my mother's knee, and must get rid of the effect of this, as we do of physical disease or poisons. Every faculty of the spirit requires its appropriate food.

Now, a prime want of any human soul is an assurance of its future. This is being supplied by the development of modern Spiritualism. No man can be happy without the assurance of his continued existence and growing happiness. *Hell-fire* is not the aliment to support a human soul at the health standard. He could speak from a sad experience on that point. He had been dwarfed, and starved, and made miserable on that diet, and had rejected it, and the change had affected his body as well as his soul. It had altered his countenance as well as his hopes.

Dr. Gray suggested that the means by which spirits were able to select the names, the relationship, etc., written upon folded slips of paper, as is frequently done at Mr. Conklin's, might be found in a fact well known to readers of Swedenborg and experts in clairvoyance, to wit: that the sphere of the person honestly engaged in the pursuit of truth, entered into, and pervaded the paper so perfectly and unmistakably, as to enable the spirit unerringly to select the name.

DIFFICULTIES are to the persevering like the mists which envelop mountain tops; they appear in the distance like a thick impenetrable wall; but as we approach them they recede; and when we stand before them face to face, they wholly disappear.—*Green*.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE following interesting incidents, connected with the last hours of the author of the Declaration of Independence, were communicated to the TELEGRAPH by our friend William S. Wait, of Greenville, Ill. They will be read with interest by all, but especially by Spiritualists.—Ed.

COINCIDENCES—What and how are they? By design? By accident? Are they preordained? Are they a mere hodge-podge of events with accidental juxtapositions? I can tell nothing about their essential character or meaning; but they are sometimes very odd, very curious, seemingly miraculous.

The death of this friend to the human family took place in the summer of 1826.

When the 3d of July arrived, upon inquiring with some solicitude the day of the month, he expressed a fervent desire to live till the next day, that he "might breathe the air of the fiftieth anniversary, when he would joyfully sing with old Simeon, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine.*"

When the morning of the 4th came, he expressed a desire that he might live until mid-day. He seemed perfectly at ease, and ready to die, calmly giving directions for his funeral, and forbidding all pomp and parade. A few moments after, he called his family and friends around his bedside, and uttered distinctly the following sentence: "I have done for my country, and for all mankind, all that I could do, and now I resign my soul without fear to my God—my daughter to my country." These were the last words he articulated. Nothing was afterward heard from him but the scarcely audible accents of his favorite ejaculation, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine.*" He sunk away imperceptibly, and breathed his last, without a struggle or a

murmur, at ten minutes before 1 o'clock, on the great JUBILEE of American liberty—the day and *hour*, too, on which the Declaration of Independence received its final reading, and the day and hour on which he had prayed to Heaven that he might be permitted to depart.

Was not the hand of God most affectingly displayed in this event, as if to add another to the multiplied proofs of His special superintendence over this happy country? On the anniversary of a day the most distinguished in the annals of mankind, on its fiftieth anniversary, and in merciful fulfillment of his last earthly prayer, he closed his eyes. Few of the miracles recorded in the Sacred Writings are more conspicuous or imposing. Mark, again, the extraordinary protraction of physical existence manifested in the last moments of Mr. Jefferson, as if to render the coincidence more striking and beautifully complete. At 8 o'clock P. M., on the 3d of July, his physicians pronounced that he might be expected to die in any quarter of an hour from that time. Yet he lived seventeen hours longer, without any evident pain, or suffering, or restlessness; with sensibility, consciousness, and intelligence, for much more than twelve hours of that time; and at last gradually subsided into inanimation like a lamp which had shone throughout a long, dark night, spreading far and wide its beneficent rays, yet still lingering to usher in the broad daylight upon mankind.

Never was this nation more profoundly impressed than by the occurrence of this event. Instead of being viewed in the light of a calamity, there was not a heart which did not feel a mournful pleasure at the miraculous beauty of such a death. All business was suspended as the intelligence spread through the land. Minute guns were fired, the bells sounded a funereal note, the flags of the shipping fell half-mast, and every demonstration of profound feeling was displayed.

But five hours afterward, on the same day! died JOHN ADAMS. In the same mighty spirit also, with the last words, "*Independence for ever,*" and "*Jefferson survives*."

The extraordinary coincidence in the death of these great men is without a parallel in the records of history. Could any doubts have been harbored of their sincere devotion to their country while living, they must surely have been dissipated forever by the time and manner of their death. One, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the other its champion and defender on the floor of Congress, and the only two survivors of the Committee appointed to prepare that instrument—another and powerful confirmation was thus added, that "Heaven itself mingled visibly in the celebration of American Liberty, hallowing anew the day by a double apotheosis.

They were great and glorious in their lives; in death they were not divided. It was indeed a fit occasion for the deepest public feeling. *Happening singly, each of these events was felt as supernatural; happening together, the astonishment which they occasioned was general and almost overwhelming.*

The above interesting narrative of the last hours of Jefferson, with its beautiful and extraordinary coincidences, is from a *Life of Jefferson*, by Rayner, published in 1834, in a small and unpretending volume, written in the spirit of a true disciple of that great and good man; and pronounced by the "historian of America," the *only* Life of Jefferson.

AN IRRESISTIBLE PROOF.—A couple of ladies, sisters, in this city were inveterate skeptics in respect to spiritual manifestations, ridiculing the very idea as unworthy of being entertained by a sensible mind. A gentleman of our acquaintance recently met, at our office, an excellent trance-medium who was on a visit to this city from Springfield, Mass. Observing the medium's qualifications, the gentleman, without

knowing him or even ascertaining his name, said to him, "Come, go with me;" and took him to the residence of the two unbelieving ladies above referred to. He said to them, "Sit down and take this man's hand; and you will see some proof of spiritual intercourse." With some difficulty one of the ladies was induced to comply with the request, the other refusing to move in the matter entirely. Being seated, the medium soon went into the trance state, and saw and described a Spirit whom the two ladies at once recognized as their deceased mother. He correctly told how long she had been in the Spirit-world, with other matters tending to identify her as their deceased parent. After furnishing this description, he apparently became possessed by the Spirit described, who, using his organs, assumed the attitude and motions of sewing, and said, "You remember, my children, that when I was alive I used to wet my thread just in this way"—accompanying the words with an appropriate action. So overpowering was this proof of the mother's identity, that the two ladies burst in tears; but still being opposed to any intercourse with Spirits, though no longer able to resist the proof of its reality, they fell to upbraiding our friend for disturbing the repose of the dead!

GREAT DEMONSTRATION OF SPIRIT-POWER.—A gentleman on whose word implicit reliance may be placed, relates to us that being at a spiritual circle in Brooklyn a few evenings ago, a person present requested the Spirits to push the table against him. No sooner was the request made than the table, which no one was touching at the time, came against him with such violence as to smash to pieces a pair of eye-glasses suspended by a chain from his neck, and hanging against his breast. It was then suggested that our friend should place his feet against the wall at its junction with the floor, to keep them from slipping, and then, with his hands against the table, see if with all his might he could move it back. He did so, and exerted his utmost force, but was unable to move the table an inch, though it rested on castors, and ordinarily moved with great ease, and neither the medium nor any one else touched it. (Our friend weighs over two hundred pounds, and possesses great muscular power.) After this latter experiment he got on the top of the table, when the Spirits, by request, moved him all around the room, the medium, as before, not touching the table. Such manifestations of force are certainly not to be accounted for on any hypothesis of material or involuntary agency hitherto thought of.

THE TELEGRAPH AND THE CAUSE.

AN esteemed correspondent, Rev. J. B. Ferguson, from whose discourse on the "Relation of Pastor and People" we made extracts in our last issue, has sent us an earnest and fraternal epistle, which can not but prove interesting and profitable to the correspondents and readers of the TELEGRAPH; and as it concerns them as well as our humble self, we can not monopolize the pleasure it is calculated to inspire. Our Reverend brother is pleased to speak of our course in terms of high commendation, and while we are gratified with this assurance, and with many similar testimonies, that our labors are approved by persons distinguished for intellectual culture and moral worth, we yet deeply realize our own weakness and the comparative inefficiency of all merely human means and agents. It is true that we have been nobly seconded by numerous able correspondents who have contributed to sustain the interest of the TELEGRAPH, and by the indulgence of many friends who have been constant in their support and charitable in their judgments. May Heaven smile on them, and while our personal labors and sacrifices, hitherto, may entitle us to no special tokens of approbation, we will try to justify the good opinion of our friend by what we yet hope to do in this cause.—ED.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH—THE METHOD OF ITS EDITOR, AND THE PROSPECTS AND ENDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

NASHVILLE, TENN., *September 20, 1854.*

When the votaries of a great cause see its interests and promoters ably and charitably seconded and advanced, it is but the part of candor and honor to acknowledge their friends and defenders. When that cause is made almost as liable to defeat and failure by the infatuation of its adherents as by the obstinacy of its enemies, and we see both fearlessly and kindly met, and misguided zeal and perverse resistance alike guided and controlled, we owe more than silent admiration and private friendship to the men whose calm wisdom and vigilant watch-

fulness so constantly secure these ever desirable ends of Peace and aims of Humanity. Thus when we consider the momentous interests at stake, and the glorious promises of good to all mankind so hopefully held out by the developments of Spiritual Philosophy, and these in connection with the almost endless variety of opinionism and purpose such developments are likely to inspire in men of every diversity of intellectual and moral culture, I can not too much admire the dignified and yet spirited, the candid and yet gentle, the considerate and yet earnest course of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and I hail its regular visits as a benediction to the cause it so faithfully represents.

He has but little experience in spiritual intercourse who has not seen how easy it is for a medium and the neophytes around him to mistake the fleshly imaginings of their own hearts for pure spiritual communications. And he has still less observation of men who has not found the veriest obstinacy of selfishness united with the most untiring industry as the manifestation of such mistakes in the desires and efforts to propagate and sustain them. Still, in our better nature, we all know that partyism is not of God, nor can it promote the best interests of humanity. In the cause of spiritual advancement we need patience, and we need facts. Human nature must be taught to wait, and it will be taught by its grotesque mistakes and the certain exposure of their folly, if it can not or will not learn by the admonitions of higher wisdom and holier impulses. How many mediums have ceased to be mediums who gave promise of high development before they and their friends were led away by the false glare of mercenary gain and the selfish ambition of earthly renown! And how many now of their foolish imaginings are held up as the supposed teachings of Spirit-monitors, to disgust the well-disposed and mortify the rational believers in the high and holy purposes of spiritual

teaching. Such should hear a timely admonition, not from me, but from their Spirit-friends; for I state it as a fact predicated upon a large experience, that I have never as yet met a medium through whom this warning did not come, though I have seen many who gave it no heed, and now reap the sad results of a disappointment that might have been easily prevented. We are apt to savor too much of that egotism and vanity that invariably brings an unjust decree upon our most cherished ends. Purity of heart and honesty of aim in our Spirit-friends may sometimes, may often, clothe their sentiments in language that fails to strike the sensuous atmosphere of our self-seeking and selfish scheming. Then what have we gained by spiritual intercourse? Nothing, absolutely nothing, we did not already possess before. Not a single ray of truth is added to our former unused and unappreciated professions. The Spirits everywhere call for more purity. The call must be heeded, or it will seek other ears than those too readily turned away from the growth of their own souls in moral power and philanthropic usefulness.

Amid the conflict of opinion and the strife of ambition thus awakened, how can an editor, or any other public representative of common interests, steer the noble vessel, receiving its freight of good for mankind? There is but one method—a method taught by Nature everywhere and in every thing—that commends itself to every man's inner reason or rationality, and that is, he must recognize and appropriate the principle—UNITY IN DIVERSITY. Unity in uniformity has been tried by every sect in religion and every association in philosophy. The result is before the world. No eye so blind that it can not see it. It never did exist—it never can. The hypocritical pretension to it has forestalled free inquiry, dwarfed manhood, and impoverished the world of the rich legacy of peace and goodwill to all mankind our spiritual guides would now bring to it

And they will bring it—their movement can not fail ; but many of us may fail to become happy and harmonious instruments in helping forward the day.

As the able and fearless representatives of this grand and all-embracing principle, I hail the Editor of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and many of his correspondents, and sincerely hope he may never falter in the courage, industry, and charity indispensable to its successful application and observance. Many things may, perhaps must be, admitted to its columns his own judgment would pronounce any thing but spiritual, but they will expose their true nature, and there needs to be no petty conflict upon them. It is impossible to pour liquids through such coloring avenues as our fleshly minds without their being tainted by the contact. The human mind is not a riddle. This simple illustration remembered would alike solve all the difficulties found in what are called contradictory communications, and inspire us to that growth in purity of thought and purpose essential to the reception of clear spiritual instruction. All truth is eternal in divinity ; but the measure of divinity is not the same in every stage of human or mental development. The soul of man is born of God, so to speak, literally, for it is the divine essence in man ; but the degree of its unfolding is as varied as the human countenance, and its utterances must be expected to partake of an endless diversity. Man is the inheritor of God, or of Divinity, or he would not be man, but his paternity is often buried, when it can only be resurrected by a reasonable acceptance of true or pure knowledge. There is, therefore, much to interest and benefit us all in what has been given us through every degree of mediumship. I can not but admire and rejoice in the facility and felicity that is everywhere, in all the forms of Spiritualism, interwoven with the development of the Godlike in man. It causes us to hope, to believe, nay, to *know*, that man is immortal ; that spiritual

communion is born of God and is as legitimate as the breath we breathe. But children differ in their size as stars differ in their glory. Hence we should not think it strange that many attempts are in vain. Greater currents mingling with smaller currents will unquestionably direct the currents thus mingling from their desired channels; but a larger district of arid waste is thus watered and refreshed, and many a stagnant pool of corruption carried away.

Still, with all this apparent contradiction and diversity, we believe that one shadow shall yet enfold humanity. Still nearer and nearer dawns the day when one Divinity shall be recognized in all. Humanity shall be disrobed of the mantle of ignorance, vice, and superstition, that makes it often appear more as a monster of fiendish mien than an angel of eternal glory and love. And when the divine garment of Brotherly Love shall encircle all, the manna from Heaven's bounteous field will be spread for all, and around it all the now severed sons of sorrow shall be gathered, wafted by the gentle zephyrs of peace not now perceptible to any of us when under the influence of our own short-comings and frailties. The day, sir, of this union of a long-severed brotherhood already dawns, and it will be proclaimed from on high wherever and whenever there is sufficient warmth and vitality to sustain the souls of those who bravely and lovingly herald it. This brotherhood comes forth in geniality of soul; but we should ever remember it comes forth from sterility, and must, therefore, have the degrees of its growth. And whenever and wherever it shall be necessary to sustain and help forward the great army of Progression in its marches to this certain and glorious conquest, there spiritual light will be given of a nature such as never shall be dimmed by the clouds of human passion or perversity.

With such an assured prospect before us—and of its realization, every true Spiritualist is or may be assured by unmistak-

able evidences—who dare stop to envy his brother what must tend to the good of all? Who dare rest at his ease seeking vain satisfaction in the transitory and unsubstantial strifes of selfish scheming? Who can fail to arouse every pure aspiration of his soul as he would hold it up in communion with the matured wisdom and unselfish love of heavenly visitants? Who would claim to be a teacher when he has not—when, perhaps, no one has as yet—learned how to be a pupil? Who would not abstract himself from the grosser considerations of life, if it be necessary to the proper entertainment of spiritual affinities, that ever urge us to higher and nobler ends.

Such are some of the reflections impressed upon my mind in view of the aspects and prospects of Spiritualism, and the great principles that should regulate its public advocacy and defense. And as one star does not illuminate the great galaxy that spans all space, but an innumerable multitude reëcho the sweet music that instills the ineffable glory of God, so let us love the light of every star in the spiritual firmament, and rejoice in the variety of glory and beauty that marks the infinitude of humanity and progress.

With assurances of the highest respect,

I am, in spiritual fraternity,

J. B. FERGUSON.

Mr. C. B. THOMPSON, of St. Catharines, C. W., writes us concerning a recent visit which he made to the rooms of Mr. Atwood, the wonderful healing medium of Lockport, N. Y. He found Mr. A.'s office thronged with the sick and infirm, both rich and poor, say from ten to sixty per day. On each day our correspondent was with him, he operated (as was thought) upon as many as thirty persons during the forenoon. All were sanguine in the belief that he was doing them a great deal of

good, and many of them had wonderful stories to tell concerning the cures which Mr. A., or the influence acting through him, had effected upon the persons of their friends. Mr. A. is spoken of by our correspondent as a highly worthy citizen of Lockport, generally respected by the foes as well as friends of the new unfolding, and was universally so until he became so "*insane*" as to believe in spiritual intercourse.

✎ SPIRIT LITERATURE.—In the article which we last week copied from a late number of the London *Family Herald*, the writer, among many truthful observations respecting the spiritual movement in this country, has the following :

It is altogether a remarkable movement, and is a giant for its age. There is also a high moral tone about its periodicals, a rich poetry, and a full amount of scientific and philosophical information, that make them highly reputable.

This judgment, rendered by one of the most influential public journals in the world, is commended to the particular attention of the author of "Ghost Literature."

REVELATION OF MURDER BY A SPIRIT.—At a recent Conference at this office there was present an excellent trance-medium from Springfield, Mass. Sitting with him at one side, so as to elude general observation, a gentleman took him by the hand, and he soon went into the interior state. A Spirit then took possession of him who gave her name as "Mary," and then proceeded to give the following account of herself: She said she had formerly lived in the Bowery in this city; that she was courted by a man whose first name was "John," and was by him seduced; that this person afterward refused to marry her according to his previous promise; that, being desirous to get rid of her, he came after her one evening with a sleigh, and took her out on the Bloomingdale road, and that coming to an open lot where there was a well, he drove into the lot and took her, and, by main force, pitched her headlong down the well, and she was drowned. (The medium then began to gurgle at the throat, and choke, and manifest every symptom exhibited in the process

of drowning.) She said that this transaction happened about seven years ago, and that her seducer and murderer (whose full name she refused to give) had formerly belonged to a Shaker community, and that he himself was now in the Spirit-world, where he had been some two years. We give this statement for what it is worth, without expressing any opinion in respect to its verity. The communication, in our judgment, was undoubtedly a spiritual one, whether true or untrue, and should any one hereafter identify the statement with actual occurrences happening six or seven years ago the coming winter, then the statement will assume a high importance as viewed in more aspects than one.

A SPIRIT-SEEING QUAKERESS.—The office of Drs. Orton and Randolph of this city, was recently visited by an aged Quakeress of some eighty years, but who was still vigorous and apparently in full possession of her faculties. In the course of her conversation she said that about the year 1845 she had been, one afternoon, to a meeting, and, returning home while deeply sensible of the influence of the Spirit, she saw a luminous appearance in her room, which gradually grew more definite until it assumed the form of a beautiful angel. At another time she was in great trouble concerning certain matters, and while brooding over the cause of the disquiet, she saw first a human hand; presently she saw an arm attached to it, and finally she saw the full form of a tall Spirit-man whom she recognized. The apparition put his hand upon her and said, "I will be thy friend," and then receded backward with his face still turned toward her until he finally disappeared, leaving her in a peaceful and happy frame of mind. Quakers of former years not unfrequently had experiences of this kind, the reality of which was universally believed among them; but in latter times they have quite generally fallen back into the materialism and unfaith of other portions of the church and the world.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—The address of Prof. Chace, of Brown University, before the Porter Rhetorical Society, at Andover, last week, is making considerable stir in religious circles. The speaker was understood to deny both a special and general providence. In what is generally ascribed to Providence he sees only the laws of nature. The address was regarded as heretical, and gave satisfaction to none who heard it.—*Journal of Commerce.*

CLAIRVOYANCE TRIED, AND ACQUITTED.

HARTFORD, Sept. 30, 1854.

MESSRS PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN :

The following little narrative I deem of sufficient interest to warrant a publication in the columns of your widely circulated paper, and I hope you will print it. It shall be as brief as possible, and confined to facts.

The name of Mrs. SEMANTHA METTLER is now so generally known, both among the great body of Spiritualists and a considerable portion of the public, in consequence of her numerous and marked successes in the clairvoyant examination of diseases, that the relation of these occurrences (connected as they are with her practice in that line) may perhaps be due, in one sense, to the public. I learned them, however, by accident, and they transpired in such a manner that neither herself nor her friends had reason to anticipate their appearance in print, any more than a hundred of similar cases happening in her private practice; nor are they now written out with her knowledge.

Soon after her arrival in this city, where she has now been a resident upward of three years I think, she made a number of medical examinations, while in the clairvoyant state, which were in all respects remarkable. Under circumstances which forbid the idea of collusion or deception—with her eyes bandaged, and her attention given to total strangers who had entered the room subsequent to her being put in the magnetic or trance state—she not only described correctly and with great exactness the *actual disease* and *feelings* of the patient, but also gave in detail the *causes*, immediate and remote, by which these

effects had been wrought. Nor were her powers confined to the *perception* of disease—they seemed also to comprehend the safest and surest means of *cure*. This fact was then, and has since been a thousand times, illustrated ; it is now daily being proved. Her success, from the first, was established, and her reputation rapidly extended.

Of course, causes of a nature like this were not without their effects in the production of a jealous and hostile feeling toward Mrs. Mettler on the part of some of the less intelligent and liberal-minded of the medical fraternity of Hartford. One or two of the "regular" class of physicians, who were less remarkable for good feeling and good sense than for a vindictive and intolerant species of bigotry which spared no occasion to make an ill-tempered thrust at a high-minded and lady-like woman for the reason that *she* cured where *they* killed—one or two of this class soon became active in the endeavor to ferret out a case in which Mrs. M. had made a *failure*. Their industry, however, proved unsuccessful. It was not discovered that the lady made any decided mistake out of all her examinations, albeit her friends never claimed for her the virtue of infallibility. Several cases which she was reported to have failed in proved, upon a closer scrutiny of the facts, to be signal successes for the clairvoyant. The uneasiness of the doctors, however, only increased with time and the growing reputation of Mrs. M. Finally the subject got into the papers. The Hartford *Courant* published an article, purporting to come from a clergyman in Massachusetts, in which Mrs. Mettler was charged with having made a complete failure in a pretended examination of the case of one Bardwell, who, it was asserted, died under her treatment, and whose disease she wholly failed to discover, as proved by a *post-mortem* inspection of the body. But it turned out that this, too, like some previous charges of a similar character, was altogether unfounded in truth, and

based upon a palpable *deception*—I will not use a stronger term, though the conduct of the Rev. gentleman might well call for one. But of this anon.

The doctors, it seems, were not satisfied yet. Another stab must be given to the reputation of this lady, whose only crime consisted in her uniform successes; and the columns of the *Courant* presented the appropriate channel through which this was to be effected. (This paper, bear in mind, has never yet so much as once alluded to the innumerable *successful* examinations made by Mrs. M., although many of them are but little short of what is termed miraculous, and were well known to hundreds in Hartford and vicinity.) Some six weeks ago, the *Courant* came out with the following vulgar and slanderous paragraph:

CLAIRVOYANCE. AGAIN—A REMARKABLE ILLUSTRATION.—One of our most respectable physicians has stated to us a case, the conclusion of which at least came under his observation a few days since, which affords a striking illustration of the powers of medical clairvoyance. A lady of this city, who had been complaining for some time, applied for advice, and was especially and repeatedly examined by Mrs. Mettler, the last examination being only two or three months since. Mrs. M. unhesitatingly pronounced the case one of dropsy, but the patient a few mornings since was unexpectedly relieved by the dropsy falling into her arms in the shape of a fine healthy girl.

It seems that the *Times*, of this city, has seen some proofs of Mrs. M.'s powers of clairvoyance, for that journal immediately published the following answer to the derisive article of the *Courant*:

The lady patient was not smart to have been herself so grossly deceived, especially upon the last examination, "only two or three months since." But we suspect the *Courant* has not told the whole story, though we know nothing about it. Recently it published an article, referring to the case of the late Mr. Bardwell, which was unjust to Mrs. Mettler. In that case the facts show that Mrs. M. gave the true diffi

culties under which the patient was suffering, and told him that he could not long survive. He was satisfied of the truthfulness of what she said, but remarked that he would not alarm his wife, and would write to her such a letter as would tend to quiet her. From this letter quotations were made to show that Mrs. Mettler did not discover the seat of his disease.

Now, another case is brought against Mrs. M. Suppose it is all true, and the *whole truth*, is the failure on Mrs. M.'s part greater than it was on the part of the lady's physician, or greater than is frequently made by eminent physicians? Mrs. M. has examined over eight thousand patients, and if she has failed at all, her mistakes have been very rare. No physician can be named who has met with any thing like her success in discovering the true character of diseases. Most of her cases come from the hands of physicians who can not help them, and she has cured many of this class, and greatly relieved many others.

Mrs. Mettler is a lady of good intellect and refined feelings. In every sense of the word she is a good woman, and the tongue of slander can not effectually reach her. She is far from being an impostor, as might be inferred from articles published in the *Courant*; and if that paper is disposed to treat her with ordinary fairness, we will guarantee to furnish it with six authenticated cases of successful examinations by her for every one they can bring which may fairly be called a failure.

We will propose another test of its sincerity. We will place \$800 in the hands of some responsible person, the *Courant* to deposit a like sum. Three persons who have bodily afflictions of a marked character shall be selected and taken to Mrs. Mettler. They shall be persons whom she has never seen or heard of. When they enter her room she shall be blindfolded, and she shall never see them or know of their names until after she has examined them. For every one that she examines successfully the *Courant* shall lose \$100, and for every failure the *Times* shall lose \$100, the forfeited money to be paid over to the Hartford Orphan Asylum. A proper committee shall manage the matter, if the *Courant* accepts. We only ask that the arrangements shall be such as to give Mrs. M. a fair test. Do you accept, neighbor?

This fair offer of the *Times* proved to be what in vulgar parlance is called a "*sockdolager*" for the *Courant*. Lacking alike the boldness to accept the offer, and thus test the truth of their pretended skepticism, and the manliness and common decency

which should prompt them to own that they did not want to do it, the disingenuous editors of that print had the cowardly meanness to attempt to make their readers believe that the *Times* had merely "invited them to an investigation of Mrs. Mettler's merits as a clairvoyant," which invitation they very loftily declined! This was a complete *back-down* on the part of the *Courant*, and the descent was as *awkward* as it was precipitate.

The charge made by the *Courant* was, however, reiterated with increased emphasis and fresh avowals of its truth.

Now here is the exact statement of the **FACTS** of this case, and let us see how they tally with the charge made in the *Courant*.

The lady alluded to as having been pronounced by Mrs. M. to be in a "*dropsy*" only a few months before her confinement with a child, is Mrs. Elizabeth S. Barber, of this city, formerly of Bloomfield. She first consulted Mrs. Mettler in the month of January, 1853. At that time she was suffering from an attack of *dropsy*, and was so informed by Mrs. M. while in the clairvoyant state. She continued under the treatment of Mrs. Mettler until the following October, when she was pronounced to be **FREE FROM DROPSY**. During the spring of 1854, Mrs. Barber again visited Mrs. M. for an examination. She was at this time pronounced again to be **FREE FROM DROPSY**. Once more Mrs. Barber applied to the clairvoyant for an examination—this last time in June, 1854. Mrs. Mettler merely told her that "she was in as good *general health* as could be expected"—repeating the assurance that *no dropsy* existed, and remarked that she had *better not take much medicine*. During the ensuing August Mrs. Barber was delivered of a child. These are the facts.

During her sickness, in August, Mrs. Barber was attended by a physician of this city—*Dr. Hawley*. This individual inquired of her if she had not been under the treatment of

Mrs. Mettler? He was informed by Mrs. B., in reply, that Mrs. M. had prescribed for her while she had the *dropsy*, a long time before. [It was nearly a year previous to this that Mrs. M. had pronounced her *cured* of dropsy.] The physician asked permission to *publish* this case, as one that might be worked up in such a way as to appear like a failure on the part of Mrs. Mettler. This request was at once *denied* by Mrs. Barber, on the ground that it would be *unjust* to Mrs. Mettler to publish it as a case decided by her to be dropsy, inasmuch as the *fact* was, that Mrs. M. had not doctored her for that disease for a year past.

Judge, then, of her surprise on finding that Dr. Hawley had procured the story to be published in the *Courant*, that Mrs. Mettler had pronounced a case of pregnancy to be nothing but dropsy!

What kind of comment does conduct like this deserve? By what *motive* could a physician be led to procure the publication of so gross and unjust an attack on a lady like Mrs. Mettler? Is such a course a manly or a decent one? Let the public judge.

The following certificate from Mrs. Barber tells the story as it is, and fixes the charge of "*imposture*" where it would seem to belong:

CERTIFICATE OF MRS. BARBER.

In justice to Mrs. METTLER, relative to my case, a statement concerning which appeared in the *Hartford Courant* without my consent, I am induced to make the following statement:

At the time of the first examination which Mrs. Mettler made of my case, I was exceedingly ill. This was in January, 1853. *She described my case perfectly*; said that the disease had developed itself in the form of dropsy; that my blood was much reduced, and that there was great loss of strength, with a bloated condition of the bowels, liver, etc.; that I was in a very bad condition—which I well knew, if I could judge correctly of my own feelings. Mrs. Mettler continued to examine my case

from once to twice a month until the following October. She then found me *greatly improved*, and *free* from that dropsical tendency; which was the fact, for I had so far recovered that I did not require any further treatment, and did not have any until the following April. Feeling at that time somewhat bilious, I called and was examined again. She still told me that the dropsical tendency was *removed*, and the same at the *last* examination, which was in June. She said then that I did not need much medicine, and gave me a small prescription.

In August I was confined with a babe. Dr. Hawley was sent for. During his stay he asked if Mrs. Mettler had attended me. I told him she had been doctoring me "*a long time ago*" for the *dropsy*, but had, in the last three examinations [from October, 1853, to June, 1854] pronounced me *free from it*. In the last examination she did not say that I was in the family way, owing, I presume, to the few moments I was with her, as she was very much hurried, and did not take a close look at me, as she had formerly done; or else she saw my situation and *state of mind*, and on *that* account would not speak of it—as I know if she *had* told me my situation it would have *excited me much*. Dr. Hawley, on leaving, asked permission to publish an account of this case. I told him *no*—as it was a *long time ago* since Mrs. M. had doctoring me for the dropsy. I found in a few days, to my great surprise, a statement made in the *Courant*, which on reading I found to be *falsely stated*, and made the remark at the time to one of my neighbors, that Dr. Hawley had not correctly stated what I had said to him relative to the matter. And here let me say, that such statements do not lessen my confidence in Mrs. Mettler's powers to discover disease and prescribe the proper remedies for relief. Mrs. Mettler is a perfect lady, and beloved by all who know her, possessing, as it were, almost miraculous power in the gift of Heaven's richest blessings to a suffering world; and her mission must be one of eternal good, both in this world and the one beyond.

ELIZABETH S. BARBER.

Messrs. Editors, this tale is already spun out to too great a length, in spite of my efforts at curtailment. I desired to speak of the case of *Mr. Bardwell* in this connection—another one of the cases in which Mrs. M. has been charged with failure, but for the present forbear. At another time, with your permission, "I will a tale unfold" that may shed some light on

that subject, and be of interest to your readers. It was a triumphant instance of Mrs. M.'s clear sight. With a parting word I close.

There are two subjects on which it is commonly held by the civilized world to be a great sin for people to think for themselves. These are *medicine* and *theology*. On these topics it is rank heresy and blasphemy to employ any thing like reason or common sense. There are doctors of physic and doctors of divinity to do our thinking for us—and with all the doctoring of both these classes of practitioners, it is a sorry truth that *the patients get on so badly under their treatment!* There is also, I am sorry to say, a general prevalence of bigotry in both these classes of doctors against any *new* truth or practice. Custom, Use, "Orthodoxy," Old Ideas—these are the deities at the shrines before which the doctors of physic and theology worship. Calomel is invested with a sacred significance—brimstone, blue-blazes, and the Mosaic creed are treated to a constant apotheosis. But the time is drawing nigh when some of the idols in the old temples will crumble at the base and totter to their fall. God speed that day!

H. B.

TABLE-MOVING EXTRAORDINARY.—Dr. J. F. Gray, of this city, relates the following singular case of table-moving which occurred at his house some time ago: A circle which had assembled had been consulting with the Spirits, but had then withdrawn from the table and were conversing with each other. While totally unexpecting any further spiritual phenomena, the table, which was standing about twenty-five feet from the person nearest to it, started upon its castors and rolled directly to them, the circle opening and receiving it in its midst as it approached. After this a small sofa, which was also standing at some distance from them, was carried bodily through the air and set down in their midst by an invisible power, when, by striking with one end upon the floor, it spelled out a communication to them. Wonder where the table and sofa got their "involuntary powers of mind" to do these things?

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW MOTOR.

WE believe in free discussion as decidedly as we condemn all violence and incivility. The liberty to think and to express our thoughts on all subjects which concern the individual or the race is not only among the most sacred human rights, but it is perhaps the last that we shall be disposed to relinquish. Moreover, what we unhesitatingly demand for ourself, in this respect, we will cheerfully grant to the humblest individual; and whenever we give our ideas and projects to the world we are willing to regard them as public property in that sense which authorizes a critical examination of their claims, and an open, fair discussion of their excellences and their defects. No man has a right to feel aggrieved at any equitable trial by his compeers, however severe in itself or disastrous to his personal expectations. The well-founded pretensions of every man, and of all Spirits, will abide the ordeal, while our imaginary discoveries and delusive vagaries will be dissipated and pass away.

We have, hitherto, had occasion to say but little respecting the "New Motor." While our columns have been open to a free and fair discussion of its extraordinary claims, by those who have had opportunities for personal observation, about all that we have said is contained in a single paragraph with which we prefaced Dr. Robinson's letter of June 4th, and wherein we briefly defined our position as follows:

We always had unbounded confidence in the sincerity of our friends who are interested in the New Motor; that confidence is in no degree diminished. But we never had much faith in the Motor itself, and, of course, had not much to lose. Nevertheless, others who have confidence,

together with the time, money, and the disposition necessary to test the supposed feasibility of the enterprise, should feel at liberty to pursue the subject until they are satisfied that the machine is either a success or a failure, and no one should be reproached for so doing. It is well to reason together, earnestly, but coolly, and as far as possible to avoid the extremes of skepticism and credulity.

Since the beginning of this controversy we have observed nothing, either in the spiritual or secular journals, which could justly be regarded as intrinsically inflammatory, or as designed to incite a destructive or hostile spirit toward any one. If a multitude of disorderly and tumultuous people actually assembled at Randolph and demolished the "Motor," as we infer from the annexed communication, we are unable to trace the deed to the general influence or prevailing spirit of those who have questioned or opposed its pretensions. What the apparently extravagant claims of "some of its professed friends" may have stimulated mischievous individuals to do, we pretend not to say or know; but we cheerfully give place to the subjoined statement from Bro. Spear. If "some two hundred highly scientific discourses" have been given they will remain; and if the "New Motor" is to be the "physical savior of the race" it will probably "rise again." Let us have a free and fearless discussion of ideas and measures accompanied with proper courtesy and fraternal love toward all men.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR MOBBED.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

From the hour that it became publicly known that the Association of Electricizers had undertaken to introduce to the inhabitants of this earth a new motive power, the press and the pulpit have assailed, ridiculed, and misrepresented it, until a public sentiment has been generated which encouraged the mob to assail and destroy it.

It was moved, as you know, to Randolph, N. Y., that it might have the advantages of that lofty electrical position. A temporary building was erected to shelter it. Into that, under the cover of the night, the mob entered, tore out the heart of the mechanism, trampled beneath

their feet, and scattered it to the four winds. I know that the friends who were engaged in constructing this mechanism, and those who cheerfully gave of their means to promote the work, will mourn that the world has not yet arrived at a condition when it could welcome a philanthropic effort of this kind; but thus it is. It did not wish the effort to succeed, and it determined it should not.

The course pursued by the avowed enemies of Spiritualism, and also by some of its professed friends, in relation to this effort, have caused me much pain and not a little surprise. From the hour that I became fully convinced that a new, truthful, and direct communication was opened between the earth-life and the Spirit-world, I determined to give my time, my strength, my reputation, my all, to a work which I deemed so important. As I had in former years devoted myself to the elevation of the inebriate, to the promotion of peace, to the emancipation of the slave, and to the aid of the destitute prisoner, so I resolved to aid in this new movement, the grandest and the most comprehensive that has ever been commenced.

Sometimes when I have been made acquainted with the comprehensive views and the philanthropic plans which persons in the more perfected conditions desired to unfold, I have thought that perhaps they were somewhat too sanguine; that the hour had not yet come when the world could receive them, and that on that account they might fail of accomplishing all the good they wished to do; but I have desired to cheerfully coöperate with them, and to give them a fair chance to try.

From the hour that the Electricizers expressed a desire to unfold to the inhabitants of this earth more perfectly a knowledge of electrical, magnetical, and ethereal laws that a new motive power might be exhibited, I said to them, "Friends, my time, my strength, my means, my influence to aid a work so important and so beneficent are at your disposal." Aided by several philanthropic and highly intelligent gentlemen, to whom their plan was unfolded and the model exhibited, labors were commenced, some two hundred highly scientific and very philosophic discourses were communicated; and at *precisely the time designated*, and at the point expected, *motion appeared, corresponding to embryonic life*.

But the mob has done its work. The little mechanism has been assailed, torn asunder, and trampled beneath the feet of man. But if this effort to use electricity as a motive power fails at this time, I am persuaded that in the coming future, when man becomes more intelligent,

and more fully unfolded, he will be able to command this element with greater ease and with more economy than he now does steam. Thank God, the principles which have been presented, and the philosophy which has been communicated, are beyond the reach of the mob, and can not be harmed by the slanders of the pulpit, or the misrepresentations of the press!

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

Garrison has been mobbed, Birney's press was thrown into the river, Lovejoy was murdered, yet anti-slavery still lives, and the oppressed shall yet be free. So shall it ever be with all truths which have been communicated to man. They are immortal and can not be destroyed.

The world, not knowing its benefactors, misunderstands, misinterprets them, and often they are unwisely treated; but in due time, as man advances in wisdom and knowledge, they are justly appreciated and wisely honored.

"Tis the old story—ever the blind world
Knows not its angels of Deliverance,
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
It stones the martyr; then, with praying hands,
Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
And calls sweet names, and worships what it spurned."

Yours, for the aid of the common humanity,

JOHN M. SPEAR.

BRUTUS AND HIS GENIUS.—In Roman history it is recorded that Brutus, the patriot and general, while in his tent on a certain occasion at midnight, was surprised by the appearance of a ghost. "Who art thou?" exclaimed Brutus. "I am thy evil genius," replied the apparition; "we will meet again at Philippi." And so it happened. The Spirit reappeared on the eve of the second battle at Philippi, which Brutus fought against the forces of Octavius and Antony, and after which, in consequence of the mortification of defeat, Brutus committed suicide by falling upon his sword, held for the purpose by his friend, Strato. It was the prevailing belief among the Romans that every man was attended by a good and evil Spirit, which they called a "genius," which word with them had the identical meaning that the Greeks attached to the word we translate "*demon*."

MODERN MIRACLES.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

When in New York a few weeks since, I had a brief talk with Bro. Partridge in relation to Mrs. S. B. Johnson, of Bangor, Me., a clairvoyant healing-medium; he remarked, "*Facts* are what we want; why don't you send them along for publication?" etc. On my return to Bangor I soon learned that several very recent cures had been performed through and by Mrs. Johnson, which, for a beginning, I will give your readers, promising a *series* of reports of similar, and even more wonderful cures—which, if recorded in New Testament times, would have been called *miracles*, not only in those days, but by all believers *now-a-days* in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

1st. Master John Tibbets, aged fourteen years, son of Henry Tibbets, of Bangor, machinist, and inventor of "Tibbet's High and Low Pressure Engine" (formerly of the Province of New Brunswick), was pronounced in a "*quick consumption*," having had a long and severe run of *typhus fever*, which had left him in this sad condition. The lad was fast sinking, and given over by physicians to die. Mrs. Johnson was sent for at this critical juncture, and by Spirit assistance and direction gave the lad immediate relief, so much so that in *twenty-four hours* he sat up, and in *three days* rode out, and in *one week* was walking about town in good health.

2d. CASE OF CHOLERA!—William Johnson, of Bangor, lumberman, was taken in the night with vomiting and purging, and having no faith in medical practitioners after the loss of

several children and friends, he stoutly refused their aid, thinking the *disease* was a strong enemy enough without "poisoning doctors," until his speech failed him. An asthmatic, laboring breathing followed, and blood settled around the finger-nails and the whole surface assumed a purple hue. His wife could no longer obey his injunction to "*Keep the doctors away,*" but kindly told him she must send for one and asked him if he would have Dr. R —, Dr. S —, Dr. P —, and he shook his head to each and all—not being able to speak, but pointed toward the residence of Mrs. Johnson, and when asked if she was the one, he motioned for them to be in haste. At 12 o'clock at noon Mrs. Johnson arrived and immediately "passed into the state," and in *five minutes* he was free from cramps and pains, and in 27 hours rode down town, and the *second day* was attending to his business!

"THE LAME WALK."—Mr. Joseph Saunders, of Bangor, shipwright, some seventy-five years old, has been afflicted with a "scrofulous eruptive sore" on the calf of the leg for some ten years, which has given him much trouble, and at times prevented him from walking. Within the last three years it has grown worse, assumed a *cancerous development*, and excited much alarm as regards the result. All aid (?) rendered by physicians and surgeons proved abortive, and as a dernier resort he went to Mrs. Johnson with the entire calf of the leg a mass of "rottenness!" the limb badly swollen and inflamed. By Spirit direction and aid she made applications which greatly improved the limb in *three weeks*, and in three months he was perfectly cured.

CANCER CURED—"A MIRACLE!"—Mrs. Capt. John Saunders, of Bangor, had been troubled for years with a *cancer in the breast*, which had assumed an alarming development and threatened her life. Surgeons and physicians advised her to have a surgical operation as the only means to be used. She was

about to submit. At this time she became developed as a *Spirit writing medium*, and the Spirits directed her to Mrs. Johnson to be cured, she not then knowing that Mrs. Johnson was a medium. They told her to go to a certain neighbor's house, and Mrs. J. would meet her there. She went; Mrs. Johnson was directed also by the Spirits to go to the same house; but being very busy put the Spirits off for the time being; but they very soon requested her to "go immediately, for a very sick person needed her aid." She went and passed into the state, and one "laying on of hands" caused the swelling and inflammation to subside, and the "cancer monster" left almost *instantaneously*, never more to return. (*This case was cured three years since.*)

ANOTHER CURE—MIRACLE.—Capt. Saunders, husband of the above lady, had nearly lost his eyesight; so nearly so he could not "*take the sun by his quadrant*" for some six months, and was alarmed lest he should lose his sight altogether. One application of Spirit-power through Mrs. Johnson restored his sight perfectly.

C. H. DEWOLFE.

BANGOR, Oct., 1854.

A WARNING.—Some six or seven years ago there was an old man residing in Southold, L. I., of the name of Glover. His house was situated in a by-place where few persons were accustomed to pass, and after the death of his wife, which happened some months before his own death, he lived in perfect solitude. One night as he lay in bed he heard under his window a sound as of low music, and afterward heard a voice speak to him and distinctly say, "*Leave this place.*" He knew not what to think of the voice, and at first imagined that some person was at his window endeavoring to frighten him, though it was improbable that any one would have come so far to that solitary place for so insignificant an object. Besides, in looking out of his windows he could discover no one. The next night as he lay in bed, the same warning voice was repeated—"Leave this place." On the third night it was heard for the

third time, when the old man was convinced of its preternatural origin, and felt that he must not disregard it. The next day, therefore, he ordered his things to be carted to the house of a relative with whom he proposed to reside thereafter. On the evening of that same day, after the old man had gone to bed, he was heard to cough and strangle, and when a member of the family went to him, he was found entirely dead! It was no doubt predetermined that he should die that night, and the kindly warning was probably intended to bring him among his friends, who would properly dispose of his remains, whereas had he died in his solitude, with his doors all locked, his body would not probably have been discovered for months afterward.

NO DECEPTION AFTER ALL.—A gentleman from Lynn, Mass., related, at the Dodworth Hall Conference on Sunday, Oct. 8th, the following case to which he was knowing: A party of gentlemen, some of whom were skeptics, assembled in the presence of a medium to investigate the phenomena said to be developed through her. They procured a drum and placed it under the table, and the agency purporting to be Spirits played upon it with considerable dexterity. The party at first were all greatly surprised and astonished, until one of their number, sitting a little aside, and looking under the table, declared that he saw the girl beating upon the drum with her feet. He went away in disgust, and denounced the affair all as a humbug. The next day, however, one of the party, a believer, went to this man and persuaded him to sit in another circle with the same medium, and subject the matter to a more careful investigation in order to satisfy them all whether she had beaten the drum herself or not. They accordingly assembled, placed the drum under the table, and, with the medium's consent, tied her feet firmly to the round of the chair, so that she could not move them. The drum was beaten as usual, and the skeptical gentleman, sitting to one side and looking under the table as before, said, "I give it up now; I saw the same forms strike the drum that I saw before, and which I supposed were her feet, but I know they can not be her feet in this instance, as I see them still immovably fixed to the chair." In all probability many alleged attempts to deceive on the part of other mediums may be accounted for in a similar way.

SPIRITUAL BIRTH OF MRS. HARRIS.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE anticipated trial is over! After a mortal discipline of 27 years the crisis arrived on Tuesday, the 10th instant. At the midnight hour, when millions were sleeping, and silence, like an all-pervading spirit brooded over the world, MARY, wife of REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS, left the perishable, earthly form and its relations. No mortal cares; no painful memories; no timid apprehensions, disturbed her last hours; but the gentle spirit, arrayed in shining vestments, went

“Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
Like flowers at set of sun,”

to dwell with angels in their celestial abodes.

Mrs. Harris was admired and beloved. The destroyer has seldom laid his palsying hand on a fairer form. While yet the tide of youthful feeling was unchecked by disappointment or disease, she was radiant with animation and hope. Her step was elastic and her voice musical; her brow had the light of the morning, and her cheek its freshness, while her expressive eyes revealed every earnest thought and each passing emotion, whether of pleasure or pain. Mrs. Harris added to the graces of a beautiful person, acute sensibilities and refined manners. While she was alike distinguished for delicacy of feeling and decision of character, she possessed a loving heart, and was respected and esteemed in all the relations of life. She leaves two interesting children—sons of four and eight years—to inherit the name and genius of their fath-

er, and to learn, it may be, by a severe mortal experience, the first great lessons of immortality. Not alone to the kind guardianship of their surviving parent are they left. The angel-mother will yet watch over them, and we devoutly pray that her sacred ministry may cause them to grow fair and beautiful in form, spirit, and life, like living plants "beside the still waters."

During the last eight months the health of Mrs. Harris has gradually declined, but until within three or four weeks her friends entertained strong hopes of her recovery. Brother Harris had been spending several days in this city, for the purpose of supervising the proof-sheets of his forth-coming volume—"A Lyric of the Morning-Land"—during which time Mrs. H. wrote to him in a cheerful, buoyant tone. Up to this time he had not once thought that she would pass away so soon; but on his return to Troy, about the 26th ult., he at once perceived that her disease—consumption—had made rapid progress, and that every feature contained a prophecy of certain and speedy dissolution. From that time until the hour of her departure—some fourteen days—he seldom left her bedside, but watched over her, night after night, with the tenderest solicitude and affection, anticipating all her wants, and soothing every pain by his loving ministrations.

The subject of this notice—if we have been correctly informed—was never fully assured of the realities of the Spirit-world, by any experience of her own, until her health was seriously impaired. Then, as the cords of outer life were gently relaxed, her interior powers of perception were correspondingly quickened and exalted, and the beautiful realms of the Invisible were gradually disclosed to her vision. Two days before her husband returned to Troy the spirits of several departed friends appeared and addressed her in words of sweet consolation and immortal hope. After this visitation

she expressed her entire confidence that the beloved ones were about her, and that their ministry was one of perfect love. She only regretted that they did not manifest themselves *more frequently*, though their presence was indicated by sensible phenomena at intervals during each succeeding day.

We learn that on Tuesday, the 26th ult., immediately after Mr. Harris had returned, the Spirits of several relatives suddenly appeared in Mary's room, and surrounding the pale sufferer, announced that she must soon pass away. They also instructed the friends how they might magnetize her chest so as to alleviate the pain. The patient did not appear to apprehend the import of this communication, but was soon impressed that the hour of her departure was at hand. She observed that her views of the precise nature of the spiritual life were somewhat indefinite and general, but that it was a life of love, of happiness, of association with kindred Spirits, and of loving ministration alike to the Spirits there and to those on earth, she had no doubt. At this time Mrs. H. had no fear, but expressed her willingness and her *desire* to go. "The Father," said she, "will not forsake his child. I feel borne and lifted up by a wave of His divine Love." The remainder of her earth-life was characterized by the same serene and blissful state of mind.

Two days before the spirit left the body, as the evening twilight approached, Mary relapsed for a few moments into a trance. While in that state she informed her husband that a benignant and lovely Spirit appeared to her, holding in his hand a floral crown.

"My dear child," said the Spirit, "your sufferings will soon be ended. You have but two more dark scenes to go through with. Be patient. I will always be with you to comfort and assist you, and will lead you safely. You will not see

me, but you will always feel my arm around you. I have brought you a Spirit-crown. It will soon be yours."

Saying this, he showed her his right arm, which she declared seemed formed of golden light, radiant as the sun. The Spirit's allusion to "two more dark scenes" to come left the impression on the mind of Mrs. Harris that her outer life would probably terminate in *two days*, which was verified by the fact.

In a letter just received, Brother Harris thus describes the closing scene :

"On Tuesday evening at about 6 o'clock the Spirits of her relatives, in company with other Spirits, to the number of about thirty, entered the room, and, while she was apparently asleep, formed a circle around the bed. I was placed at this time, by their influence, in a deep interior condition, retaining, however, full possession of all the external faculties and powers. From the moment this circle of Spirits was formed she became free from all pain.

"We watched the ebbing life of the external form till about a quarter before 12 (midnight). Gradually we felt the pulse sinking to rest. At that time a sudden light, like a diffused silver radiation, came and rested upon her face. A wondrous smile played upon her countenance. Such divine love, such ineffable peace diffused itself, melting into light in the air around her, that she seemed transfigured and changing into an angel before our sight.

"As her eyes began to close, kneeling by her side, I inclined my face to the pillow by her cheek, and laid my arm over her form. Heavenly bliss filled all the internals of my mind, and I passed at once into *rapport* with her spirit. Gradually I felt her spirit-form arising from the external. As it arose my own arms were lifted by it. I saw a vortex, or spiral of white light, narrowing to the diameter of about two feet, just above her body, and opening above it into the SPIRITUAL WORLD. In this vortex were innumerable angelic forms, and as she entered the spiral, they lifted her from my arms. She disappeared in that transcendent light."

The spirit had departed, and only the form—still beautiful

in its decay—remained to gaze upon. Refusing the repose which protracted wakefulness and physical exhaustion had rendered necessary, the watcher still continued his vigil through the long night, and morning found him by the remains of his beloved Mary. When it was light her Spirit came to him, and while her form was distinctly visible, she gave him a communication closing with these words: *Mary's dear love to all.* NEVER MORE BE AFRAID TO DIE.

While we write, many are sitting beneath the shadow that falls darkly and coldly by the hearth-side, in the field, the busy mart, and along the highway. They feel that death is terrible. Viewed in its external aspects it surely is so; especially when it comes suddenly in its more appalling forms. When "the pestilence walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday;" when the destroying element wreaths itself around a sleeping city, and darts like fiery serpents from every house-top; when beneath the cumbrous shadows of night, or under the thick vail of mist, the doomed ship goes down, and hundreds, rocked by the restless billows, fall asleep together; then, indeed, is death "the king of terrors" to the sensuous man, and the graphic picture, drawn by one of our first poets, is not overwrought:

"Come to the bridal chamber, Death,
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet, song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;

And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine."

But the Spiritual Philosophy dissipates the gloom, and relieves by the introduction of divine lights the deepest shadows in the picture. For every beautiful human form that perishes on earth, a new star rises in the immortal firmament to shed its light and glory on our pathway forever. When a loving mortal dies, an angel is born. Death only marks the termination of one chapter and the beginning of another, in the continuous record of an endless life. *There is no death*, in the sense sanctioned by popular usage. Material forms perish, it is true, but the vital essence is never lost. As the primitive elements of all matter are indestructible, so the essential principles of life are immortal. Autumn breathes over the landscape, the flowers wither, and the leaves of the forest are sere by the hoar-frost; but the vital elements of the vegetable kingdom are neither destroyed nor dissipated. They flow back from the surface toward the center. In the vast alembic of Nature they are preserved until Spring comes to herald the resurrection of the floral world. All life goes upward and *centerward*. In man the individualized intelligence renders even common dust vital and beautiful. When at length it departs from the diseased forms it once inhabited, it is because they are no longer adapted to perform its functions. The human spirit, sublimated, organized, and immortal, will not fellowship with corruption. But new life is born even amid the elements of decay, and immortality in the most essential sense begins at the portals of the sepulcher. What if thou fall and perish, O mortal!

"Like a worm in Destruction's path;"

all that constitutes thy manhood—the divinity within thee—is forever *imperishable*.

"The stars may fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years,
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

Spiritualism opens a new world to our contemplation, vast and beautiful beyond the power of language to describe, or the most ambitious imagination to conceive. All material developments and human events have their ultimate causes in that world. Our friends whom, perchance, we mourned as lost, dwell there, and with them all genuine affection; all essential beauty; and all pure love, are immortalized and live for a more intimate fellowship with the Divine. As we become spiritualized in thought and life, we discover that the outer world is *merely phenomenal*, and that the Invisible, which most men regard as visionary and unsubstantial, is, after all, the REAL. We need this positive assurance that man is immortal; that our friends can never die or lose their identity; that love is at once the imperishable inheritance and the eternal life of all Spirits; and that Angels ever watch over us for good, whether we sleep or wake. The spiritual facts and philosophy supply this demand, as no philosophical or religious system has ever done before. Who, then, need fear the ruin of material worlds? The sun may be extinguished, the earth dissolved, and the stars fall from heaven like withered leaves in autumn when the forests are swept by a mighty wind, but the conscious spirit can never perish, nor one essential element or attribute of its nature suffer loss. Thrice happy thought!

"'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it into our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sing once more
The song of our great IMMORTALITY."

Mrs. Harris departed this life at the residence of her uncle, Mr. John Van Arnum, at whose house the funeral obsequies were conducted by the writer on Thursday afternoon the 12th inst. A large number of friends evinced their profound respect and sympathy on the occasion. The company of Spiritual vocalists known as the "Excelsiors" were present, and their sweet music moved over the troubled tide of feeling like the Spirit that stills the storm.

"DIED."

In this city, on Saturday evening, the 23d inst., Gerald Gray, only child of Dr. Lewis T. and Elizabeth G. Warner, aged three years, four months, and fourteen days.

Did die? Oh, Christian materialist, if thou wouldst not completely crush the already bruised, bleeding parent heart, say not that he died! Say, rather, that his external form slept sweetly upon the bosom of its mother earth, while the Spirit awoke in the arms of its heavenly Father. For there is no death, not even of the body. 'The body shall sleep for a little, but only to rise again, and make visible to the material eye infinitely varied forms of divine beauty. The external form is but the shadow of the spiritual body, intercepting the rays of the celestial sun. The shadow perpetually changes, but the substance never. That broad and polished brow; those large, dark, lustrous, fathomless eyes; those features, beautiful as classic marble; that noble bearing of the little form are types of God and immortality. An angel-boy has gone to the Spirit-home from whence he came. He goes to complete the mission upon which the Father sent him into the earth-sphere. And every thought and every affection that ever germinated

in that infant soul shall live, and grow, and expand the being into a beautiful resemblance of that divine Creator who made man in his own image.

A GOOD TEST.—Mr. Bellows, late of Sag Harbor, L. I., related the following fact at the Dodworth Hall Conference on Sunday, Oct. 8th. He said that after he had made up his mind to investigate the alleged spiritual manifestations, he had occasion to travel through Springfield, Mass., and he resolved to stop there, and, if possible, procure an interview with some one or more of the several mediums known to be in that place. He had no acquaintances in Springfield, never having been there, and as he was riding in the cars near the place a query arose in his mind as to how he should proceed in his efforts to find a medium, and procure the desired interview. While he was cogitating on this question he felt an interior impulse to go and sit by the side of a certain young man who was sitting alone in a seat. He did so, and a conversation ensued in which Mr. B. mentioned his desire to investigate Spiritualism, and inquired of the young man if he could refer him to a medium in Springfield. The young man happened to be himself a Spiritualist, and a resident of Springfield, and readily directed Mr. B. to the family of one Mr. Bangs, where he said he might find a medium. Mr. Bellows, with another gentleman, accordingly went to the place, was admitted by the servant, and when he had taken a seat, Mrs. Bangs came in from the kitchen and asked, "*Did either of you gentlemen ever know of a person of the name of Eliza Bellows?*" Mr. Bellows, who of course was a total stranger to her, as to every other person in Springfield, answered that he once had a sister of that name, but that she had been dead many years; on saying which loud and enthusiastic rappings were heard apparently in response to what was said. The name of "Eliza Bellows" had been announced to Mrs. Bangs through the rappings just before Mr. Bellows had entered. Query: By what means did Mrs. Bangs receive, at that moment, the identical name of Mr. Bellows' departed sister, if that sister, or some Spirit who knew her, did not announce it? Any hypothesis of clairvoyance, mental reflection, or involuntary agency of the mind, is, of course, here out of the question.

TO A MOURNER.

ASHFIELD, MASS., *Aug. 30, 1854.*

DEAR BRO. BRITTAN:

The subjoined poetic effusion was rapidly written through the hand of our medium at a late sitting of our circle. It is addressed to one of our number who has passed through many sad scenes in her earthly pilgrimage. It emanates from a much-loved friend who has for some years been a permanent dweller in the Spirit-home.

Yours fraternally,

GEO. H. PHILLIPS.

Mourner, in the silent watches
Of thy spirit's tearful night,
Is there yet a starry beacon
Beaming forth with heavenly light?

Calmly 'mid the warring tumult,
In thine hour of sorest need,
See a holy message beaming—
Lift thy grief-dimmed eye and read.

Softer than the breath of evening
Floats its music on the air,
Milder than the gleam of morning
Is the record written there.

This is the evangel written—
In its promise thou art blest,
Ah, thou weary desert wanderer,
Near thee lies the land of rest.

Spirit-voices call thee hither,
Loving hands are beckoning on,
Short the passage, gently closing
On the journey well-nigh done.

Oh, there's not a cloud of sorrow
But Heaven has a balm to cheer,

And there's not an hour of anguish
But an arm of love is near.

Then hope on, and cheer thy spirit
With the promise truly given ;
Earthly ties, though severed sadly,
Are written—blest in heaven.

A SPIRIT FROM THE ARCTIC.

FROM the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, a journal that has, we believe, spared no contempt or ridicule of Spiritualism possible to its utterance, we copy the following in connection with the Arctic disaster, which, while it will only confirm the faith of our readers, we earnestly recommend to the thoughtful consideration of all inquirers, doubters, and scoffers on the subject of Spiritualism. The *Commercial* says :

“ We have heretofore mentioned the death of a son of Mr. George Smith, of the firm of Leupp & Co., one of the passengers supposed to have perished in the Arctic. We have since been informed of an incident worthy of record, and upon an authority that does not admit of disbelief. The death of the younger Mr. Smith took place on the 3d of October, six days subsequent to the Arctic's disaster, and before she could be fairly considered as overdue, being then only 13 days out from Liverpool.

“ Previous to his decease he informed his relatives that his father was dead, and that he had had an interview with him. It was suggested to him that this was merely a dream. He said that he knew it; nevertheless, he was firmly persuaded of the truth of the revelation, and that his friends would also speedily be convinced of its verity.”

What a lesson—what an inspiration ought such a fact be to the relatives and friends of all who have been taken from earth by this disaster ! Here is established, out of the mouths of

unbelievers, all that Spiritualists claim; the possibility, nay, the fact of Spirit-communion—the communion of the living of earth with the near and dear who have gone to the Spirit-land. By this fact, recorded by no inventive enthusiast or fanatic—a fact transpiring at a death-bed, surrounded by such solemnity, and given with such authority as compels even a scoffing journal to accredit it—the suffering and sorrowing are taught that, though their loved ones have been taken away in the flesh, they are near and present in the immortal Spirit. The dying boy beheld his father passed from earth, and warned his kindred that they would see him no more in mortal form. They suggested that he dreamed, but he was “fully persuaded in his own mind,” and the issue has shown that he alone knew the truth. Will such a revelation of the truth of Spiritualism pass unheeded? Will that family circle, bereaved of father, husband, and son, spurn the palpable voice of God, speaking as it were from that far-away ocean grave where death, disrobing a beloved spirit of its thin vail of perishable flesh and sense, made it so quick with celestial life that it could compass spaces of ocean and land, and commune with its kindred yet on the earth? Oh, what consolation, save a long, weary waiting for death, is there left to man when his dear ones are taken away, if Spirit-communion be not a reality. Even the heart of the scoffer trembles and cowers within him at the thought that between heaven and earth there is no intercourse save through the “dark valley and shadow of death.” But when the blessed assurance of Spirit-communion enters into man’s soul, his heart leaps with the rapture of divine joy. Then he feels and knows that, what all hearts desire and all religions have taught, is true. He feels and knows that there is no death—that all is life for which the soul should care, and that those who go before us in

‘The path of an aspiring change,’

are still with us in Spirit, hovering over us as "angels and ministers of grace," smoothing our thorny way, lightening our burdens, soothing our sorrows, and leading us forward and upward to that indestructible home in the Spirit-land,

"Hued with the sunshine of eternal day." C. D. S.

FACTS IN MAINE.—Mr. Jonathan Bean, of Montville, Me., was at this office a few days ago, and related the following facts: Some time ago he found himself in the presence of a medium who was a personal stranger to him, and who had never known any thing of him or of his family. A Spirit took possession of her and personated his son, who had been in the Spirit-world some twelve years. He said to the Spirit, "If you are really my son, will you give me some evidence of the fact by pointing out something in this room that once belonged to you. The medium immediately became agitated. She went to Mr. Bean, and shaking her hands over his shoulders and about his chest, finally took hold of his vest, and her hand was thence carried to his vest pocket, whence she took out a knife, which she patted in her hand as if that was the object sought. That knife had actually belonged to Mr. Bean's son some twelve years before, though scarcely any person knew the fact except Mr. Bean himself.

In another case witnessed by Mr. Bean, a medium had personated the deceased father of a young man who was consulting her. This she did by going through all the manipulations of making mortar. The father of the young man was a mason, though the medium had never known that fact.

In another instance Mr. Bean had called for the Spirit of old Judge Crosby. The Judge, while in the body, had had the physical peculiarity of being paralyzed in the right arm, and he always wrote with his left hand, with the properly right-hand side of the paper turned toward him, and making his lines in a direction perpendicular with his body—with neither of which facts was the medium acquainted. The Judge, taking possession of her, at first wrote a communication in the ordinary way, and then said that he would write just as he did before he left the body. He then turned the right-hand side of the paper toward him, seized the pen in his left hand, and commenced writing his lines perpendicularly toward his body, and in the identical hand in which he had been accustomed to write before he left the form.

ELECTRICITY.*

ALONG the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun ;
No peal or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray,
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

No summer heat nor winter's hail
Can check their rapid course ;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage,
Their rough and sweeping force.
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush with news of weal or woe
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who bows in smiles and tears
With fervent lips to pray—
Maintaining converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Aye, though no outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighings of that humble heart
Are known and felt in heaven.

* Written in fifteen minutes, under Spirit-influence, by LUCINDA HILL, fourteen years of age.

Those long, frail wires may bend and break,
Those viewless heralds stray,
But faith's heart-thought shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

SPIRIT PERSONATIONS RECOGNIZED.—Mr. C. Partridge, at a recent Conference, related that being on one occasion in the presence of Henry Gordon, he observed the latter performing a series of Spirit-prompted gesticulations, the meaning of which he did not at first understand. As the pantomime progressed, however, he recognized it as representing all the consecutive manipulations of a secret process used only in his own match factory, and known only to one or two persons out of it. The pantomimic process was continued throughout all the stages of the operations in making the matches, and when they were represented as complete, the medium made the motion of striking one to ignite it, and then putting it to his nose and scowling as in disgust at its offensive odor. Mr. P. was at a loss to imagine from what Spirit this manifestation could come, until on going to his shop and inquiring he found that one of his workmen who had been accustomed to those very manipulations had died a few days before. The easiest explanation of the origin of the pantomime he found to consist in the supposition that it was prompted by the Spirit of the deceased workman.

PROPOSED PRACTICALITIES.—The *New Era* of Oct. 14th contains a congeries of articles or propositions, written by a socialistic Spirit, by the hand of John M. Spear, which are intended to serve as the foundation of a "new social order;" and they are coupled with the information that a location has been selected and is to be consecrated to the carrying out of these objects. We merely state this fact without expressing any opinion as to the policy or propriety of such a movement in the present incipient stage of the spiritual unfolding, or as to the probable degree of success that will attend it. We earnestly hope, however, that these good brethren and their Spirit-guides will be left to work out their idea without obstruction or *unkind* criticism from those who may feel that their own particular "mission" does not lie in that direction.

WHO ARE CONSECRATED TO GOD?

Who makes priests? God makes *men* only. Who, then, makes priests? Laziness has made a great many; so have ignorance and superstition, hypocrisy and knavery. Who and what are priests? "Men consecrated to God." In that case we can with more propriety ask, Who are *not* priests? "But priests are specially consecrated to God." What, then, becomes of all the rest of the world? How singular that God should select a very few from the vulgar herd, cause them to wear black coats and white neckcloths, and make them particular repositories of his grace! The religion I believe in rejects such an assumption as an unjust imputation of the impartial rule of the Divine Being. The world is getting too old and too wise to accept such crudities much longer. The power of priesthood is well-nigh broken; the yoke is falling from many necks. Our Father is teaching a more glorious way. We feel that all men are consecrated to him—the high, the low, the rich, the poor, the black, the white, the free man and the bond man. We can find God's priests and priestesses in all places, beneath all skies, under every sun. One of his high priests is digging potatoes in yonder field, another is felling trees, a third is turning a furrow, a fourth is pushing a plane, a fifth is moving a mountain with a spade. There are fair priestesses down among the spindles, and in miserable attics making vests; some at the counter, others at the wash-tub, some kneading dough—some true to their mission, some false.

A special priesthood is not needed to-day. Humanity requires something better. We want no man between God and

our souls. Jesus taught a soul-elevating doctrine when he declared the Father must be worshiped in spirit and in truth. We can do that without priests, if we can do it at all. It is doubtful if Christ would know those who profess to be his followers if he should walk about the earth as in the past; and it is quite certain that they wouldn't know him—particularly if he had no place to lay his head; for poverty is a great sin, and it becomes poor people to sit in the galleries and obscure side-pews when they go to church. Nomadic, unknown people (with garments not of the best), like the Jewish teacher, must keep respectfully in the background when they frequent fashionable resorts of piety. The disciple is very much above his Lord now. Instead of "going about to do good," he stays at home in state and broadcloth, and expects others to do *him* good—bestow the means to fare sumptuously every day. There were soul and sense in the religion Jesus taught—"good-will" in it to all men. He's ahead of *our* times yet. A model man was he. No factories for turning out priests in *his* system; no subscription papers to raise money to help God do his own work; no moving heaven and earth to concentrate spiritual power; no contemptible truckling to names; no bending to broad phylacteries; no respect for the cloth, but a glorious love for all humanity.

It is useless to talk of new eras and dispensations while the sublime morality of Jesus is many centuries in advance of us. My soul leaps at the sound of the "glad tidings" which are to all people—glad tidings that won't stay in churches, exclusively, but get outside of them, run like lightning from pole to pole, and quiver like a vivid flash in every heart. The more I contemplate Jesus—the more I meditate his marvelous maxims—the more I study his mission—the more I listen to the calm, high tones of his voice, softly sounding among the hills of Jerusalem, reverberating to the waves of Galilee's

sea, or faithfully falling on the open ears of the despised and oppressed, the more do I wonder, revere, and admire! He met sectarianism hand to hand, spurning it from him with his moral might; fought with priesthood with the sword of truth, and perished a victim to priestly hate and political policy. His blood, sprinkled on the rocks of Calvary, records an eternal protest against the whole order of priesthood.

Jesus died for the common people. He never preached to men's clothes—saw all people naked, just as they appeared to the eyes of the Father. What was a corrupt priest to him, even if covered with costly apparel? What was the temple? A stall where priests were fattened—an accursed spot, reeking with festering abominations—a den of thieves! There are dens of thieves to-day—thieves that steal from the mouths of the poor—thieves that take the substance of the laborers, which belongs to beggars and paupers, and build temples for pride, hypocrisy, and aristocracy to go to heaven in! They are dainty, supercilious, sanctimonious thieves, who give the widest side of the walk to ragged sinners, and won't go arm in arm with the fisherman as poor as Jesus. Many of them are rich thieves, living on the salvation that belongs to the weary toiler and suffering ones crying for a loaf of bread. Very heavy burdens do they impose, seldom putting forth their consecrated finger to lift them. There are hands holier and more precious in the sight of Our Father consecrated to labor, covered with the dust of the work-shop. All his children are consecrated in the most solemn and impressive manner. Nature, herself, has laid her pure hands on them, and behold they are dedicated to good works.

Jesus, I thank thee for thy leveling, republican gospel! I can half imagine the ineffable joy the angels felt when they sang to the astonished shepherds the sweetest song mortal ever heard, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which

shall be unto all people. Peace on earth and good-will to men."

God knows no man by his title, but by his *qualities*. "Reverend" before a name avails nothing—it is a human invention to awe the vulgar. Jesus was as good as the best "reverend" in the world, but never brought such miserable subterfuge to his aid. How would Rev. Jesus Christ sound? He evidently wished to abrogate such silly distinctions. Paul was simple Paul, without any "St.," once. "His Holiness" was a strange term in apostolic days. These things are priestly contrivances to dupe the ignorant and secure worship. The honest man piling brush, or the negro in the cane-brake, are just as "reverend," for aught I know, in the sight of God, as that melancholy, long-visaged individual in the desk, who says this beautiful world is a vale of tears, and the highest work of Omnipotence a failure.

All are *en rapport* with the common Cause of life and its varied phenomena; all hearts beat responsive to the great invisible Heart; all are recipients of a common inspiration; all objects of a common care; all subject to common law; all pilgrims in common to the common home. Let us follow the teachings of Nature's best apostle, and love humanity impartially—even as He loves it who sends his blessings on the just and on the unjust, leaving himself not without a witness of his goodness in giving us rains and fruitful seasons. Let inward harmony, in preference to outward organization, be our ambition. He who has not harmonized the kingdom within him, will not be likely to harmonize long with a heterogeneous mass of the same material. The higher law is *inside*, and not *outside*. If two individuals could be found whose faculties were perfectly disciplined and developed, no organization would be needed to make them act in concert; and if that state of things does not obtain, all the organizations in the

world can not produce such a result. The work of reformers is in the *internal* solely, where Jesus said the kingdom of heaven was. Those who imagine they are going to reach all humanity by the embodiment of some little, local idea, terribly narrowed down and pinched by the pains of birth, will be disappointed in their expectations. Humanity is reached through the spirit, not through brick and mortar. There is a power at work more potent than money. The kingdom of God on earth is not gotten up by subscription, nor caught and caged, and controlled by directors, committees, or presidents. Teachers are not made by artificial stimulus, as we sometimes hatch eggs by electricity. Insulated chairs and flourishes of the hands don't consecrate men and women to God—they are consecrated already as much as they can possibly be, and all attempted improvement on the methods of Nature is like performing the Cæsarean operation in preference to waiting the natural process, and, indeed, far less likely to succeed. To undertake to make priests or media is a species of quackery that is perfectly monstrous. This brings us to our starting-point. God makes *men*, men make *priests*. Who made Jesus a medium of spiritual power? An influence above man's control. Who or what makes men of the present day receptive of celestial influx? The same divine authority that made Christ a harmonious man. Is it necessary to have an institution to make more like him? What might it cost to develop a medium as good as he? All human art can not produce such a man. What will the world do, then? Wait calmly, attend to its duties, and let Heaven's work alone; we have enough to do without attempting the impossible. Ought we not to have a great spiritual magazine somewhere whence we can send electric sparks of truth in all directions, enough to convict and convert the whole world, and galvanize the dead body of error until it quivers again! It takes a large building to hold our

Father's spiritual magazine—the universe itself, and that is none too spacious. Sectarian magazines have a spurious article, sufficient only for home consumption, at that. They are combustible, too, and blow up after a while. So explode all attempts at the manufacture of special instruments, until the common Gospel shall be universally understood, and every member of the human family become conscious that they are truly kings and priests unto God, by virtue of natural law and inalienable right, not by power of attorney specially vested in chosen vessels.

J. H. ROBINSON.

LEICESTER, MASS., Oct. 9, 1854.

CLAIMS OF "SPIRITUALISM" CONSIDERED.

* * * * *

MESSRS. EDITORS :

For my own part (although I have been for many years past an official member of an orthodox sectarian church), it has always been painful for me to reflect upon that portion of our Articles of Faith which consigns the impenitent here on earth to a state of *eternal* woe and sorrow after death. I could not deny that, to my understanding, it was plainly set forth in the Scriptures ; yet I could never entirely divest my mind of the conclusion, after the most patient and prayerful deliberation, that it was a punishment immeasurably beyond the merits of the crime, and could not consistently be inflicted by a God of *justice*, much less by the all-wise, beneficent, and merciful Being we are taught to adore, and who is represented in that same Holy Writ as the very personification of *love* itself. Not that offenders ought to, or can, escape the just and inevitable consequences of violated law—the laws of Nature and the laws

of their being, both here and hereafter—but that such punishment can only be commensurate to the offense. All beyond that is not *justice*; it degenerates into oppression and cruelty—attributes which form no part of my idea of the Godhead.

I have often heard and read of the ebullitions of the clergy, and many of the more zealous laity, of the different churches throughout the country, against the claims of the modern spiritual unfolding, but from what I have lately seen and read I am convinced that the number of those ministers of the Gospel who are seriously considering the import of the new phenomena, and privately yielding credence to its claims, is far greater than is generally supposed. At a casual meeting of an intelligent known Spiritualist with several ministers recently in Boston, after briefly discussing the subject, one of the latter frankly declared that “he had been subject to spiritual impressions himself,” and quoted Scripture to prove the reasonableness of present intercourse with the Spirits of the dead. Another was a medium, and preached under spiritual influence. A third, on being asked whether he believed in intercourse with departed Spirits, said he had no doubt of it, and added, that for several of the last Sabbaths he had been explaining to the Bible class of his Sunday-school all about the subject. •

To ascribe these manifestations wholly to the spirit of evil, or the devil, if you choose, is most egregiously absurd; for no sane mind will believe the pure and elevating doctrines generally inculcated ever emanated from such a corrupt source. If it does all come exclusively from “Old Nick,” he is a much better friend to mankind than he was ever supposed to be, and instead of “walking up and down the earth seeking whom he might devour,” he has been, especially for the last two or three years, very busily engaged in *freely* healing the sick, restoring sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and making the lame to walk erect (of which we might mention two or three unmis-

takable instances in this our good town of St. Catharines), while the lessons of love, and wisdom, and charity, and brotherly kindness he is everywhere teaching are very unlike what we should have expected from one of *his* reputation. He pleads the cause of the slave, commands us to abstain from the intoxicating cup, to forsake all iniquity, to have faith in the immortality of the soul after death, to "forbear with one another in love," in a word, "to do unto all men as we would have them do unto us." And, what is better still, he has thereby induced hundreds and thousands to do so in leading a holier and happier life here on earth. Strange, indeed, if all these things have come from an *evil Spirit*.

On the other hand, what is the church in this nineteenth century? An empty name—a lifeless form—while a vast majority of its members exhibit in every department of life all the recklessness, all the indifference, all the selfishness which men of the world exhibit, so much so that it is impossible (except by ostentatious professions and ceremonies on certain days of the week) to distinguish them from reputed infidels, either by their tempers, their general habits, their business transactions, or their moral principles. Look over the civilized world—look through the Christian church—and then answer me if nothing is needed to rouse mankind from spiritual lethargy and save the thinking mind from utter skepticism.

I know it is very unpopular to dissent from long-established opinions; and, therefore, few are aware of the amount of unbelief that now haunts in secret the minds of men. But the world is progressing; the church, too, is progressing, and I verily believe that it is to do away with these evils—these inconsistencies and absurdities that these new developments are unfolding—and to give us in their stead a rational and intelligent theology—something that everybody can understand, and which, when understood, will be practiced and become

universal among all the dwellers upon this globe, and endure to the end of time, aye, throughout the countless ages of eternity.

H. L.

ST. CATHARINES, C. W.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENA.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Columbus Journal* translates the following extraordinary and incredible story from a late German paper :

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K——, had, by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent chateau, an immense property under rent. She traveled, consulted the most eminent physicians, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance ; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially of painting. At sixteen years of age they were already cited as masters ; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared ; the same symptoms, the same pains ; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused at first, but vanquished by the supplications of their distracted mother, they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt ; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother ; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature. Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the

aquarells that they contained, had already their duplicates in the studio of the brother—duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died, and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of all the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return she gave birth, a second time, to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had unfortunately lost. They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had presided at the development of the first children were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous paroxysms, the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went to Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers, they fell sick. Then separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together, on account of the extraordinary resemblance of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principle of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated the one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day that Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers had pronounced eighteen years ago.

ANGELS.

BY EDWIN PLUMMER.

"Holy Angels are all around me, and I see a Heavenly Light."—*Words of a dying one.*

WHY is it that we see no angel faces,
Nor mark the pure light in our pathway lying,
Until we hear the summons from our places,
And feel the certainty that we are dying?

The angels are not less around the living,
Than near the soul that trembles on Death's border,
Their love, their strength, their consolation giving,
They come and go in heaven's serenest order.

Where'er a heart with sorrow's weight is bowing,
Or where a spirit wrestles with its trial,
Where'er clean hands the seeds of Truth are sowing,
Or lift the burden of a great denial;

Where human Faith erects its steadfast altar,
Where human Love embraces earth and heaven,
Where Goodness leads the weakly ones, who falter,
Back to the Source whence nobler strength is given,

There come the angels. Patient, meek, and tender,
With speechless loving and with long forbearing,
About us each walks an unseen defender,
Our earnest thought and aspiration sharing.

If but the clouds were lifted from our vision,
If grossness of our spirits had refining,
Earth would reveal, before the realm Elysian,
The blessed seraphs and their heavenly shining.

For what the paths our wayward feet are wending,
In all our moments, howso'er unblest,
Some angel-form above us still is bending,
To make life rich with a divine bequest.

—Portland (Me.) Eclectic.

FROM THE PACIFIC SIDE.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Aug. 31, 1854.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & BRITTAN:

We have had some spiritual manifestations in this city, and I have thought that a few selections from the notes in my possession, of the evidence of the source of the communications would be acceptable to you as conductors of a spiritual journal, and probably interesting to your numerous readers.

On the 9th day of April, 1854, twelve persons met at the house of a Mr. E., in this city, to witness "Spirit-manifestations." Among the number was the writer of this, and one or two who were skeptics on the subject of spiritual intercourse with mortals. There was no one that was fully developed as a medium, and consequently we did only as the unseen intelligence dictated, or as our judgments prompted.

After sitting some time with all our hands on the table, the hand of Mrs. E. became affected, and after changing the positions of many around the table, efforts were made to write, but for some time without success. It was finally written: "Now let us try. All remain passive. We are come to-night, my friends, to teach you the Spirit's mission. Love one another. This is the first great commandment. Let your conduct be open to the inspection of your fellow-creatures if you would grow in goodness, and wish to enter the abode of the just. ELIZABETH."

Several other communications were written through Mrs. E.'s hand, but the most extraordinary one was the following:

"Do you know me?

MICHAEL DOWNS."

Some one asked, How long have you been dead? *Answer.*—Eight.

Q.—Where did you die? A.—Illinois.

Q.—At what place? A.—Galena.

A good deal of desultory conversation was now going on, when the hand of Mrs. E. again wrote, "You are a humbug."

Among the circle a good deal of speculation was entertained as to who "*Michael Downs*" was, and who had ever been acquainted with him; when it was written, "How did you get to California?" The question

was then asked, "To whom do you refer?" and it was immediately written, "Mr. L." Mr. L. being somewhat excited, said that he did not recollect distinctly of ever knowing such a man, and he was conscious of not knowing such a man in Galena, but after reflection he said he had known several years ago a man by the name of Michael Downs in a small interior town in Illinois.

Mr. L. then put some questions to the Spirit.

Write the name of some person in Richmond, McHenry County, Ill., whom you knew; and it was immediately written, Mr. Ewing.

Write another. Hill.

Question.—Who kept the mill in town? Answer.—Snow.

Q.—Who lived on the opposite side of the street from where I was? A.—Mr. Irvin.

Q.—What was the name of the man that I was clerk for at the time you say I sold you goods? The answer was, Mr. Adams.

Mrs. E., the medium, is a lady of intelligence and highly polished manners, and with a more than ordinary share of sprightliness, and her integrity is above suspicion. She informed the writer that she had never seen Mr. L. before that evening; that when her hand wrote his name she did not know that that was the name of any one in the room; that she was never in the State of Illinois; has no acquaintances in that State, and that the nearest she ever was to the State of Illinois was Boston, where she was raised. Mr. L. is a young man, well known in this community as a man of truth and integrity, and he informs the writer that, so far as he knew, the communication was strictly true: He further says that he had not thought of Michael Downs for several years; did not know that he was dead; and that it was some time after he was made known that he recollected the name; that he did sell goods for a "Mr. Adams," a number of years ago, in Richmond, McHenry County, Illinois, and had sold goods to an Irishman by the name of Michael Downs.

There could be no chance for collusion in this case, for Mrs. E. had no idea that she would be the medium through whom any communication might be had. And in addition, Mr. L. could not have fixed up the matter with the medium, because he did not actually know until next day that Michael Downs was dead, for the writer is aware of his inquiring the next day of persons from Galena about the truth of the death of Michael Downs.

It will not do for those who oppose Spiritualism to say that in this

case the circle was imposed upon by the medium, for, in the first place, her character is above suspicion in the community where she is known, and those who know her best, know that she is incapable of such duplicity. In the next place, there is an entire absence of motive to deceive; and in the third place, under the circumstances it was impossible for her to deceive us, or for Mr. L. to psychologize her in this respect, for his own mind was not cognizant of the facts which she wrote. And although Mr. L.'s faith in Spiritualism has been shaken by the work of J. B. Dods, I consider this case of *Michael Downs*' a complete refutation of the whole argument. The Doctor must try again, for this case can not be accounted for on the theory of the latent or involuntary powers of the mind or memory. Mr. L. had never known the fact of the death of Michael Downs, and therefore the involuntary powers of his mind could not have operated.

Very respectfully yours, etc.,

VERITAS.

THE TRANSITION STATE OF SPIRITS.—A darling little boy, the only son of a physician in this city, who is a Spiritualist, recently passed into the spiritual world. Before his body was interred, his parents, grandparent, and one or two others, sat around a table with a medium, to see if they could get any intimations from his Spirit. They sat in silence, asking no questions, and no manifestations were made. A few evenings afterward the same circle, with the same medium, sat again, when one of the Spirit-relatives of the little boy communicated the fact that his separation from the body was complete, and that he was now conscious of his condition as a Spirit. It was then asked, "Why did you not give us some communication the other night when we expected to hear from you?" It was answered, "Because it would have disturbed the boy's transitional state." It was then stated by the Spirits that the little boy was present with them in the room on that evening, and did not know that he had left the body, but thought that he had waked up well, and was then seated with them at the table as he often had been before. It was added that if any communication had been given them respecting him at that time, the boy would have noticed it, and not understanding it, would have been disturbed by it, but that now, having completed his transition, he understood his situation and was present to speak for himself

THE SPIRITUAL PRESS.

It affords us great pleasure to witness of late a most decided improvement in the public journals devoted to the elucidation and defense of Spiritualism. The first efforts in this direction were for the most part unproductive of any very memorable results, except to those who labored with a good motive, but at a heavy sacrifice. Our papers were wanting in clearly-defined views and a vigorous, healthy tone. For a time it was a prevalent mistake of many professed Spiritualists—not excepting some who assumed the responsible office of public teachers—to attach an undue importance to the *superficial claims* and *verbal pretensions* of whatever purported to emanate from the Spirit-world. Comparatively little attention was paid to the *intrinsic merits* of what was uttered. This led many persons to greatly undervalue or to wholly disregard the best efforts of the ablest minds on earth, while the familiar and commonplace observations of Spirits, and even the pointless and incoherent rhapsodies of mesmeric subjects, in the first stages of their development, were accepted as *oracular decrees* by which the judgment, pursuits, and destinies of men were to be determined. While the opposition ignored the genuine claims, authentic facts, and eternal principles of Spiritualism, a class of half-fledged converts, with that unbounded credulity which usually characterizes weak and fanatical minds, accepted every thing that was offered, good, bad, and indifferent. At length, however, overloaded with crudities which the mind had no power either to digest or assimilate, they were obliged to disgorge the whole mass. By this excess some people have in-

duced a kind of spiritual dyspepsia, and in consequence may, for the present, feel indisposed to receive even wholesome spiritual food. But very few, we apprehend, are "sick unto death," and with a sticking-plaster in the form of a painful experience, and a tonic preparation composed of equal parts of common sense, reliable information, sound reason, and keep your eyes open, they will doubtless all recover, and have a comfortable time hereafter.

It is not in a censorious spirit that we say this. We find fault with no one any more than we blame the child because it fails in its first attempts to walk. It is only by frequent trials and repeated failures, too, that we acquire the ability to stand erect and to walk upright in the free exercise of our faculties and the full strength and dignity of manhood.

S. B. B.

MR. L. PARKER, of Manchester, Conn., writes us concerning some facts and phenomena personally witnessed by himself, and of which we give the following digest: He says that during the month of July last, Mr. Wm. Hulme, a speaking, writing, and rapping medium, spent nearly a week at his house. Soon after his arrival the Spirits called the attention of our correspondent to some copper tacks lying in a certain place in the mill where the medium had never been, and advised him to take care of them as they were new. In reply to a question the Spirits said the tacks were No. 12, which was the fact. On one evening after the medium had retired to bed, Mr. Parker and his two sons being in other beds in the same room, the Spirits made various demonstrations by carrying and throwing things about the room, answering questions by pounding with a boot upon the floor, pulling up the carpet and piling it up in the middle of the floor, moving the table to and fro, and answering questions by tipping it while the medium was

not near it, etc. By request the Spirits promised to write without the aid of the medium's hand, and tell, the next morning, where their writing might be found. The next morning they accordingly directed them to search in an adjoining room in an upper story of the house, on doing which there was writing found perfectly executed. Soon after, being with the medium at the house of Mr. O. Spencer, in South Manchester, Mr. P. was directed to look under the table around which they were seated. He did so, and found a knot, ribbon and buckle which, it would seem, the Spirits must have carried from his house, three miles distant. A lady present was requested to read from the Bible, which she declined to do, saying that she had left her spectacles at home. The spectacles were presently brought into the room by invisible hands, though the distance of the lady's residence was half a mile!

C. B. T., of St. Catharines, C. W., forwarded us, some time ago, a statement of the facts of a surgical operation which had been performed in that town, through a medium, by Spirit-agency. By some means our friend's communication got thrown into the hopper with a large "grist" of other correspondence, and in the process of being "ground out" has just now made its appearance. The essential facts of the interesting case are as follows: A young woman of our correspondent's acquaintance, and who is a medium, called one evening on a woman to request her to come and do some washing for her on the next day, but she found her disabled in one of her arms, supposed to be from rheumatism occasioned from a previous wrench of the arm, after which the woman thought she must have taken cold in it. The medium felt a prompting to operate upon the arm at that time, but restrained herself in consequence of some Catholics being present. The next day

the woman came to the house of the medium, when the latter was influenced to go to her, examine the arm, and emphatically pronounce the shoulder out of joint. She was then made to go scientifically through all the operations of setting the shoulder, which she accomplished in about five minutes. Then, by a few passes, she effectually relieved the shoulder and contiguous parts of all soreness, which had previously been severe, and then the woman immediately threw up her arm, moved it about in all directions, and went to work with it without any material inconvenience, though she had not been able to raise it to her head before since she had hurt it.

BROUGHT BY THE SPIRITS.—Mr. A. E. Newton, of the *New Era*, states that happening lately, one evening, to call at the house of Mr. Luther Parks, No. 6 Chestnut Street, Boston, he found a spiritual circle assembled, and a question being addressed to Mrs. Parks, by her Spirit-father, respecting a certain pair of scissors that were associated with something he had done previous to his death. Mrs. P. said that she had left them in an upper room, of which the door was locked. It was then requested by the Spirit that all should look under the table, which being done, the scissors were found lying upon the floor. The medium present, being comparatively a stranger, knew not of the existence of those scissors, much less of any story connected with them; and the fact of their mysterious appearance under the table at that time, where no one present was conscious of having put them, may give occasion for the query, "Did the Spirits silently unlock the room and take them out? or did they bring them invisibly in the odic atmosphere of Mrs. P. as she left the room?"

A WARNING.—The *Zanesville (Ohio) Courier* states that a young girl of some twelve or fourteen years, residing in the family of one of the editors of that paper, recently had a dream in which she thought she saw her little brother lying and looking as though he were dead. She related her dream, said that the vision still seemed to be before her, and expressed the fear that something was wrong at home. About fifteen minutes afterward the news was brought her that her brother had died that morning.

THE ARCTIC—COINCIDENCES AND INCIDENTS.

THREE or four days before the news of the Arctic's loss reached New York, a man came into Mr. Collins' office in a state of great excitement, and said that the Arctic was wrecked—that only thirty of her passengers were saved, and that his brother, who was on board, had been lost. He was so much excited about it, and proved so unmanageable, that he was dismissed as a crazy person.

A person who had a relative on board the Arctic, went down to the wharf on the Sunday when she first became due, and was a little surprised to find Mr. Collins there. In answer to inquiries Mr. C. said he did not much expect to find her there, but he had been made a little uneasy by dreaming about her being wrecked a night or two before. For a day or two this incident caused some little anxiety in Mr. C.'s mind—but it wore away, and he afterward had the utmost confidence in the vessel's safety.

A gentleman on this side wrote to his wife and daughter in England not to come by the Arctic, acting merely from indefinite impression that harm might happen, being very earnest and explicit. The ladies having several friends on board, did embark on that vessel; but the fact that she had not complied with her husband's wishes so weighed upon the lady's mind that she was painfully apprehensive the whole voyage, and was especially impressed with the tolling of the alarm bell on Bell Buoy in the Irish Channel. Both were among the lost.

The Duc de Grammont, who was lost in the Arctic, had made arrangements for sailing in another steamer, a consid-

erable time previous to his actual departure for the United States. Some unforeseen events, however, detained him. He then engaged to sail in still another vessel than the Arctic, but unexpected circumstances overruled him, and, as if governed by a hidden but inexorable destiny, he went on board the ship that was to bear him to his tomb.

It is curious that Captain Luce was picked up at sea by Captain Russell, of the ship Cambria, who was wrecked some months ago, and picked up in a like manner by Captain Nye, of the Collins' steamer Pacific.

C. D. S.

PATRONAGE AND POTATOES.

WE have just received from a friend in Central New York a barrel of good potatoes, as a subscription to the TELEGRAPH, for which we have credited him the market price in this city, less the amount we were required to pay for transportation. Our patron wanted the spiritual food, which he concluded—no doubt wisely—that the TELEGRAPH could furnish; and the nature of the case certainly warranted the presumption that we stood in need of the kind of sustenance which could readily be supplied from his potato field. Accordingly, our friend proposed “an exchange,” to which we readily acceded, and sent the paper on receipt of the potatoes. (By the way, during the last year we have not made so many *extracts* from all our “exchanges” as we are likely to do from this one.) Moreover, if any one desires to “exchange” who has a *barrel of excellent apples*, we shall offer no objection, though we may as well confess that probably every article under that *head* might be literally “skinned,” and the “make-up” left to some female assistant, who, if she chanced (excuse the inelegance of the expression)

to be in a "crusty" mood, would be sure to "knock them into pie."

Some people who carry silk purses think that potatoes are not a good "circulating medium," but we can testify to the contrary. Potatoes are altogether superior to a metallic currency, or to the promises of bank directors, except in the mere matter of convenience, and that, after all, is comparatively a small consideration. Many a man has grown lean on promises, and we should all starve to death if we had nothing more substantial to lean upon. But only give a man a perpetual *lien* on a barrel of potatoes, and he can look at the shriveled visage of gaunt famine with wonderful composure. Let those tremble who have nothing but money. His courage will last—last as long as the potatoes hold out, at least. He knows that the common currency never satisfied the appetite of a single hungry man; but why should he fear who holds "the staff of life" to the whole Irish nation?

It is easy to show the superiority of potatoes by a brief logical process. The following antithetical mode of argumentation will make the whole matter clear:

FIRST PROPOSITION—Potatoes will always bring a good price.

SECOND PROPOSITION—A good price *will not* always bring potatoes.

THIRD PROPOSITION—It being a fact that potatoes will always command a good price, while the converse of this proposition is *not always true*, it necessarily follows that the third proposition—the conclusion—logically deducible from the first and second, is in favor of potatoes.

Finally, should any one conclude to remit his subscription to the TELEGRAPH in the form of a barrel of potatoes, we have only to suggest that we propose to send out large ideas, and hope that the potatoes will not be "small."

S. B. B.

A SPIRIT-CHILD TO HER EARTH-MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. A. ATWELL.

Be calm, be calm, my mother dear,
Your angel-child is ever near,
No dreams disturb my peaceful sleep,
Therefore, dear mother, do not weep ;
Joy, joys untold my path pursue,
Such joy as I will bring to you.
I come, I wait, I watch, I pray,
From evening shade till dawning day ;
And lingering near, with music sweet,
I wait your loving ear to greet.
List, while I strike the golden string,
And chant the song that angels sing ;
While the still earth is wrapt in sleep,
Around your bed a watch I keep—
Not I alone, but a little band,
Long since passed to Spirit-land ;
For them you wept the burning tear
That you weep for me, my mother dear ;
But they are happy ; Spirit-life
Nothing knows of pain or strife ;
'Tis heaven here ! around, above,
Is all a teeming world of love.
Mother, dear mother, will you try
To meet me here when'er you die ?
Then, as on earth, we, hand in hand,
Will journey through the Spirit-land.
'Tis heaven here ! oh, blissful shore,
Where loved ones meet to part no more.
Mother ! 'tis not our mortal coil
That lingers round your path of toil,
That, to the silent earth is given,
The immortal part ascends to heaven ;

Then try to think of "Ida," dear,
A happy Spirit hovering near.
'Tis heaven here! around, above,
Bright angels sing redeeming love;
Mother, dear mother, will you try
To meet me here, whene'er you die?
Soon will the toilsome path be trod,
That leads you home to heaven and God.

E. A. A.

A HYMN OF THE SICK ROOM.

THE mortal remains of the departed one to whom reference is made in the two poems which follow, were but recently deposited in a rural cemetery, on a beautiful eminence, away from the strife and noise of the busy world. A tall pine casts its shadow over the consecrated spot, through whose boughs the autumn winds are breathing a low requiem, solemn and sweet as the sacred memories of youth and love.—ED.

The wind is in the chestnut bough,
The wind is in the pine;
Come nearer, nearer to me now,
Thou Angel-Friend of mine.
Come nearer with thy glorious brow,
And with thy soul-bright eyes,
Breathe o'er our Darling's bosom now
The bliss of Paradise.

I watch, through all the lonely night,
Beside her troubled sleep;
Oh, Angel! with the crown of light
Thy watch above her keep.
Unseal her eyes in tenderest love
Thy Heavenly Home to see;
Reveal that wondrous path above
She soon must tread with thee.

The wind breathes in the chestnut bough,
It gently thrills the pine ;
The clouds above are parting now,
The stars begin to shine ;
Shine on, O Angel ! brighter still
Than stars that fill the deeps ;
Thy ministry of love fulfill
Beside her while she sleeps.

THE VOICE OF THE PINE

O lonely pine ! O fadeless pine !
In dreams I hear thee wave,
At evening shade and morning prime,
Beside the lost one's grave.
"Not lost, not lost, but Spirit-found,"
Thou whisperest still to me ;
Thou watcher o'er the forest mound,
O lonely, sacred tree.

O mystic tree, thy branches thrill
To meet the morning glow,
But all thy earthly nerves lie still,
They clasp the grave below.
The earthly fibrils of my breast
Cling to the dust with thee—
The dust beneath thee laid to rest
O Spirit-whispering tree !

Yet from the brightness of the dawn
There comes a mystic breath,
The whisper of the Angel gone
From out this world of death.
My bosom, like a haunted lyre,
Breathes mystic strains with thee—
Strains wafted from the Spirit-choir,
O lone, memorial tree !

SIGNIFICANT SPIRITUAL FACTS.

THE secular papers, as will be perceived, are giving publicity to a number of interesting psychical and theosophical facts connected with the loss of the Arctic, and the more recent destruction of the lake steamer, E. K. Collins. The *Cleveland Plaindealer* relates the following:

AN INCIDENT OF THE BURNING OF THE COLLINS.—W. H. Stone, of Brecksville, in this county, in company with two others, went West a few weeks ago to buy land, leaving some business with the law firm of Wyman & Thayer, of this city, in which a brother and a brother-in-law, living in Brecksville, were concerned. On Monday last said brother-in-law and a near neighbor of Stone came to town, and visiting their lawyers on said business, had occasion to speak of Mrs. Stone, who, he said, was quite sick, in fact, entirely prostrated, by a shocking dream she had had the night before. She dreamed that her husband was dead, had died on a steamboat, and in an awful and violent manner. The lawyers informed said neighbor that a steamboat had been burned on Lake Erie the night before, but Mr. Stone's name did not appear either among the lost or saved, and was probably not on board. While talking, the comrade and room-mate of Mr. Stone, a Mr. Farr, came into the office, and announced that Mr. Stone was on board with him, slept in the same state-room, heard the alarm of fire, rushed out together into the cabin, which was so full of fire and smoke that they lost one another. Farr reached the deck and jumped into the lake. Stone has not been heard of since. The last words he spoke were, "Farr, where are you?" "Here I am," said Farr, both so enveloped in smoke that they could not see one another. Farr happened to find the cabin door, and escaped. Stone probably was smothered and devoured by the flames. The parties are all well known, and these facts need no authentication.

The very night, and about the very hour that the husband was grappling with this strange but terrible death, the wife had a presentiment,

so vivid that the reality could not affect her worse. Is there any religious or moral philosophy that can explain this?

The spiritual philosophy accounts for such facts in a rational way, if our opinion is worth any thing. Two hypotheses may be given, one of which must be applicable to this particular case. Either Mr. and Mrs. Stone were so closely united and in such intimate sympathetic *rapport* with each other, that the former could not be greatly disturbed in mind or body, without producing corresponding sympathetic effects on the latter; or, otherwise, the spirit of Mr. Stone, on its separation from the form, was at once attracted to the immediate presence of Mrs. S., to whom he sustained the most endearing earthly relation, and the presence of the Spirit inspired the dream by telegraphing its thoughts and emotions through the nerves of sensation to the brain of the sleeper, whose vision was a literal transcript of the images which occupied the mind of the departed.

S. B. B

A FACT IN INDIANA.

SILVER LAKE, KOSCIUSKO Co., IND., Oct. 2, 1854.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

Since last autumn we have been cheered by various phases of spiritual manifestations. If you deem the following of sufficient importance, you are at liberty to publish it. I was sojourning for a few days at the residence of my friend L. He resides in Clay Township, Kosciusko Co.; he is a strict Presbyterian, and very tenacious of formal worship. One evening, while sitting near a stand by which Mrs. L. was engaged at sewing, while the children of the family were playing about the room, Mrs. L. very pathetically spoke of the deaths of two of her children, one a boy, the other an infant girl. The boy met his fate by being scalded. Those deaths occurred some years prior to my acquaintance with L.'s family. During the mournful recital by the mother of the infants I became spiritually impressed, while electrical concussions seemed to

proceed from the stand. Being aware, however, of the strict sectarianism of the family, I remained silent.

Next evening, my friend L. remarked that they had received a pastoral letter from the pastors and elders of the church, warning them against the tendencies of the times, and particularly against the spiritual manifestations (so-called). After looking at the warning, I remarked to Mrs. L. that I believed that I felt, during the last evening, the presence of those dear infants whom she had lost. Mrs. L. replied, that she noticed the peculiar aspect of my countenance, and thought at the time that I was praying. Mr. L.'s curiosity being awakened, he humorously said, "Well, if there is any thing in it, I would like to see it." I told him I did not wish to intrude on their feelings, but if he desired to realize the matter, I would sit at the table. I did so, and was strongly influenced, but as nothing satisfactory to him occurred, it being late in the evening, we retired, I being still under the influence. Very soon after retiring, the apartment appeared to be illuminated, and the figure of a gentleman stood before me, and looked intently on me. His aspect was benign and graceful. I felt a sudden convulsive movement, and he had vanished. As I pondered the vision, two infant children, surrounded by an indescribable halo of light, appeared before me, the boy standing upright, and the infant girl reclining as a babe, on his right, near his feet. It was a glorious vision of beauty and innocence.

Having regained my normal condition, and hearing Mr. and Mrs. L. conversing aloud in the next room, I determined to test the visions by comparison. I minutely described the features of the boy, the peculiar color of his hair, his complexion, etc.; also the color of the infant girl's hair, and was impressed that they had been buried side by side, the girl on the right hand of the boy. The mother frankly confessed that the description corresponded exactly and in every particular with the facts as exhibited by those children while living on this earth, and confirmed also the impression respecting their position in the churchyard. The father remained silent; he had nothing to say.

Upon describing the gentleman who appeared in the first vision, Mrs. L. recognized him as an old acquaintance and particular friend who had deceased many years ago.

Yours, for progress, W. H.

SPIRITUAL POETRY.

We clip the following from an exchange, in which it is represented as having been given through a young female medium, by the Spirit of Byron :

Life hath its round of pleasures, and the grave
Hath a surcease from them ; the joys ye know
Cease with the day that passes, to unfold
A measureless, eternal hallowed day
That hath no changes, and no even times.
The hues that vanish with the dolphin's life,
E'er it rot back to dust, are like the hopes,
The joys, the pleasures (the vain trust of fools
Which fly at the approach, the touch of death,
An echo, caught and dying on the air ;
A spark, that flashes and goes out in gloom ;
A sigh, a sob, a whisper, a faint sound,
That half attract the unattentive ear
And pass forgotten, like the wanton wind ;
Such is the span of lifetime, on which men
Hang an eternity of schemes, and say,
" And thus, and thus, if so to-morrow be,"
And yet to-morrow comes not.

* * * * *
The leprosy of sorrow hath its taint
In every heart ; it hath begotten ill
That are incurable, and end in death ;
Strange maladies that cloud the heart
Like thunder-caps, that in a summer sky
Cradle the imminent tempest in mock sleep,
And lower o'er sunny meadows.

* * * * *
———And thou, dark realm,
Whose undiscovered portals close in gloom ;
In whose eternal shadows walk the shades—

The vapory forms and fleshless shapes of men,
Throned in perpetual silence, dusk and dim,
In whose mist-hidden halls the entities
Of being, long forgotten, write in air
The aspirations and the petty deeds
That made them mighty in the world's esteem :
Thou dark, mysterious realm, to whose lone paths
Death guides the phantoms of the universe,
Art and shall be the solemn, stern abode
Of all the tides of life that lap thy shores,
As waves on waves lap languidly and low
The sands of trackless deserts.

AUTUMN.

BY C. D. STUART.

THE flowers begin to fade, and soon
The leaves will sear and fall,
For paler grows the Summer moon
That glimmered through the hall.

And darker clouds are floating past
The golden-tinted sky,
And colder sweeps the fitful blast,
Like sullen spirits, by.

How brief and fragile is their lot,
Those bright and gentle things
That yester' were, to-day are not,
Like dreams with rapid wings !

It scarcely seems an hour has flown
Since Spring was here in bloom,
Yet half of Summer's glory, strewn,
Lies mouldering for the tomb.

But flowers and leaves revive again
When Spring anew appears,

And only man, 'mid grief and pain,
Has no renewing years.

Each Spring and Summer, with their light—
Each Autumn, darkly chill—
Each Winter, with its robe of white,
But makes him frailer still.

God grant there is a gentle Spring,
A golden Summer-time,
Where we shall have an angel's wing,
And live in childhood's prime.

INTERESTING CASE OF "DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS."—At a late Dodworth's Hall Conference, Mr. Isaac C. Pray related the following: He had recently been in conversation with a lady, in the course of which the latter used the word "double consciousness." Mr. P. pressed her to state what she had ever known that caused her to use that word, when she, with some marks of reluctance, gave this account of her own personal experience: She said that her husband, on one occasion, went to the house of her uncle, who lived about four miles distant from their own residence. After he had been gone for some time, she distinctly, and as by the sudden development of an interior faculty, saw him fall from a ladder, at her uncle's residence, and receive a severe contusion. They carried him into the house, when she plainly heard one of the persons who were supporting him say, "Bring the camphor bottle; he is fainting." She saw the camphor bottle brought and opened, and could distinctly *smell its odor*, although she was at the same time conscious of being at home in her room. She became so alarmed and agitated in witnessing this scene that she ran to the house of her sister, who lived near by, and informed her of the facts as above related. Her sister, of course, was incredulous, and supposed her to be laboring under a hallucination. She accordingly endeavored to persuade her that she was nervous and had imagined all this, but she refused to be comforted, insisting that her vision had not deceived her. Shortly after this her husband was brought home in a carriage, having been injured by a fall from a ladder, and all the facts presented in the wife's vision were found to have actually taken place. After this the most secret

history of her husband's past life was laid open to her; and she was aware of every act that he did, however distant he might be from her at the time.

INTERESTING SPIRIT-INTERVIEW.—At one of Mr. Conklin's circles in this city, a few days ago, the following incident took place: There was a lady present who was a total stranger to Mr. Conklin (the medium), and to all others in the room. She was also a stranger to spiritual manifestations, never having witnessed any before, and being skeptical in respect to their reality. Mr. Conklin's hand was controlled to write her a communication, to which a name was signed, which she declared was the full name of her deceased husband. She then inquired for a little daughter of hers who was in the Spirit-world, and received a response that she was present. After some unimportant questions were asked, Mr. C.'s hand was controlled to write the question, "Mother, was I seven years old or four when I died? Uncle Edward [actually the name of an uncle of the child] says I was four, but I think I was seven." Signed "EMMA," which was the little girl's name. Her mother answered her that she was four years old when she died, and that she had been in the Spirit-world three years, making seven in all. In addition to the proof of actual Spirit-presence and identity which this case affords, it gives a valuable intimation in respect to the state of the knowledge of some Spirits, especially in reference to the lapse of time.

N. P. WILLIS AND THE SPIRITS.—In a late number of the *Home Journal* N. P. Willis states the facts of an evening's interview with the "tables" at his own residence, in company with a number of intelligent ladies and gentlemen. Under the touch of one of the mediums, a "large and majestic lady" from Boston, the table became so far exhilarated as to jump up and knock her over, together with his little daughter Lillian, and nearly capsized an honorable judge of the city Bench who was present. Under the hands of an invalid lady who could scarcely walk across the floor, the table became particularly ungovernable, causing the by-standers to hop out of the way under penalty of broken shins. "Of course," says Willis, "we believed nothing—any of us. But this was what we saw."

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